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GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
OF BOMBAY.

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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.

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REPORT FOR 1857

THE Hakluyt Society, on this Anniversary, has completed the tenth year of its existence, during which time it is hoped that it has not unworthily fulfilled the purpose for which it was established.

It is with the deepest regret that the Council have to record the loss which the Society, in common with the whole literary world, has sustained by the decease of the Earl of Ellesmere. His Lordship was for seven years one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, and at all times took a great interest in its labours. It is not here the place to dwell on the virtues, talents, and amiable deportment which characterized that excellent and greatly respected nobleman. They are too well and extensively recognized to require expression here. The Members of the Society are aware that they have had the advantage not only of his influential aid in advocating the interests of the Society, but also of his active labours in translating and editing one of the Society's most interesting publications. So great a loss will not be easily replaced.

Besides this very serious loss, death has deprived the Society, during the past twelvemonth, of four other Members. Meanwhile there has been an accession of ten new Members. There have been two voluntary withdrawals from the Society during the same period, to counterbalance which two Members, who had previously withdrawn, have rejoined it, paying up the arrears which had been allowed to lapse.

The Balance Sheet at the foot of this Report, will show that the funds of the Society are in a sound and wholesome condition; the balance there recorded being free from any outstanding accounts whatever, beyond that which is

accruing on works now at press, and by far the greater part of the expense there quoted for transcriptions and lithographs being in anticipation of works now in course of preparation. Meanwhile there is a considerable amount of arrears to be called in, for which purpose a circular has been recently issued.

As it is frequently the wish of new Subscribers to purchase the entire set of the Society's previous publications, the Council has been desirous of meeting this wish with due consideration to the maintenance of the value of their publications in the hands of old Subscribers. It is obvious that each succeeding year, increasing, as it does, the sum to be claimed, would make this calculation extremely difficult, were it not, that at the same time it enhances the value of the works from their increasing scarceness, and thus presents an additional inducement to Subscribers to pay the sum demanded, which, however just, might otherwise prove an obstacle. The Council has therefore resolved, that a new Member joining the Society in the present year, shall be entitled to receive all the books issued and due up to the close of 1856, for six guineas, which sum does not include the subscription for the present year. This rule is distinctly understood to include the proviso, that the complete set of the Society's productions shall be taken by the Members newly joining, to the preclusion of any selection of single volumes from the entire series.

Since the last General Meeting, the following volumes have been delivered to Members:

The Voyage of Sir Henry Middleton to Bantam and the Maluco Islands; being the second Voyage set forth by the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies. From the Edition of 1606. Annotated and Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq.

Russia at the close of the Sixteenth Century, comprising the Russe Commonwealth, by Dr. Giles Fletcher, and Sir Jerome Horsey's Travels, now first printed entire from his MS. in the British Museum. Edited, with an introduction, by E. A. Bond, Esq., of the British Museum.

The following works are in progress, of which, those in italics, it is hoped, will shortly appear.

The Travels of Girolamo Benzoni, in America, in 1542-56. To be translated and edited by Admiral W. H. Smyth, K.S.F., D.C.L.

A Monograph on the Life and Voyages of Henry Hudson. Edited by N. E. S. Hamilton, Esq., of the British Museum. With an Introduction by George Asher, Esq., LL.D.

A Journal of Vasco da Gama's Voyage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. By one of his Companions. Translated from the reprint of the original MS., published at Oporto in 1838. Translated from the Portuguese, and Edited with other Documents, forming a Monograph on De Gama, by Richard Garnett, Esq., of the British Museum.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE DUTCH TO THE EAST INDIES. Edited by George Asher, Esq., LL.D.

A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS ON THE EARLY DISCOVERIES OF AUSTRALIA. To be Edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum.

THE "CARTA QUINTA" OF FERNANDO CORTES, describing his expedition into Honduras, now first translated into English, and Edited by W. R. Steet, Esq.

Other works promised by Editors are :—

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSMITAL'S TRAVELS THROUGH GERMANY, ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND ITALY, IN 1465, &c., containing Notices of the Events, Manners, and Customs of the Time. Edited by Charles Cannon Esq., of the British Museum.

A COLLECTION OF EARLY DOCUMENTS, to form a Supplement to the "Narrative of Voyages towards the North West." By T. Rundall, Esq.

SOFALAH. The History of Eastern Ethiopia, by J. dos Santos, 1607. To be translated and edited, with notes, by W. Desborough Cooley, Esq.

Besides the decease of Lord Ellesmere, the following five members retire from the Council:

W. D. Cooley, Esq.
His Excellency the Count de Lavradio.
Sir George T. Staunton, Bt.
W. Stirling, Esq., of Keir.
The Rev. W. Whewell, D.D.

Of this number—

His Excellency the Count de Lavradio,
The Rev. W. Whewell, D.D.

Are recommended for re-election, and the following are proposed for election, viz.:

The Marquis of Lansdowne
John Bruce, Esq.
The Lord Alfred Churchill
Lieut.-Gen. Charles Richard Fox.

Statement of the Accounts of the Society for the years 1856-7.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance at last Audit:				Mr. Richards for Printing and Binding	184	14	6
At Bankers'	144	16	3	Mr. J. E. Richard for Paper	24	14	6
In Petty Cash	4	14	9	Translations	0	17	0
Received by Bankers during the year	310	15	0	Transcriptions	31	15	11
				Index	4	0	0
				Engravings and Lithographs	31	10	0
				Advertisements	5	12	0
				Expenses of Inquiry at Antwerp for Manuscripts of Nuyts	0	17	6
				Gratuity to Agent's Foreman	5	0	0
				Stationery, Parcels, Postages, and Sundries	4	11	6
				Present Balance:			
				At Bankers' £160 2 11			
				In Petty Cash 6 10 2			
					166	13	1
	£460	6	0		£460	6	0

Examined and approved,

EDWIN NORRIS.
WILLIAM Y. FLETCHER.

March 13*th*, 1857.

WORKS ISSUED BY

The Hakluyt Society.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD,

BY GIROLAMO BENZONI.

M.DCCC.LVII.

HISTORY

OF THE

NEW WORLD,

BY

GIROLAMO BENZONI,

OF MILAN.

SHEWING HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA, FROM A.D. 1541 TO 1556:

WITH SOME PARTICULARS OF THE ISLAND OF CANARY.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED, AND EDITED BY

REAR-ADMIRAL W. H. SMYTH, K.S.F., D.C.L.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LVII.

LONDON:
T. RICHARDS, 37 GREAT QUEEN STREET.

THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY.

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, G.C.St.S., F.R.S., D.C.L., Corr. Mem. Inst. Fr. Hon. Mem. Imp. Acad. Sc. St. Petersburg, &c., &c., PRESIDENT.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.
REAR-ADMIRAL C. R. DRINKWATER BETHUNE, C.B. } VICE-PRESIDENTS.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE COUNT DE LAVRADIO.
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SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, K.C.B.
THE REV. W. WHEWELL, D.D.

R. H. MAJOR, ESQ., F.S.A., HONORARY SECRETARY.

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION.

GIROLAMO BENZONI was born at Milan about the year 1519, and, as we learn from himself, started out upon adventure in the New World at the age of twenty-two. After fourteen years of toil and travail in those parts, he returned home; and in 1565 published his "HISTORIA DEL MONDO NUOVO" at Venice, dedicating it to Pope Pius IV. This was a quarto volume; but the book was reprinted seven years afterwards in a small octavo form, and this is the one used in the following translation. It must have had what is styled a "fair run," since it passed through several editions, and was translated into Latin, French, German, and Flemish,—besides the free use which was made of it by the De Brys, and others. But Jansen was wrong in stating that it was also rendered into English; for Purchas (vol. iv, page 1448, edition 1625), instead of a translation of the book,

gives little more than six pages, which (as Chapter XII) he entitles—"Briefe extracts translated out of Jerom Benzos."

The Spaniards of those days do not seem to have patronized the book very warmly, nor do they appear to have rendered it into their language, although it bears so much and so accurately on their proceedings. Yet it has been noticed by them: in the epitome of Leon Pinelo's Bibliotheca, after the various editions of Geronimo Bençono are enumerated, it is added somewhat pithily—"Autor poco afecto à los Españoles." But the French (*imprimée par Eustace Vignon*, 1579) and Latin (*Urbani Calvetonis Operâ*) editions were widely and eagerly read. Both of these have now become very rare: indeed, from the latter, more has been quoted in Catholic countries than from the Italian version itself; and Hieronymus Barzoni was more familiar with some of his own countrymen, than Girolamo Benzoni.

The narrative of this persevering adventurer, though ill-written, carries internal evidence of strict veracity in all those scenes in which he was personally engaged; and, indeed, throughout the general details. It therefore forms a material link in the chain of American history, as conveying an adequate view of the doings of the early settlers, and the consequent state of things in the New World. Moreover, the

Italian's evidence respecting the famous and unfortunate province of Cumaná is peculiarly valuable, as conveying a deep insight into the social condition of the Indian and Spanish communities on that desolated coast, at the most crucial period of its existence. It may be mentioned that, in an unworthy attempt to gloze over the cruelties of the Spaniards, Thevet professes an unbelief of the atrocities related by Benzoni; but he produces no foundation for his scepticism. On the contrary, both Morigia and Piccinelli, his countrymen, refer to him as possessed of a clear intellect and tenacious memory.

In looking over the contemporaneous and other writers on the New World, the translator begs to mention his obligations to Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, in Worcestershire, whose magnificent collection of manuscripts—including the precious documents of poor Lord Kingsborough—was most kindly and unreservedly submitted to his inspection. Besides the writings of Valverde, Mendoza, Gonzales, Oviedo, Montolinia, Ocariz, and other Spaniards of those adventurous days, together with various rude but expressive drawings, Sir Thomas shewed his beautiful old Atlas, the property of Nicholas Vallard, of Dieppe, in 1547, but apparently compiled in 1539; the maps are elaborately illustrated with finely-finished representations of natives, animals, trees,

arms, and costumes. This splendid book, which formerly belonged to the noted Prince Talleyrand, is an authority for the geographical knowledge of the times herein treated of; and, on the whole, it represents those regions pretty fairly for the epoch.

From the irregularity and lame orthography of Benzoni's narrative, the general reader may sometimes find himself at a loss to know where he is; a geographical list of places, in alphabetical arrangement, is therefore subjoined.

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HISTORY

OF THE

NEW WORLD,

BY

GIROLAMO BENZONI,
of Milan.

Treating of the Islands & Seas newly discouered,
also of the new towns seen by him,
in trauelling by land and by water
in the course of fourteen years.

Recently republished & illustrated with the addition of
some notable particulars, especially respecting
the island of Canaria.

Cum privilegio.

In Venice, *at the Press of* Peter
& Francis Tini, Brothers.
1572.

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND WORTHY
Senator, Scipio Simoneta, my most
revered master.

WISE writers, illustrious sir, usually commence by praising the predecessors of any one of refined and generous mind to whom they intend to present their labours, and then extol their patron himself as much as possible. But it is not requisite for me to do the former, seeing that your predecessors, most illustrious sir, have always been so exalted, that they must ever remain distinguished and famous. Much less need I do the latter, since I should then only waste words in endeavouring to enumerate your infinite virtues and rare good qualities; which would rather require some tuneful Mantuan bard or eloquent Cicero; and even these could only end by saying, that virtue itself, illustrious sir, harbours in your bosom, and that there gentleness and courtesy undoubtedly have their abode. By them invited, and forced indeed by the affection I bear you, to you I consecrate this humble result of my labours. Feeling sure that you will not regard the smallness of the gift, but only my poor powers, since, not having anything more suited to the prudence and gravity of your illustrious Lordship, I bestow with a willing heart all that I have to give: with great reverence

I remain,

Your illustrious Lordship's affectionate servant,

GIROLAMO BENZONI.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY

GIROLAMO BENZONI,

A MILANESE.

BOOK I.

When I was a youth of twenty-two years of age, being, like many others, anxious to see the world, and hearing of those countries of the Indians, recently found, called by everybody the New World, I determined to go there. In the year 1541 therefore I started from Milan, in the name of God, the sustainer and governor of all the universe, going by land to Medina del Campo, where the people carry on great traffic during their fairs, receiving merchandize from all Spain. Thence I went to Seville, and thence by the river Guadalquivir to San Lucar de Barameda, this being the port generally frequented by all the ships going to or coming from India. Having found a ship about to sail, laden with goods for the island of the Great Canary, I embarked, being unable to find a more direct route for the journey I desired to make, for I had been informed that in those islands of the Canaries, which are seven in number, there are constantly ships going loaded to the Indies, with wine, flour, apples, cheese, and other things requisite for those countries. I thus obtained a passage there; and arriving in two months, I learnt that a caravel in the island of Palma was loading wine to go to the

Indies, wherefore I started immediately in a brig, reached it in two days, and in a short time the ship was got ready, and we set sail. Having sailed for fourteen days with a prosperous wind, we saw a great quantity of sea birds, from which, much to our joy, we judged that we were near land, and often in the night certain fishes of about a *palm* in length flew on board, which had what were almost the same as wings like those of birds. Already the skilful pilot had begun to take the sun's altitude, which altitude is taken at noon, in the open day, but at night observations were taken by the north [*star*] which we then had already very low; and after two days sailing in this way, on a Sunday morning at about sun-rise we saw land. The captain of the ship told me that this was the first island that the invincible Christopher Columbus saw in his second voyage, when he departed from Spain to go to the Spanish island:[1] and after having sailed with his caravels some twenty-four or twenty-five days since he left the Canary islands, without ever seeing land, though very desirous of seeing it, when he did discover it he named it *la Deseada.*

There are many islands, but the largest is called by the Spaniards *Guadalupe.* They are mostly inhabited, and full of Indian Caribbees, who eat each other, or rather I should say, eat their enemies. We descried a boat of Indian fishermen, who on seeing us, made their escape; we continued our voyage, inclining towards the left, in the direction of the equinoctial line, where, in the course of eight days, we saw some other islands. Thus we reached *Cubagua,* where I met with the governor, Geronymo de Ortal. At his urgent request I remained with him, for he offered me many inducements, as such governors usually do; telling me that he wished shortly to get ready, with a large number of Spaniards, to

[1] *Isola Spagnuola,* contracted into *Hispaniola;* but Benzoni is very careless in his orthography, and therefore his names of places are given in Italics. (*Trans.*)

go to his government, called by the natives *Nautal* (now called by the Spaniards *el Dorado*, which means a country of great riches), and that soon we should all become very rich. And thus, on the strength of these vain promises, and others still greater that he made me, I remained; being equally as desirous to see men and countries, as to become rich.

Not long after I had reached *Cubagua* there arrived Pedro de Herrera, governor of the island of *Margarita*, with two brigs, accompanied by thirty Spaniards, intending to go to Terra Firma to get some slaves; so one morning shortly after, we started two hours after daylight, taking with us Geronymo de Ortal, and at night we entered the river of *Cumaná;* for a Spanish fortress had been built there of wood, to protect the boats that came from *Cubagua* to this river for water. There had been one previously erected of earth by Jacob Castiglione, on this spot, when the pearl fishery flourished; but it happened soon after, that, owing to unusual rains, the river rose so as to inundate more than two miles of country, in consequence of which the fortress was destroyed. There were still four or five hovels made of reeds, where Captain Diego Docampo erected the town of *Toledo* (as we should say), and already the Spaniards had almost destroyed this country; for out of the great multitudes of Indians that there used to be, there only remained a few petty chiefs, whom the Spaniards had spared for their own wants. Others had retired to some uninhabited places, only to escape from the domination of the Christians.

Whilst we remained at *Cumaná* there came an Indian woman, wife of one of the principal chiefs of the province, with a basket-full of fruit, such a woman as I have never before nor since seen the like of; so that my eyes could not be satisfied with looking at her for wonder. On her arrival she entered the Governor Pedro Herrera's house, and having placed the basket of fruit before him, without speaking a

word, she seated herself on a bench ;[1] her appearance was like the following :

She was quite naked, except where modesty forbids, such being the custom throughout all this country ; she was old, and painted black, with long hair down to her waist ; and her ear-rings had so weighed her ears down, as to make them reach her shoulders, a thing wonderful to see ; she had them split down the middle and filled with rings of a certain carved wood, very light, which wood, in their language, is called *Cacoma*. Her nails were immoderately long, her teeth were black, her mouth large, and she had a ring in her nostrils, called by them *Caricori ;* so that she appeared like a monster to us, rather than a human being.

After two days we left *Cumaná ;* and coasting along towards the east, by the gulf of *Paria*, we landed very fre-

[1] Benzoni's expression is *sopra una banca*, and his view represents the lady seated on a *bank* of earth. But "banca" is also a bench, and De Bry figures her as sitting on a regular bench. The discrepancy is more in manner than in matter. (*Trans.*)

quently to give the friendly petty chiefs some Spanish wine, or a shirt, or a knife from the governor, and thus induced them to send some of their vassals, or subjects, to shew us places up the country, where we might capture some Indians who were bitter enemies to them, because they were friends and confederates of the Christians. The governor thus remaining with only eight Spaniards at *Cariaco*, all the rest of us started, guided by friendly people, who carried our provisions, and we walked inland about a hundred miles, passing valleys, mountains, rivers, woods, and other places where the guides conducted us, going through holes and over precipices that even wolves would have feared, often walking more by night than by day; and in this way we captured upwards of two hundred and forty slaves, including males and females, small and large. The captain, fearing lest the provisions should fail (although we took some from the Indian houses), turned back; and on the journey one morning about dawn we saw two fires, one on a hill and the other in a plain, and having divided our party in two, so as to pass on the one side and on the other, we commenced our march. Those bound for the plain arrived first, and finding there only an old woman and her daughter with her baby all asleep, immediately seized them; but on awaking they uttered such shrieks, that those on the hill heard them, and raised so great a noise, that our few people before they arrived, alarmed by the numbers, turned back, in order to join us where we were. Our enemies ran to the passes which we were to reach, but daylight coming on, and seeing us many more than they had expected, and armed, they retired; not desisting, however, from annoying us with their darts, and calling after us thieves, dogs, traitors, assassins; and I believe, that had it not been for our friends, who put them to flight, we should have suffered injury and ruin. Thus we passed on without loss, leaving the old woman whom we had captured, because she could not walk, and in two days we

arrived where the governor was. We rested during a few days, then proceeded about eighty miles along the coast, in boats used in that country and called *pirague;* they are made out of one tree, and the largest will contain about fifty persons.

Mode of Navigating in the Northern Sea.

All along that coast, the Indians come down from the hills to the shore to fish; therefore we used to land and hide ourselves in places where we could not be seen. We used often to wait all day expecting to make prisoners, and on the Indians arriving, we jumped out like wolves attacking so many lambs, and made them slaves. In this way we caught upwards of fifty, the greater part women with their little children. Finally, we went so often from one place to the other, that we were discovered by our enemies, who were fishing; and they immediately betaking themselves to hollaing, gave notice to the rest of our being there, so that they all ran away from the beach, and we on shore could only get hold of some fish dried by a slow fire upon gratings

made of reeds, and *cavallete*[1] dried in the sun, which these people string in rows for the convenience of carrying home. The captain then, seeing that he could no longer hope to capture men, turned back, and conducted us to the house of a poor chief, a friend of the Spaniards, and giving him a jug of wine, a shirt, and some knives, with civil words entreated him to lead him to a place where slaves could be got; the chief did not like the Spaniards to go with him, but went off one day with a party of his men, and returned the following day, bringing sixteen Indians, with their hands tied behind their backs. These he gave to our captain, who thanked him very much, and promised another time to bring him more gifts and more beautiful things.

Thus we returned to *Cariaco;* the next day we reached *Cumaná*, and the governor sent the slaves off to *Cubagua*, giving leave to the friends who had accompanied him to return to their own homes. But they were attacked on the journey by their enemies, who killed four of them; the rest returned to *Cumaná* to complain to the governor, and begged that he would send some armed Christians with them, to punish their common enemy. The governor expressed great grief for what they had suffered, but said he could not do so then, as he was required for a greater enterprise in another direction; yet gave his word that he would not fail on a future occasion to punish their enemies as they deserved. These people therefore went away very discontented, cursing the Christians and their rapine, the cause of their ruin.

The governor shortly after left *Cumaná* with all his company, and coasting westward, went to *Amaracapanna;* this was a town of about forty houses, and four hundred Spaniards resided there constantly, who annually elected a captain. He, accompanied by about half his soldiers, went

[1] This must be the genus *gryllus*, the devastating locust, which we have seen used for food in Barbary. They are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept as a winter provision. (*Trans.*)

scouring through several provinces of that country, and took with them many friends who resided in the vicinity of the gulf. While we remained in this place, Captain Pedro de Calice arrived with upwards of four thousand slaves; and he had captured many more, but from want of provisions, from labour and fatigue, as well as from grief at leaving their country, their fathers, their mothers, or their children, they had died on their journey. And when some of them could not walk, the Spaniards, to prevent their remaining behind to make war, killed them by burying their swords in their sides or their breasts. It was really a most distressing thing to see the way in which these wretched creatures, naked, tired, and lame, were treated; exhausted with hunger, sick, and despairing. The unfortunate mothers, with two and three children on their shoulders or clinging round their necks, overwhelmed with tears and grief, all tied with cords or with iron chains round their necks or their arms, or their hands. Nor was there a girl but had been violated by the depredators; wherefore, from too much indulgence, many Spaniards entirely lost their health. This captain had gone seven hundred miles inland into that country, which, when the Spaniards first went there, was full of people, but when I reached it the country was nearly depopulated.

The Spaniards, who fight on horseback with the Indians in those provinces, carry a doublet well lined with cotton-wool, and are armed with a lance and sword; while those who go on foot carry a small round shield, a sword, a cross-bow, and a lighter doublet than the horsemen; but they do not carry an arquebuss, nor chain armour, nor cuirass, not only because of the great humidity produced by the uncultivated ground, but also because they have often to sleep out in the open country, and the very abundant dew would soon spoil them. It seems to me, that the greater part of the country around the gulf of *Paria* towards the south, is the most pleasing, beautiful, and fruitful of any that I have seen

in any part of the Indies; possessing, as it does, a very extensive and fertile plain, where flowers may be always seen, though some of them smell disagreeably. The trees also are always in leaf as if it were one continual spring, though they are not all fruitbearing or good; in some parts, however, there is great abundance of the medicinal cassia (*quassia*). This province is generally hot and damp, producing a great many mosquitoes, very annoying to the inhabitants in the night; and there are swarms of locusts, that do great injury to the seeds.

The married women modestly wear a cloth, called *pampanila*, around their waist, the girls wear only a cord; for the same purpose the men used to wear a case of gold ornamented with pearls, but having been obliged to cede these to the Spaniards, they now substitute a peculiar calabash. The chiefs appropriate to themselves as many wives as they choose, though only one is legitimate, and she commands all the others; in the lower ranks they select three or four, and as those grow old, they are repudiated to make way for younger ones; they are all first submitted—*a sverginarle*—to the priests, thence by them called *piacchi*. The principal food, not only around the gulf of *Paria*, but also in all other parts of this country, is fish. They make wine of maize, which is their corn, and of various fruits and roots. They also eat human flesh, and *pediculi*, as monkeys do, spiders, worms, and other dirty things (*altre sporcitie*). They make a certain mixture, to preserve the teeth, with oyster shells, of the sort that produce pearls, burning them with the leaves of the *laxi*,[1] and then adding a little water, so that the mixture

[1] Being in doubt about this *laxi*, we applied to our excellent friend Robert Brown, the amiable and veteran botanist, for aid. He replied: —"You consider the Laxi to be a tree, which it may very likely be, but as far as regards the passage in question, it is simply *foglie del laxi*. Whatever it may be, I am sorry to say I can give you no information. I have looked into Sloane's *History of Jamaica*, without finding any plant approaching in sound, or employed for any similar purpose. You

looks like the whitest lime; and this they spread over the teeth, which become as black as charcoal; but they are thus preserved for good, without pain. It is their custom to pierce the nostrils, the lips, and the ears. They stain their bodies with the juice of herbs, and other red and black colours: indeed, the uglier they become, the handsomer they think themselves to be. The beds of the principal chiefs consist of a coverlid, longer than it is broad, like a sheet; the common people make it like a net, but all are of

Mode of sleeping in the Gulf of Paria, and in many other places.

cotton; these they fasten on two upright stanchions, and thus suspended in the air, sleep thereon. Those who sleep in the open country, not to suffer from the cold in the night, keep up a fire continually on each side of the bed; and this is the usual way of sleeping in all these provinces,

have, I think, little cause of regret for being unable to say what the plant is, the remedy being worse than the disease." In the East Indies the mouth is reddened by the use of the areka nut, betel leaf, and chunam. (*Trans.*)

even to the confines of *Nombre de Dios*, as well as in many of the islands in the Northern Sea.

The principal arms they carry are bows with poisoned arrows, which they make of two sorts, that is to say, either of palm wood or of slender reeds that grow by the sides of the rivers; and instead of iron at the point they tie hard fish scales or pieces of flint, anointing them with a black bitumen, which is a pure venom, made from roots, herbs, ants, apples, and some other beastly mixtures of theirs; and then moistened with a snake's blood by old women, who boil it with great trouble and diligence till it is brought to perfection, and, owing to the injurious vapour that rises from it, most of these women die in consequence. When the fluid is fresh, the man's body that is wounded with it swells, and he is so injured that in a short time he dies mad. But if the poison has been prepared a long time, it loses great part of its strength and of its deadly virus, so that the wounded man may be cured by a red-hot iron with which his wound is seared, and thus the man does not die. I have known several Spaniards who have thus been cured.[1]

All the slaves that the Spaniards catch in these provinces are sent to *Cubagua*, because the king's officers are in that island, who collect the royal revenues, consisting of pearls, gold, slaves and other articles; for a fifth of every thing is paid, that is, twenty per cent. The slaves are all marked in the face and on the arms by a hot iron with the mark of C; then the governors and captains do as they like with them; some are given to the soldiers, so that the Spaniards afterwards sell them, or gamble them away among each other. When ships arrive from Spain, they barter these Indians for wine, flour, biscuit, and other requisite things. And even

[1] Whether from its obvious vesicating property or not, it is certain that cauterization has always obtained among people where medical science is unknown. Among the *tibeebs* of Barbary, hot irons form their only surgical tools. (*Trans.*)

when some of the Indian women are pregnant by these same Spaniards, they sell them without any conscience. Then the merchants carry them elsewhere and sell them again. Others are sent to the island of Spagnuola, filling with them some large vessels built like caravels. They carry them under the deck, and being nearly all people captured inland, they suffer severely the sea horrors, and not being allowed to move out of those sinks, what with their sickness and their other wants, they have to stand in the filth like animals; and the sea often being calm, water and other provisions fail them, so that the poor wretches, oppressed by the heat, the stench, the thirst, and the crowding, miserably expire there below.[1] Now all that country around the Gulf of *Paria* and other places are no longer inhabited by the Spaniards, because there are no more pearls nor gold, and the pearl fishery is at an end; so that having no other subsidy but that of slaves, and few of them, and the emperor having restored the natives to liberty, the Spaniards have retired to other countries.

Returning then to *Amaracapanna*, a few days after our arrival, there came an order from the Royal Court of *San Domingo*, that Governor Geronymo de Ortal, for a certain crime that he had committed, should be seized, and with a good guard be sent safely to the *Isla Spagnola*; and thus he failed in his promise of a journey and of making me rich. Also, from having changed my country and my food, as well as from the great heat and bad sleeping, and having imbibed much humidity from the earth, I fell sick, and had it not been for one Anthony de' Castigliani, a noble French priest, who, for his integrity and liberality, as well as for his

[1] Had Benzoni been an accredited disciple of the worthy Las Casas, he could not have shewn up the horrible conduct of the Spanish miscreants in a more revolting view, than through the whole narrative of his adventures on the Pearl Coast. The letter C, with which the wretched slaves were branded, was doubtless the initial of Charles V. (*Trans.*)

very handsome person, was beloved, honoured, and revered by every body, I should indeed have fared very badly; but he made me embark at *Amaracapanna*, and sent me to the island of *Margherita* to await his arrival, as he there kept the greater part of his slaves and his seed-lands. There he treated me with as much kindness as if I had been his most beloved son, and thus he kept me in his house for about six months, till I recovered my health; and on coming away, he parted with me in a most friendly manner, providing me abundantly with every thing requisite for my voyage. I thus embarked in a caravel laden with slaves, and coasting along the shores of Cape *la Vela*, and then crossing the sea with great labour on account of the calms, we reached the island of *Borichiù*, which by the Spaniards is called San Juan; and on account of the abundance of gold and silver found there, they term it San Juan de *Porto-rico* (the rich port). When first the Spaniards went to conquer this island, the Indians thought, and held for certain, that they were immortal, and one of the principal chiefs in the island determined to make the trial; he therefore ordered his people to seize a Spaniard who was lodging in his house, and carry him to the river, then hold him so long under water that if he was mortal he should be drowned. Having thus drowned him, they carried him on their shoulders to their master, who seeing that he was dead, considered that all the others must be mortal also, and on account of the ill-treatment received from them, he concerted a revolt with other chiefs. They rose against the Spaniards, killing about one hundred and fifty of those who were dispersed about the island seeking gold; and had not Diego Salazar arrived with reinforcements, the whole of them would have been cut to pieces.

Having rested ourselves for a few days in this island, we again departed for the *Isla Española*, soon reached it, and entered the town of *San Domingo*. This was the first town

that the Spaniards built in these countries. Now, respecting the finding these Indians, there were various and different opinions among the writers as to who was the first to discover these unknown regions. In the first place, Francisco Lopez de Gomera, a Spaniard, in the second part of his general history of the Indies, speaks in this way:— "One Peota,[1] navigating in our seas with an easterly wind, suffered a violent storm, by which he was obliged to scud wherever it blew him, and he was led to unknown countries which are not found laid down in the charts. Returning to Spain some time afterwards, with only three or four of his sailors, he fell ill in port and died, in consequence of the sufferings, the hunger, and the thirst that he had undergone in this extraordinary voyage; nor did he leave any name or memory of himself or of his country; whoever was to blame for this, it cannot be assigned to him, but to envy (it is thought) or ill luck. Some have said that he was an Andalusian, and that he traded with the Canary Islands and with *Madeira*, when he encountered this long and mortal navigation. Others again say that he was a Biscayan, and that he was in the habit of going backwards and forwards between England and France. Some hold him to have been a Portuguese, who traded with India of the *Mirta*:[2] which is a good deal confirmed by the names that those new lands acquired, and still keep. Others are of opinion, that the caravel went to Portugal, to Madeira, and to other islands in the Azores. But no one affirms anything for certain; they only agree as to his having died in the house of Christopher Columbus,

[1] Is *un Peota* a corruption of *un piloto?* The opinion is supported by Gomara's work above quoted. "Peota" occurs in both the Italian editions. (*Trans.*)

[2] In Chauveton's Latin translation this ambiguous expression is thus rendered, "qui tam ad Minam (ut vocant), vel in Indiam navigaret," the allusion doubtless being to St. George del Mina on the Gold Coast. By reference to Gomara we find that Chauveton is right.

and that his writings remained there, with the bearing,[1] and latitude of the newly discovered land. Many insist that Columbus was already a sailor, and that for many years he used to go to Soria (*Syria*) and other parts of the Levant; that he then became a maker of charts for navigating, and thus went to Portugal to collect information respecting the south of Africa and the other Portuguese nagivations, to increase the sale of his charts; and finally he married in that kingdom. Some have been of opinion that he was in Madeira when the said caravel arrived, and that the master of it lodged in his house, where he related his voyage to him and the new countries that he had seen, so that he might insert them in his charts under the name of Peota,[2] as the sale and export of these was great. That there he died, leaving him the drawings and all the description he could give of the new countries, and thus it is affirmed that Columbus obtained information of the Indies." The author adds, moreover, that Columbus knew the Latin language well, and was a cosmographer; that he was anxious to seek out the Antipodes, and the rich *Cipango* of Marco Polo, because he had read in Plato's *Timæus* an argument respecting the great island of Atlantis, and of a hidden land larger than Asia and Africa. While Aristotle, in his book on the wonders of the world, writing to Theophrastus, relates how some Carthaginian merchants, navigating to the west and the south outside the Strait of Gibraltar, after many days found a large inhabited island, very fertile and possessed of navigable rivers. And the author after affirms, that if Columbus had

[1] "*Il segno* and *l'altezza*" are best rendered *bearing* and *latitude;* but nautical science was very inaccurate in Benzoni's day. (*Trans.*)

[2] Again this name is erroneously given. The passage quoted by Benzoni from Gomara states, that "the pilot lodged in the house of Columbus, and gave him an account of his voyage and of the new lands which he had seen, in order that he might lay them down on a marine chart which Columbus had bought of him." Gomara distinctly says that the pilot's name was not known.

known where the Indies were, he might, long before he went to Spain to ask for help and for favour, have united himself with the Genoese, who travelled all over the world, and have effected this great enterprise; but that he did not ever think of any such thing until the said Peota had informed him of it. These things have been contradicted, almost as fabulous words and not worthy of faith; and Don Pietro Martire, a Milanese, says in a treatise of his, that Christopher Columbus went to the lordship of Genoa and narrated the cause of his being induced to seek those countries, saying that navigating many times outside the Strait of Gibraltar towards Portugal, he had observed very diligently that, during certain seasons of the year, the west winds blew many days very equally, and knowing they could not come but from land, that generated them beyond the sea, his thoughts became so fixed on this subject that he thought he would like to try this voyage. Being forty years old, he proposed to the Lordship of Genoa, that if they would fit out some vessels for him, he would undertake to go outside the Strait of Gibraltar, and navigate so far to the west that he would circumnavigate "the earth of the world," arriving where the spices grow. This voyage appeared to every body a strange thing, as well it might to people who had never thought of it, and yet reputed themselves as knowing the whole art of navigation. Therefore everybody regarded it as a dream and a fabulous thing; although some authors had written in ancient times of a large island many miles distant from the Strait of Gibraltar. This was supposed to be the cause that induced Columbus to go and seek the Indies; but we may believe that Gomara would set himself to confute the truth with many inventions, and that he had a wish to diminish the immortal fame of Christopher Columbus; as there were many who could not endure that a foreigner and an Italian should have acquired so much honour and so much glory, not only for the

Spanish kingdom, but also for the other nations of the world.[1]

It will not be out of place to relate what I heard happened in Spain to Columbus, after he had discovered the Indies; although it had been done in ancient times in other ways, but was new then. Columbus being at a party with many noble Spaniards, where, as was customary, the subject of conversation was the Indies: one of them undertook to say: —"Mr. Christopher, even if you had not found the Indies, we should not have been devoid of a man who would have attempted the same that you did, here in our own country of Spain, as it is full of great men clever in cosmography and literature." Columbus said nothing in answer to these words, but having desired an egg to be brought to him, he placed it on the table saying: "Gentlemen, I will lay a wager with any of you, that you will not make this egg stand up as I will, naked and without anything at all." They all tried, and no one succeeded in making it stand up. When the egg came round to the hands of Columbus, by beating it down on the table he fixed it, having thus crushed a little of one end; wherefore all remained confused, understanding what he would have said: that after the deed is done, everybody knows how to do it; that they ought first to have sought for the Indies, and not laugh at him who had sought for it first, while they for some time had been laughing, and wondered at it as an impossibility.

Now let us return to our first subject, of the searching for, and the discovery of the Indies. Columbus seeing that the Genoese would not help him in so worthy an enterprize, he determined to go to the West, considering that there were some very rich and very powerful princes, in the

[1] It was admitted by Don Fernando, the son of Columbus, that his father having married Donna Felipa Moñiz, he had access to his father-in-law's papers, he—Perestrello, a seafaring man—being dead: but they appear to have related to the Azores only. (*Trans.*)

hope that some one of them would give him every requisite to find the country by him so much wished for. Thus he went to Portugal, and sent his brother, Bartholomew, to Henry VII, king of England, to ask him for ships and favour to find the Indies, promising him that in a short time he would bring him very great treasures from those unknown parts. But he had to return without any conclusion, so that he betook himself to treat with king Alphonzo V. of Portugal, supplicating his highness to be willing to grant him some ships with provisions, and he would oblige himself to go westward to seek for some abundant countries, rich in gold, and in various other precious articles of value. But if Columbus was held as fabulous by the Genoese, he was thought ludicrous by the English, —*da gl' Inglesi risibile,*—and by the Portuguese he was mocked as a dreamer; for there being men in Portugal who professed to know everything connected with cosmography, they, with haughty and proud talk, asserted to the king that this man was quite bewildered, and that he should on no account give credence to the words of Columbus. They asserted that in no way could there be in the west any of the things he said, neither gold nor riches, and that the country, from its extreme heat, was uninhabitable; insomuch that any one passing under the equinoctial line would be burnt up by the sun, from its having more power there than in any other part of the sphere, in consequence of its being constantly between the two tropics, Cancer and Capricorn.[1]

Columbus thus seeing that in Portugal every one laughed and scoffed at his words, deemed it useless to remain; so he went to Castile, to the court of the King Don Fernando and

[1] Benzoni does not seem to have been aware that the king of Portugal, by a disgraceful breach of faith, resolved to execute Columbus's schemes without the knowledge of their author, and actually made an attempt, such as it was. In England, Bartholomew Columbus had been well received, but his negociations were broken off by the concessions of the Court of Spain to Christopher. (*Trans.*)

the Queen Donna Isabella, and submitted the same project that he had proposed to every body else, in the best way that he could; giving the most efficacious reasons, together with the best authorities, examples, and information. It seemed that he was still on those principles derided almost as if he promised impossibilities. Yet, after consuming several years at court, and always remaining constant in his assertions and persevering in his reasons, strengthening the hopes with very rational examples, at the intercession of some grandees of Spain, he obtained time and opportunity to speak familiarly with the Queen Donna Isabella; and so well did he persuade her with his good and very strong arguments, that he induced her to believe his assertions so far as to promise to speak to the king, and make every endeavour that he should be enabled to go and perform this enterprise. Wherefore in a short time, first by the divine grace, and then through the intercession of the magnanimous queen, the king, Don Fernando, armed a ship and two caravels for Christopher Columbus. Thus, in company with his brother Bartholomew, in the beginning of August 1492, he sailed from Cadiz, and touched at the *Gomera;* which is one of the seven islands of the Canaries, and there he remained some days, taking in water and other necessaries. He then sailed, following his western voyage, and having navigated several days without seeing land, the soldiers began to murmur against Columbus; but he quieted them and sailed on during thirty-five days, still without seeing any signs of land, whereupon they began to use menaces and to give him bad language, calling him a Genoese impostor and trickster, who did not know where he wanted to arrive or to go, and that he was leading them to death. Here Columbus as much as possible urged his reasons, and begged and supplicated them to have patience, for in a short time, with the help of God, he hoped to see a new land. Thus quieted they navigated for some days more, but not

seeing land, they betook themselves again to murmur, telling him that he must turn back or they would throw him overboard; affirming that if they sailed on any farther their provisions would fail, especially their water, as they would still require some for their return to Spain. Finally the dispute was reduced to these conditions, that if in three days they did not discover land he would turn back, shewing them, that by only putting themselves on allowance, not only would there be sufficient provisions to return to Spain, but also to go farther on. And thus happily continuing their course, the next day he ordered the sails to be lowered, and it was believed that when Columbus uttered these words he felt near land, that he knew it by the atmosphere and the clouds, which are observed on the horizon at sunset; or, indeed, through some inspiration of his unconquerable soul. And, in fact, the next evening a sailor, named La Leppe, having gone aloft, began to cry out with a loud voice, "*I see fire;*" and immediately a youth added, "It is not long since Mr. Columbus told me the same thing." The sailor, much delighted and pleased, thought that, on his return to Spain, there was no doubt but he should receive from his majesty the king some remuneration; but not receiving any reward or favour, he went over to Barbary in such an ill humour, that he became a renegade from the faith. Now, how great the pleasure of each man was at having discovered the new country, it is not possible to relate in words; for rejoicing, no one could satisfy himself in looking at the new land. Some could not restrain their tears in embracing Columbus, others reverently kissed his hands, those who had offended him asked pardon for their ignorance, and all offered themselves as servants and humble slaves to his great courage. Columbus had the boat lowered and leaped on shore; they cut down a tree and made it into a cross, erecting it on the spot in the name of Jesus Christ crucified. He thus took possession of the Indies and the

New World for the sacred Catholic kings. In this way did Columbus discover the Indies, through his own valour and glorious genius. Notwithstanding all this, his wonderful achievement did not keep him clear from a thousand calumnies, as you will see. First, the Exchequer, on his return to Spain, disputed with him on the part of Martin Pizzone and Francis, his brother, the captains of the two caravels, accusing Columbus, if it had not been for them, of intending to return to Spain without seeing the country of the Indies.[1]

Having taken possession of India, he cared for nothing else, and the island being small, he re-embarked and proceeded onward, discovering several other islands. At Cuba he jumped on shore and named it *Fernanda,* in honour of the king, Don Fernando, and was regarded with ill-will by the islanders. In this interim the sea began to rise, and not being in a safe port he immediately returned on board, and fearing he might drive on some shoal changed his course. Navigating thus he reached *Haiti,* which was by him called the Spanish Island, *La Isla Española,* and there he anchored in a port which he called *Real.* But here, the commodore's ship drove on a rock and was wrecked. The crew, however, and part of the ammunition, were saved on board the caravels. Many Indians were dispersed about the shore, looking at the ship with great wonder; but on seeing some Christians jump on shore, they were overcome by fear and ran away. The Spaniards seized one of their women and led her to Columbus, who desired she should have something to eat and drink. Then they drest her in a white shirt, and by signs made her understand that she was to

[1] These skippers were the Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Yañez his brother, of other accounts; and from the recent investigations of Captain A. B. Becher, R.N., it may be considered a settled point that the landfall thus made by Columbus, on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, called by the natives Guanahani, was actually Watling's Island—one of the Bahama Group. (*Trans.*)

return to her own people, to re-assure them, and induce them to come and visit him without any fear whatever. She went, and when they saw her in that shirt they seemed greatly astonished, all staring at so wonderful a thing. The Indian related the kindness shewn her by Columbus, wherefore the others, induced by her, came, desirous to see the new people clothed and bearded, and the one was emulous of the other in coming round the caravels in their boats. At this the Spaniards rejoiced greatly, for there was not an Indian but had gold and silver round their arms or their neck, or in their ears; these they asked for by signs, and they, like people who did not much esteem them (*these metals*), gave some with pleasure to each.

Columbus, seeing so many Indians in the caravels that they could hardly hold them, landed, accompanied by a great many Spaniards, and was benignantly received by the chief of that place, who in their language is called cacique or general. His name was Guacanarillo, and, to bind their friendship, they mutually made each other presents. Columbus gave him shirts, caps, knives, looking-glasses, and bells of various sizes; while the cacique presented him with a good quantity of gold. Then he sent some of his men in a sort of boat, which they call *canoè*, to help to bring on shore the remainder of the wreck; and did this willingly, with as much love as if the things had been theirs. These Indians had a remarkable tradition left them by their ancestors, which became a true prophecy: that many years would not pass before a strange people would come to their island, all bearded, who would throw their idols down on the ground and shed the blood of their children. If they had remembered this at the time, they would not have received the Spaniards with such triumph and feasting. Columbus asked them where they got that yellow metal, to which he was answered by signs, and shewn in certain rivers inland, which descended from very high mountains. Every day

there came a great many fresh tribes of those Indians, to look at us with our beards, and they brought fruits, fish, gold, and bread, as also other articles of food. Like monkeys, they imitated the dress of the Christians, and when these kneeled they also kneeled; if the Christians reverently raised their eyes to heaven, so did the Indians. And whatever it was customary for us to do at the Ave Maria as being evening, and then in the morning also, just the same was done by them. Columbus was very joyful at having discovered this new country, so abounding in gold and silver; and desirous to return to Spain to inform the king of the new land that he had found, with the good will of the cacique had a brick house built, and left thirty-eight Spaniards there; so that they might carefully investigate everything in the island until his return, warning them to do every thing discreetly and modestly. This was the first house that the Spaniards built in India;[1] and thus Columbus, with all his other men, went away.

Columbus took with him six Indians, all the gold that the cacique gave him, some parrots, some maize, which is their corn, and other new Indian articles. He reached Spain safely, except that two Indians died on the voyage. Columbus was received by the king and the queen with very great honour, they making him sit before them; and here every body was astonished to see the Indians naked; and these new people were still more surprised at the dress of the court and of the king, who bestowed a title of honour on Columbus, constituting him Admiral of the Ocean-sea, with a tenth of all the royal sales. And to his brother Bartholomew he gave the governorship of the *Isla Española.*

Columbus notified to the king all that had occurred, and that by means of that island he hoped to discover other very

[1] Other accounts state that this fort was constructed of timber from the wreck of Columbus's ship: it was called *La Natividad*, and the garrison was commanded by Diego d'Arena. (*Trans.*)

large and very rich countries. Therefore his Majesty ordered three ships to be got ready, and fourteen caravels, putting on board about fifteen hundred men, chiefly artificers in mechanical arts, for things most requisite and suitable to those countries. Columbus also provided himself with horses, cows, sheep and pigs, as also goats, as well males as females, for continuing the breed in those lands: he carried oats, wheat, pulse, and plants of various sorts. He embarked both priests and monks, to instruct those nations in the Christian religion, and convert them to our most holy faith; whence furnished and accommodated with everything, the *Ammirante* Christopher Columbus sailed from Cadiz the 2nd of September, 1493.

Thus Columbus went to sea again *Real Ammirante*, ploughing the waves more contentedly, and with greater joy, than the former time. He also restored the four Indians, whom the king had had baptized. He passed the Canary islands, taking a course more to the left, towards S.W., which he did not do on the previous voyage. Touching at the isle *Desiderata*, which was the first that he discovered (as before said), not landing, however, anywhere, nor going into any port,[1] but continuing his navigation with great joy, and wishing to reach *Isla Spaniola* (Hispaniola). Yet on landing here he found it in a very different state to what it was when he left it; for the Indians had killed all the Spaniards left by him there. The Ammirante immediately sent messengers to the Cacique Guacanarillo, and gave him to understand how much he desired to know the cause of the death of his men. The expostulations in answer were by signs, and the other means of making them-

[1] Benzoni here does not quite quadrate with Ferdinand Colon's account of the discovery of Dominica on Sunday morning, the meeting of warlike Caribs, and the sojourn at Guadaloupe, where human limbs were roasting at the fire, and where the delicious pine-apple was first tasted by the Spaniards: and all this before they reached Hispaniola. (*Trans.*)

selves understood by demonstrations were very numerous. For these said that they forced their women, beat the men, and harassed them unreasonably; yet (excusing themselves) for this they had not injured them; but another chief (for there were many very powerful in the island) had come, and finding the bearded men housed, lest they should get possession of the island, had killed them all; yet that he, the Cacique, seeing the house burn, had run to defend them. "But my forces," he said, "were not sufficient. I was even wounded, as you see," and he shewed his leg bound up with cotton bandages. Still all these relations were false, as the almirante afterwards heard; wherefore making him unbind his leg, it was found quite unhurt and not wounded. And it was afterwards discovered that Quacanarillo himself had been the cause of the fire and of the death of the Spaniards, because they ill-treated the Indians both in deeds and words; demanding gold of them, violating their women, and committing other dishonest actions. Many advised Columbus to punish him for this insolence; but he apprehending some greater evil, since he did not yet know what might be their real amount of power, decided on restraining himself, and reserving punishment for some better opportunity. Establishing himself then for a second time on shore, he, together with his people, began to erect a city, which they baptized *Isabella*, by name, as a memorial of the queen; he built a fortress at the mines of *Cibao*, the spot whence the riches were obtained; and having rendered it very strong and equal to defend itself against the Indians, he left his brother Bartholomew there, governor of the island.

Columbus then sailed away, with three of the caravels, to discover new countries. He found Cuba on the south side, and Jamaica, with other islands. He landed at various places, and was well received by those new people. Returning to the Isla Spaniola he found a convenient port, and called it San Nicolas. The "Almirante" adopted this

port for refreshing the crews and repairing the caravels, as they had become very leaky; then he wished to go and destroy all the Caribs and burn their boats.[1] But Fortune, who is an enemy to all great enterprizes, afflicted Columbus with so serious a disease, that he had to give up the expedition and allow himself to be carried to the town of Isabella, where he found a great many Spaniards dead or dying; whilst those who were well had made no slight tumult, and had not conducted themselves honourably towards his brother. Some caciques had rebelled, through the insolence, the thefts, and the homicides and other rapines that they had undergone from the Spaniards in many parts of the island. He also found that the greater part of the islanders not only had refused to sow their lands with any grain for making bread, but had destroyed all that was left of the harvest; thinking that if the strange people did not find anything to eat, they would be forced to leave the island; for, like desperate people, on account of the cruel servitude to which they were reduced, they were content to die of hunger themselves. Columbus being ruled by prudence, had all the Spaniards executed who had been the cause of these revolutions, this confusion and injury, and endeavoured to re-acquire the friendship of the offended caciques as best he could. These punishments led the Spaniards to hold Columbus in odium, and because he would not allow of their ribaldry and thieving, they could not bear to hear him named. Hence it arose, that a great many of them wrote violently against him to the king, and accused the brother of dishonourable things; wherefore Columbus resolved, as soon as he recovered, to go to Spain.

In this interim it should be noted, that a heavy misfortune occurred, deserving of serious consideration. Some insisted

[1] This must have been to execute the postponed vengeance before alluded to; but why Fortune opposes all great actions—*nimica di tutte l'imprese valorose*—is not shewn. (*Trans.*)

that the great enemy of mankind, seeing so many souls rescued from his power by holy baptism, had contrived all this destruction; others thought that it was a warning of the discord and rebellions that were to follow on account of the riches; and it was a general opinion, that the erection of the holy ensign of the cross in these islands was driving away the infernal spirits, who had been so long masters of those rough and ignorant men, and that they made all this disturbance in their forced flight. From the eastward there came a tremendous storm, such as those islanders had never before seen; some winds arose, and one especially, called by the Spaniards FURACANO,[1] which came with such violence that it imposed terror both on heaven and earth, and seemed as if it would destroy both; wherefore everybody felt sure they should die, and that the elements would be confounded and resolved, and so end the world. The lightnings of the air were violent and frequent, the thunder was loud and frightful, the day seemed night, and the darkness so intense that men could not see each other. You would find the people frightened, and stupified, and out of their minds, running about without knowing where they were; and so raging were the winds that they fought together screaming, they tore up the trees, they detached stones from the sides of the mountains, and with great fury hurled them into the plains; leveling houses, killing men, and even whole houses with their inhabitants in them, were carried through the air and then smashed! So that the howling of the people was heard everywhere, melancholy and doleful: thus in a

[1] In translating from so old an Italian book, it may be useful to remark, that orthography has never been sufficiently attended to in that language. They generally regard many letters as synonymous: thus, not only *b* and *v*, but also *c* and *g*, *p* and *b*, etc., are similarized. Benzoni especially, being an illiterate man, cannot be depended on in his spelling; and he, moreover, prefixes a letter sometimes to a regular word, as Landaluzia for Andaluzia, or Fonduras for Onduras, and in the instance before us, where his *furacano* means an *uracano*, which we by aspiration make into hurricane and hurricano. (*Trans.*)

few hours extreme injury was done; even three ships that were in a very safe port, tore up their heavy anchors, broke their new strong cables, and were sunk with all their crews who were on board. Many Indians saved themselves in certain caverns; and when they came out again, were so alarmed and confused by the novelty of the case that they could scarcely breathe, their speech was restricted and their voice gone. When somewhat recovered, these islanders began to reason with each other, and had very different opinions from what the Christians entertained; for they imputed all the mischief that had happened to the conduct of the Spaniards, and believed that heaven wished to have forced them away from them; but whether it was this or any other cause, I shall leave to the judgment of the more learned, and to intellects more worthy than either mine or those of the Indians. In the course of the five subsequent years, two other similar storms occurred; I was on Terra Firma at the time; the last was the most violent, and alarmed every part of the island extremely. It destroyed nearly all the crops, ruined the major part of the houses, and the sugar factories, and nearly all the cattle of every sort perished. To such a degree did this extend, that the Spaniards would have died of hunger, if, by the grace of God, some ships had not arrived there from Spain; which bringing a great quantity of flour and of biscuit, caused abundance to reign.

The almirante had the caravels repaired in haste, for he had a great many workmen, both expert and valorous. Wondering and astonished at the ruin, and at the mortality that had occurred among the Indians, he embarked as soon as the vessels were ready; and he reached Spain in safety. Landing at Cadiz, he posted up to the court, and presented himself to the royal crown. He gave the king information of the country newly found, presented him with much gold and other things of great value; related all that occurred in *Isla Española;* carrying with him the trials of the Spaniards

whom he had punished for the sake of justice; and exculpating himself from the calumnies and malicious accusations that had been thrown upon him. The king seeing his fidelity in having brought him so much gold, for there were some pieces to be weighed by the pound, and knowing through dispatches the good discipline he had kept up, he consoled and thanked him; but represented that in future he had better be less severe than to incur the death of Spaniards, since they had gone so far to serve him.[1]

His majesty now had twelve caravels prepared for him, loaded them with every kind of provision, and then delivered them over to Columbus; who immediately sent two of them off to his brother. They performed the voyage and arrived safely. Going to the port on the west shore, they found there Roldan Ximenes, who from a low station had been raised by Columbus to be an honoured man, master of justice. This man had rebelled with a great many Spaniards, and making head would not obey the governor, persisting in unbridled robberies, and scouring the island at their own will, all actions that the governor would not tolerate. Ximenes went off to the caravels, and so urged them to rob the treasures of the island that they joined him; he showing them how they could go freely from one village to the other, capturing gold and every other sort of valuable thing, so as soon to become very rich. Thus giving themselves up to enjoy the provisions, and visiting many places, they committed every sort of crime without being afraid of any body. The *Quarionese* cacique, seeing the utter ruin that the Christians were bringing upon him, united his forces to those of another cacique called *Maraboneso;* and defending them-

[1] The conduct of the court seems to have been courteous and wise throughout; but, in truth, with all his great merits, Columbus was infected with some of the practices which degraded his successors. As to his austerity to his own men, he was probably no more severe than was absolutely necessary in such marauding expeditions. (*Trans.*)

selves from the pillagers, they several times descended from the hills into the plains where the Spaniards were, and killing as many as they could, tore them in pieces, as well as those Indians who were friends and united to them; with barbarous rage they cut them into the smallest pieces.

Whilst these disorders were occurring in the *Isla Española*, the almirante sailed from *San Luca* on the 20th of May, 1498, with the remainder of the fleet, and steered for *Mandera*, one of the seven islands of Portugal, called the Azores.[1] He took this course for it was the safest, it being war time; besides which many French privateers, hearing of the riches of the Indies, were cruizing to make prizes. He sent six caravels on in advance, while he with three others sailed for Cape Verd, laying his course near the equinoctial line; where he underwent great inconvenience and sufferings, as well on account of the calms as the very great heat, it being the month of June. Finally they reached India, and having entered the Gulf of *Paria*, he arrived in the island of *Cubagua*, by him called the Pearl Island. The reason of this was the following. Cruizing about the gulf in his caravels, the almirante saw some Indians in a boat fishing; and to learn what sort of people they were, and where they lived, he sent a boat with some sailors, who having reached the Indians joined with them. Nor did the fishermen appear at all alarmed, but, on the contrary, were pleased, and seemed to admire the Spaniards as handsome men. They found the natives were fishing for oysters, and supposing these good to eat, they turned to opening them, but were still better pleased to find them full of pearls. They landed

[1] This *Mandera* would seem to be an easy transition from Madera, or Madeira, but that Benzoni so expressly states it to be one of the seven (*there are nine*) islands of the Azores. There must, however, be an error or confusion on this point, for elsewhere (p. 10½ *in orig.*) he says:—"*Madera, ò ad altre Isole de gli Azori.*" The Gulf of Paria lies between Trinidad and the mainland, and is often mentioned in the sequel. (*Trans.*)

from their boat, and saw the Indian women all adorned with beautiful pearls, as well round their necks as round their arms; yet they were not prized by their possessors, who regarded them only as slight feminine ornaments; so that merely for an earthenware plate, a broken one, that a sailor gave to an Indian woman, she gave him four rows of her pearls. With these he returned on board all joyous and rich, shewing his pearls to every body. The almirante was delighted beyond everything, and addressing all the ship's crew he said to them: "We have reached the richest country in the world!" He then approached the land, and entered the river of *Cumaná*.

The natives seeing such large and well-constructed vessels as the caravels, and astonished at the bearded faces, talked among themselves as to what sort of beings these could be, whether from above or from the water? Then, in the best way they could explain by signs, they sent to entreat that the almirante would consent to come on shore and shew himself to their chief, who wished very much to see him. Columbus hearing this, although they made every sign of friendship, was loath to come on shore lest there should be some deceit. The Indians perceiving that they were afraid of landing, went in numbers to the caravels, and gave themselves up to the captain, openly shewing a pure and cordial friendship towards what seemed to them both new and of superhuman creation. In looking at the ship, they wondered at the cables, at the anchors, and at all the rigging. Before going away (having very much caressed them) they had knives, looking-glasses, gingles, little bells, and other things of small value, given to them. The almirante diligently inquiring, as well as he was able, where they found those beautiful pearls, and they by signs shewing the shores of *Cubagua*, where they fished for them. Columbus made several Spaniards land, and the cacique received the party with much pleasure into his house, gave them to eat and to

drink of the dirty viands that they are accustomed to, and presented them, seeing that they were desirous of such articles, a great quantity of pearls; like a man who does not much esteem them, and possesses a great abundance, much in the way that we should give away paternosters of glass beads. Pleased with such riches the Spaniards returned to their ships, and the almirante, still happier, went coasting along towards Cape *la Vela*. Then crossing the sea he arrived in *Isla Española*, where he found the following disorders.[1]

Roldan Ximenes having rebelled, he vainly endeavoured to recall him to his duty and to obedience by a letter, recommending that he should cease from shewing the Indians such a bad example, since this was not the way to entice them to adopt the holy faith. He also held out, that the very ample bull granted by the most holy pontiff, Alexander VI, to the Catholic kings to conquer new countries, was not with the intention that the new people should be so ill treated, but that they should be well rewarded, so as to attract them to the holy faith of Christ the Saviour and our Redeemer. Roldan refused his advice and entreaty; and maintaining himself at the head of his party, wrote to the king of many bad actions of Bartholomew, governor of the island, calling him a cruel tyrant, and shewing that for the smallest and most unimportant causes he had men hung; and that all their leaders were ambitious and haughty. Nor had he rebelled from them, but because he found them cruel tyrants and wild beasts, desirous of shedding human blood; and that his majesty would find out at last that the almirante himself was an enemy to his majesty's empire, and that he would make himself master of the islands. Already

[1] Much of the anarchy and confusion which Columbus found prevalent at the newly-found town, St. Domingo, are traceable to the want of firmness to support subordination in his brother, the adelantado; who, however, had a very difficult task. (*Trans.*)

all his familiars were stationed at the gold mines, closing the entrance from every body else. That justice was badly administered, since will and not reason was the law; warning also falsely, that the admiral had partly kept the discovery of the pearls secret, with the intention of endeavouring by some agreement with his majesty to keep that island for himself.

The almirante, on his side, also notified to the king the bad mind and inclination of these turbulent men, making known to him that they attended to nothing but robbing, ravishing the women, scouring through every part of the island like assassins and men not less wicked than traitors, having laid aside all fear of God. Finally, they had seized upon the two caravels sent from Spain for his brother Bartholomew, had taken all the provisions for their own use, and having united for evil purposes, were committing all the robberies that they could. From this dishonesty it had resulted, that a number of chiefs in the island had revolted, with very great injury to all; whilst the rioters, fearing that if they returned to their duty they should be punished as their crimes deserved, persevered in their evil deeds and lived unrestrained.

Whilst these accusations were being forwarded to Spain, the almirante sent his brother, with eighty Spaniards and some horses, against the caciques who had rebelled, and were encamped with six thousand armed men. At the first attack, the Indians were so frightened at the infuriated horses, that they ran away to the woods. After this, there occurred various battles with *Guarionex* and four other chiefs, but in a short time they were all defeated; the leaders escaped to the mountains, where they were finally taken, and led before the almirante. But when they promised to be his friends and become vassals of the king of Spain, to prove his clemency to them, so that they should not think he had caused their misfortunes, Columbus received them benignly, and making

them some of the usual presents, sent them back to their people.[1]

About the time that the almirante and his brother were subduing the rebellious caciques and their people, and bringing them back to obedience, both the admiral's letter and that from Roldan arrived in Spain. They caused great grief both to the king and queen, shewing *La Isla Española* to be in such a sad state. Already in the court, the great abundance of gold and of other riches produced in the rivers, was talked of among the noblemen; each of whom burned with avarice, and was looking out anxiously to obtain such a government to enrich himself. Yet they did not dare to ask for such a thing, owing to the great reputation the admiral held in the opinion of their majesties; they therefore tried other means to bring their wishes to the desired conclusion. These nobles began to report throughout the court that Columbus and his brother, having become very rich, wished to get possession of the islands, and make themselves masters of all the new countries that had been discovered. Of this they shewed evident symptoms in several letters, written by men worthy of faith, as much in the excavation of the gold, as in sending but little to Spain; and, what is much worse, that under various pretexts, he was making the Spaniards gradually die off, only to extirpate them, so that they (he and his brother) might alone remain to give effect to their designs. These reports, and many others, were so circulated and multiplied, that they at last came to the ears of the king and queen. Nor were motives of partiality wanting to make their credit appear greater to their majesties. The king, not to fail in his duty to his kingdom, determined to endeavour to know the truth of everything, and to send a judge there, who should find out why there

[1] In order to tread out the embers of insurrection Columbus was unusually conciliating: he even reinstated Roldan, the arch-traitor, in his office of alcalde-mayor. (*Trans.*)

had not appeared as much gold as the almirante had promised; the which had remained for want of power to excavate, in consequence of the discords, rebellions, and wars that had happened, besides other impediments.

His majesty therefore sent Francesco Bombadiglia as new governor of the island, commissioning him to send true information home, and to discover the cause and origin of so much misunderstanding between Columbus and Roldan; giving him also ample authority of government. With this royal commission he left Cadiz in 1499, accompanied by four caravels of war; and on arriving at *La Isla Española*, he was announced to the almirante and his brother; upon which they went together, as was their duty, to meet him respectfully and to receive him honourably on his arriving at the port, as sent by royalty; thinking that because they had sincere hearts, others had also. But instead of compliments, they were seized, put in irons, and what grieved them the more, sent separately into two caravels; they were despatched to Spain thus badly treated, prisoners, and in bonds. A truly miserable case and deserving of compassion; a notable example of misfortune, since he who was a little while before in the highest repute with a most powerful king, for having discovered for him so many new and rich countries, by his own talents and high genius; to whom, if he had lived in the time of the Greeks or of the Romans, or of any other liberal nation, they would have erected a statue and whom they would have worshipped in a temple like a deity, —was now thrown to the ground by vile malignity.[1] And in a case where (in the opinion of any sensible man) no suf-

[1] This *Bombadiglia* of Benzoni was the Comendador Francisco de Bobadilla, an impetuous-tempered, narrow-minded man, thus unfortunately selected for an office superior to his ability. The captain of the ship would fain have released Columbus from his bonds, but he disdained being released except by royal order; and he ever afterwards preserved the chains in his chamber, directing that they should be buried with him. (*Trans.*)

ficient mode of remuneration could be found for so great a benefit received, offence was pretended in order not to reward him. On the arrival of the caravels in Spain, the king heard how dishonourably these injured men had been brought home, with irons on their feet and prisoners. Wherefore, moved by an admirable and compassionate heart, he sent by post to Cadiz to have them restored to liberty; and he desired that they should, as they deserved, appear in his presence honourably accompanied and dressed, like worthy men On their arrival they were courteously received, were heard, their truth was accepted, and measures taken to punish the criminals.

When Bombadiglia, the new governor, had sent the prisoners off to Spain, Roldan, with his companions, returned to obedience, and all agreeing together, they began again to work the islanders at their gold mines, not attending to any thing but this wretched avarice, devoting all their exertions thereto. At this time King Ferdinand, who felt in his own mind what he ought to do in justice to the past events, sent Niccolò d'Olanda to *La Isla Española*, with the authority of viceroy, to displace Bombadiglia. Accordingly he left San Lucar with thirty sail, between ships and caravels, and arrived at the island in forty days. Bombadiglio, seeing so powerful a superior arrive, immediately made preparations to go back to Spain with the ships that had brought the viceroy, and embarked with a great treasure amounting to upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand ducats; boasting that besides this, he was carrying many pieces of gold to the queen, and among them was one weighing three thousand ducats.

There were with him Roldan Ximenez and other officers, besides four hundred Spaniards, all rich men, and, quitting the island, they began their voyage. We should here reflect on the justice of the Almighty in punishing the malignity of man, and remember, that all our treasures and

riches, in which we put so much faith, are but dreams and false shadows. Behold! a suddenly violent storm arose, and twenty-four vessels were harassed, were crippled, were dispersed, were sunk. Bombadiglia was drowned; Roldan[1] was drowned, with the greater part of the other Spaniards; so all the king's and the queen's treasure was lost, together with their own; and thus ended all the punishments, all the accusations, all the quarrels, and everything else that might have followed!

When the islanders heard for certain that Roldan was wrecked, as well as the other Spaniards who had afflicted them so much by making them labour in the mines for gold, they rejoiced greatly, saying among themselves, "These men will never more force us to dig in the gold mines, and lead the wretched life that they inflicted on us."

Already in Spain the news was spread abroad of the great abundance of pearls that had been found by the Almirante in *Cubagua* and *Cumaná*, and thus many people thirsted to go there. On the king's hearing of this, express orders were issued, that no captain of a ship should approach within fifty leagues of the lands discovered by Christopher Columbus, without permission; granting full licence, however, to everybody to seek for countries that had not been seen before.

About this time Alonso Nuñez set out with a ship, and thirty-four Spaniards, among whom there were some of those who had gone with the almirante when he discovered *Cubagua;* and therefore when once in India again, they cared not for the royal orders, but, anxious to enrich themselves, they entered the Gulf of *Paria*, coasting along the shores of *Cumaná*, *Amaracopanna*, and other places discovered by the almirante; and Alonso Nuñez landing with some of his people, was kindly received by the inhabitants.

[1] This troublesome malcontent is frequently also named Ximenez; this is because he was born at Torre de Don Ximenes. (*Trans.*)

He bartered for a good quantity of pearls, and, having enriched himself, he returned to Spain; but on the voyage the soldiers disputed with the captain about the partition of the pearls. Thus on reaching Spain they landed in *Galitia*,[1] avoiding *Seville*, for fear of being punished by the king, in consequence of having entered countries that had been discovered by Columbus. But after he had landed, some of the sailors accused him to the governor of the province, revealing all, saying, what a ladrone he was; that he had secreted very many pearls, cheating the king of his fifth, besides being guilty of the disobedience of going to a country already known. The governor immediately had him put into prison, seized many pearls, and then sent him bound to the king, Don Fernando.

Before proceeding any farther, I will here enter fully into the opinion held by those strange generations of Indians respecting Christians, on their first appearance in those new countries. We should state that when first the Spanish nation went to India, and especially to the provinces on the mainland in the *Northern Sea*,[2] in many places the Indians were struck with astonishment and great admiration, considering and talking among themselves as to whence this bearded people could have come: and then seeing their swords and their mode of dress, the ship, the sails, the cables, the anchors, and other things, they stood open-mouthed, looking again and again at so wonderful a spectacle, and each uttering his opinion. Some said that a storm must have driven them there; while some who had heard their guns, thought they were people who ruled the thunder among the clouds, and had come down from heaven to see the earth: others remained confused and speechless, not knowing what to say of

[1] Galicia, the north-west province of Spain, with Portugal intervening between it and Seville. This early contrabandista probably sought security in Coruña. (*Trans.*)

[2] Northern Sea, or gulf of Mexico, so called to distinguish it from the Southern Sea, or Pacific. (*Trans.*)

so strange and new a people. They were in some places well received as a novelty; but elsewhere, on the contrary, they were not willingly received, it appearing to the Indians that the visitors had a fierce aspect, and that their friendship must occasion them great evil, but little or no good. Wherefore, as the Spaniards leaped on shore, the natives wounded them with severe darts, and threw stones at them so well that they killed many, or made them rush back to their boats. However, wherever the natives took pleasure in seeing them, their very chiefs humbled themselves, and begged and supplicated the Spaniards to go to their tribes, each joyfully wishing that they were in their own house, and all with great pleasure brought both eatables and beverages. The Spaniards had their eyes intent on those Indians who wore pearls round their necks or their arms, and felt annoyed at not being able to get any; so seeing them abounding in jewels in their nostrils, with gold, blue stones,[1] and emeralds, began to ask for some, and they not prizing them gave some to all, and plentifully, like an uncivilized and careless people.

In this friendly intercourse they asked questions of each other, as well as they could, by signs, the Indians wishing to know whence the Spaniards came, and what nation they were; to which it was answered, that they were a generation called Christians, sons of God, the Creator of heaven and of earth; and that the king of Castile, a worthy man, and the Pope, the vicar of the heavenly Saviour, had sent them to announce to the world things of importance and great consolation, and that in a short time they wished to return whence they had come. The Indians, fully believing what they said, depended on its being so, and, thinking they should never see them again, many came each day to

[1] Were these blue stones sapphires? The "wishes must have fathered the thought" in understanding so much, in what followed, by mere *signs*—the most ambiguous interpretation possible between people who are utterly ignorant of each other's language. (*Trans.*)

look at them, esteeming themselves happy if they might touch them, and present something to them. But when the Indians saw that, after the departure of these men, others came, and that already they were beginning to build houses, to settle themselves in the country, to illtreat them, to ask them for pearls and for precious stones, besides subjecting them to torments and abuse; they began to complain that these facts did not agree with their saying that they were the sons of God; but that they must have some other bad master, since he permitted their depriving the natives of their liberty, subjecting them to servitude, and killing them. They maintained that these were not works descended from heaven; and finally, that people receiving good and returning evil for it, could not be worthy sons of God; that they used good words, and then committed bad deeds. There were some who said, What sort of God can this be that has brought forth so many bad sons, and such wicked men? If the father is like the sons, he cannot be good; and held many such and other similar arguments.

If the Spaniards had shown any kindness when they first entered those countries, and had persevered in exercising benignity and humanity, instead of persevering in cruelty and avarice, we might have hoped that the generation of savages would have learned to cultivate reason, to acquire some degree of virtue and honour, and have been creditable to the Christian name; then there would not have ensued the death of so many Spaniards, nor the destruction of such multitudes of Indians, as you will hear in the sequel of this history, and instead of bearing us constant hatred and abusing us, they would have loved and reverenced us.

Now let us return to the almirante Columbus, who remained three years at court,[1] much caressed by the king.

[1] This delay arose from the difficulty of bringing into effect the various plans for a fourth voyage, which his passion for discovery led Columbus to propose. Of this the leading purpose was his original idea of opening

He then fitted up for him three caravels according to his wishes, that he might discover more countries, and search out the strait leading into the *Southern Ocean*, which was afterwards called *Magliane's*,[1] from a Portuguese of this name who found it.

Thus Columbus started from Cadiz on the 9th of May, 1502,[2] together with his brother, and soon reached *La Isla Española*. Some say that Bombadiglia[3] prohibited his entering the port, and that the almirante complained much of it, saying, that he was not allowed to enter the town that he himself had built. This was not done to serve the king;[4] but others say that he did enter. But let that be as it may, he steered a course to the westward, found the island of *Guanaxia*, near the mainland, a large province, called by the natives *Iguera*, and by the Spaniards, Cape *Fonduri;* there he landed, was much caressed by those chiefs, and many fowls were presented to them, as well as bread and fruit; but he found no signs of gold, although there were very rich mines, which they did not esteem at all. The almirante gave them some of the usual articles of little value, and then departed, retracing his steps; and, coasting along to the eastward, found *Veragua*, and landed

a new track to the East Indies, which he now supposed to be separated from the new world by a sea, with which there might probably be a communication by means of some strait. (*Trans.*)

[1] In reply to De Mure, Jansen, De Bry, Chauveton, and others, it may here be noted, that Benzoni has not himself said a word on the pretended claim of Martin Behaim to the discovery of this strait. (*Trans.*)

[2] Erroneously given as 1504 by Benzoni in both editions.

[3] Benzoni must here mean the viceroy, whom he terms Olanda, whose name was Nicholas de Ovando. From certain tokens, Columbus apprehended a hurricane, and requested permission to enter the harbour, at the same time warning the homeward bound fleet not to sail. His request and his warning were equally disregarded: the hurricane came on, the fleet was mostly destroyed, his inveterate enemies, Bobadilla and Roldan, were drowned, and Columbus escaped its fury by precaution. (*Trans.*)

[4] "Del che non era servigio della Maestà de Re"—an ambiguous sentence. (*Trans.*)

among the islands of *Zorobaro*, not very far from Terra Firma. He learned from those islanders that all the country of *Veragua* abounded in gold; and proceeding thus he coasted onwards to the Gulf of *Vrana*, where he landed, and in some places obtained information respecting the *Southern Ocean*. In the course of these discoveries he lost two caravels, and as the other two leaked very much, he returned to the island of *Cuba*, thence to Jamaica. In consequence of the great labour and sufferings that they had undergone, some of the Spaniards had died, and a good many of the rest were ill. Francis Pores, the captain of one of the caravels, with the greater part of the soldiers, took to freebooting, and captured some Indian boats; after which they went in the direction of *La Isla Española*. The islanders seeing thus the discord that reigned among the Christians, and that Pores had gone off with the best part of the men (for those who remained with the almirante were almost all ill), not only refused to provide them with food, but began to consider how they could kill him.

Columbus was thus in a great mental conflict, seeing that the natives would in no way furnish him with provisions, neither for barter, nor entreaties, nor for goodwill, and that he could not get them by force. Since his men were in a sad condition, he determined to obtain them in another way; and it really may be believed that it was by Divine inspiration, in order that so great a man should not perish thus. The almirante being near a village, called some of the Indians, and when they came into his presence, he told them, that if they did not provide him with everything that he required, God would shortly send such a punishment from heaven that they would all die; and, as a proof of this, he bade them look steadily, and in two days they would see the moon full of blood.[1] Now the Indians, seeing that this

[1] This must have been the total eclipse of the moon on the 29th of February, 1504; and which Ricciolo registers at 13 hours 36 minutes for its middle. (*Trans.*)

happened on the day and hour that the invader predicted, for there was an eclipse, immediately from fear provided him with whatever he wanted as long as he remained on the island, begging that he would forgive them, and be no longer angry with them. So the sick people recovered by means of these provisions. At this time Francis Pores returned to the island, for he could not resist the bad weather in those barks, so he intended to get possession of one of the caravels, if an opportunity offered; and after repairing it as well as he could, endeavour to return with his followers to *Isla Española*, but when he came to the port he found the caravels full of water.

The almirante having heard of their arrival, put his people in order, and, assisted by his brother, attacked them. They fought, and Columbus conquered; some died, some were wounded on both sides, and Pores and his brother were made prisoners. This was the first battle of the Spaniards in India.

After this victory the almirante remained several months longer in this island, from not having any ship fit to go away in; and decided that it would be best to send to *La Española* to provide himself with one. He despatched his steward, Diego Mendez, in a country bark,[1] accompanied by ten Indians, promising to satisfy them very well if they conducted him safely. Thus they started, and like practical men, they followed a line of rocks, because they can only navigate those barks in fine weather; for if they have much sea to combat they easily capsize. With great trouble, therefore, the Indians reached *La Espanola*, and immediately they turned back to Jamaica, to notify that they had

[1] This "barca del paese," it appears, was one of two large canoes which were purchased by Columbus from the natives: the second was under the charge of Bartholomew Fiesco, who bore a prominent part in the hardy and hazardous enterprize. But eight months elapsed before the admiral was relieved! (*Trans.*)

carried Diego Mendez safely to the island, and that he set off on foot to go to *San Domenico*. The almirante was greatly rejoiced, thanked them very much, then gave them some knives, and some bells, both large and small; thus, as if they had received a very great present, they joyfully returned to their homes.

On Diego Mendez reaching *San Domenico*, he gave the letter from the almirante to the chief comendador, who immediately ordered a caravel to be got ready, while Mendez, with the almirante's money, bought another caravel, and both together, laden with provisions, set sail. On their arrival at Jamaica Columbus embarked, and soon reached *San Domenico*, where he rested a few days, and then with the first ships, taking his brother with him, he went over to Spain. On arriving at court he gave information of all that had happened, and of the countries that he had last discovered, not without great admiration from all the court.[1] In a few days Columbus fell ill, and growing daily worse, from the great sufferings that he had undergone in his voyages, in a short time died,—and thus finished the course of his honourable life on the 8th of May 1506. He ordered that his body should be taken to Seville, to the monastery of the fraternity of the Cartuja. He left a little son, called Diego Colombo, who, from his great virtue, deservedly had to wife the lady Donna Maria, daughter of the most illustrious Don Ferdinand, of Toledo, chief comendadore of Leon. The Almirante Colombo was of Cucureo, a village in the lordship of Genoa. His progenitors were natives of Piacenza, in Lombardy, of the noble line of the Pilistregli; and when young he devoted himself to nautical science. He was a man of a good reasonable stature, with strong, sound limbs; of good judgment, high talent, and gentlemanlike aspect.

[1] Columbus, on his return, had the mortification of finding his best friend, Queen Isabella, dead; and the prejudiced Ferdinand, though coldly civil, was little disposed to redress his injuries. (*Trans.*)

His eyes were bright, his hair red, his nose aquiline, his mouth somewhat large; but, above all, he was a friend to justice, though rather passionate when angry.[1]

I said above how the king, Don Ferdinand, issued an order, when the almirante discovered the Island of Pearls, that no one should dare to approach it within fifty leagues; but seeing what little attention was paid to his orders, so that a great many people went there, he sent treasurers to collect the royal dues, and thus began the Pearl Fishery. Then some monks repaired there, to instruct the Indians in our most holy faith. They went on to the mainland, where many Spaniards had gone to barter with the Indians, and established some monasteries; but those Indians beginning already to feel the cruel injuries of the Spaniards, who by force seized them, by force made them fish for pearls, and were continually beating and sometimes wounding them, made head against them. Hence one morning at dawn, the Indians assailed the Spaniards, made a sanguinary slaughter of them, and with dancing and leaping eat them, both monks and laymen.[2]

Some few escaped in a caravel that was lying on the *Cumaná* river, and went to *San Domenico*, to inform Bartholomew, the governor of the island, of the rebellion of the Cumanese. He immediately raised three hundred soldiers, and put one Diego d'Ocampo at their head, who soon after

[1] It is curious to compare this portrait with that which the great navigator's son, Ferdinand Colon, gave. He says—"The admiral was well shaped, and of more than a middling stature, long visaged, his cheeks somewhat full, yet neither fat nor lean; he had a hawk nose, his eyes light, his complexion white with a lovely red; in his youth his hair was fair, but when he came to thirty years of age it all turned grey." (*Trans.*)

[2] There can be little doubt that it is from the stories of such doings on the Pearl Coast, and the horrid feastings pictured in De Bry's book, that Defoe represented the cannibalism in "Robinson Crusoe." And this also shows, that however he might have been indebted to Selkirk for hints and suggestions, yet Juan Fernandez was not the locality assumed. (*Trans.*)

getting out of the port reached *Cumaná*, and ordered that all the people, excepting the sailors, should hide themselves below deck, so that the Indians, perceiving but few Spaniards, should more easily be tempted to go on board, supposing that they had come from Spain direct and not from *San Domenico*. Accordingly the Indians, seeing the ship, approached the banks of the river and asked whence they came; to which it was answered from Castille, and they were desired by signs to come nearer the ship. Still the Indians were doubtful that they were from *Haiti*, and wished to ascertain; so a few of them went near, thinking they should be able to distinguish whether it came from Spain or from some other country. They brought many pearls, pretending that they came to barter, and seeing so few Christians on board, they made sure that they were from Spain, and not from *Haiti;* and that they had not the most distant knowledge of their rebellion, so that they would be able to do with these as they had done with the rest, and consequently rejoiced much among themselves. The captain received them kindly, and bartered for their pearls, pretending not to know anything, and by signs entreated them to go and fetch more pearls if they wished still to barter; and also to bring provisions for the crew. Therefore, when the Indians landed, they informed the cacique that they found but few men on board the ship, so that they could easily kill them all; upon which he ordered that a great many of them should return to the ship, and should manage so as to make those few Christians jump on shore. The better to accomplish their intention, they were to tell the captain that the governor of that place had a great many pearls for barter; and with this ill-woven tale they returned to the ship. The captain now perceiving that there would be a good grasp, thought he need not wait any longer, so made his soldiers rush up from their hiding place, and, laying hands upon the Indians who were on board, took some of them pri-

soners, killed others, and the rest sought to escape by throwing themselves into the river. All those that were captured the captain hung to the yard-arms,[1] to strike terror into the survivors; and thus he returned to *Cubagua*, the islanders remaining astounded and confused at such a spectacle. He then went back to *Cumaná*, and, landing all his soldiers, committed so much cruelty upon the natives, that the poor people seeing themselves ruined, and almost destroyed, were constrained to beg for peace.

Diego granted them peace, and when the agreement was concluded, he made the Indians construct twenty-five straw huts on the bank of the river, calling it the town of *Toledo*, as I have said above. He now determined to inhabit *Cubagua*, and gave fresh impetus to the pearl fishery. Eight friars then arrived from *San Domenico*, they established a monastery at *Cumaná*, another at *Amaracapana*, and so went among those Indians teaching them the doctrine of our faith. They taught the children of some of the chiefs to read and write, whereat all the Indians were very much pleased, and shewed themselves very friendly to the Spaniards, letting them go wherever they chose. So much so, that without any fear, the Spaniards went as much as three hundred miles away by land along the coast, seeking for gold, pearls, and other things.

Whilst these various incidents were occurring at *Cumaná*, Doctor Bartholomew de Las Casas, a priest, who resided at *San Domenico*, hearing of the abundance of pearls that were fished up at *Cubagua*, of the fertility of that country, also of the cruelty exercised by the Spaniards on the natives, went over to Spain, and to the court, where, in consequence of the death of the king Don Ferdinand, the prince Don Carlos (afterwards named emperor) had succeeded as

[1] The reader will probably recollect Theodore De Bry's representation of this infamous act; an act which indelibly disgraced the early settlement of that fine and capacious port, Cumaná. (*Trans.*)

heir to the kingdoms of Spain, and was crowned as Charles V. The Doctor asked him for the government of *Cumaná*, informing him of the wicked and horrid treatment that the Indians of that province were daily undergoing from the very rapacious Spanish soldiery. That on this account they had rebelled, and all the Spaniards in that district had been killed; but that if he went there he would mitigate all these horrors, and that he would treat the Indians so well that he should be praised by everybody; and above all things, he would increase the royal revenues. All this was contradicted by Dr. Luigi Zappata and others, who were concerned in the government of India; and who represented Bartholomew as a weak, vain man, incapable of such an enterprize, and of no credit, as he did not understand the affairs of that nation. Still, notwithstanding all this contention, through the great favour he enjoyed at court, from some Flemish gentlemen and others, especially Count Nanfo, the emperor's chamberlain, he obtained his wish; they asserting that he was a good Christian, and would convert all the Indians to the service of God and the benefit of his majesty, more than any other man who could be employed there, and that he would send a great quantity of pearls to Spain. He then asked for three hundred men to assist in fishing for them, not to over fatigue the Indians; and in order that they might go more willingly, he entreated the emperor to institute some cavaliers for him, with a red cross like that of Calatrava.[1] His majesty, moved by this representation, granted the doctor all he asked, and having made the requisite arrangements, ordered for him whatever he wanted for his enterprise. He departed from Seville, and arriving at *Cumaná*, he found Diego d'Ocampo, to whom he delivered

[1] This was asking for no small distinction, Innocent VIII having only consented to reunite that ancient and "gallant" order, grand-mastership, to the Spanish crown, in 1489, while Ferdinand and Isabella were in the zenith of papal favour. It was highly prized as a badge of military merit. (*Trans.*)

his appointment. But the latter represented that, although he would willingly obey, he could not do so without permission from the almirante, who had sent him to punish the rebels, and govern that province until his further orders. Thus, with biting words and mocking each other, some days elapsed; till the doctor, seeing that Ocampo would not obey the orders, and laughed at him, determined to go to *San Domingo* to complain to the almirante of the discourtesy shown to him, and the refusal to obey the royal commands. Before he departed he had a wooden house made (being unwilling to go into the town of *Toledo*), and put into it all the provisions and stores that he had brought from Spain; leaving his cavaliers there to guard them till his return. Thus he went away to *San Domingo*. Meanwhile Ocampo also, with the greater part of his soldiers, decamped; for they had become rich with the spoils torn from the Indians, and had begun to quarrel about the division of the pearls.[1]

The chiefs of the province of *Cumaná*, now seeing that Ocampo was gone off with most of the soldiery, and that there only remained the Christians whom the doctor had left together in a group, besides those who were wandering about rapacious for pearls, licentious to the women, and doing many other wanton violences; they agreed to rise in arms, and with one consent on a Sunday morning the natives assailed the Spaniards; so that of all who were in *Amaracapanna*, and along the sea shore to the westward, none escaped with their lives. The monks were killed while saying mass; and in *Cumaná* they attacked the doctor's house and took it, and nearly all the cavaliers were most cruelly killed with poisoned darts, the rest escaping in a boat with some monks, who fled to *Cubagua* carrying the sacrament with them. The houses, the churches, the monas-

[1] Ocampo appears to have been a witty, crafty, sanguinary, and reckless commander, who must have quickly found that Las Casas was more fit for a cloister than a governorship. (*Trans.*)

teries, were all burnt, the huts were pulled down, the images broken, as well as the crucifixes, and strewed in pieces about the roads in contempt. They destroyed even the dogs and the fowls; nor would they forgive the Indians themselves who were in the service of the Spaniards and their priests; striking the ground and cursing it because it supported such cruel and very wicked men. All this was done, moreover, with such violence and fury, that even the Spaniards who resided in *Cubagua* were in great fear for their lives. Nor is there any doubt but that, had the Indians possessed sufficient boats, they would have gone over to the island, which is only twenty-two miles distant, in the gulf; thereby to make an end of all the Spaniards who were there. But having only a few canoes they could not attempt it, although their inclination was strong.

The king's officers immediately despatched a brigantine to *San Domingo*, to give notice of what had occurred; wherefore the almirante, having heard the case, prepared four hundred soldiers, and appointed Jacob Castiglione to be their captain. As to the doctor, when he heard of the death of his cavaliers, he immediately made himself a Dominican brother; which was much better, in my opinion, than going back to *Cubagua* to fish for pearls.[1] Meanwhile Castiglione sailed from *La Isla Española*, and in eight days arrived at *Cumaná*; here he most bravely jumped on shore with all his soldiers, had to fight against the Indians during forty days, and made a great slaughter of them; although they defended themselves valorously, wounding and killing several Spaniards. Still, in the end, being inferior in courage in strength, and in genius, the Indians were always beaten so that they were obliged at last to ask for peace, and sur

[1] The general reader will hardly recognize in the Doctor Bartholomew so brusquely spoken of by Benzoni, that worthy and well-meaning friend of the natives, Las Casas. By a moral solecism, however, Las Casas invented the method of relieving the labour of Indians, by importing negroes from the Coast of Guinea! (*Trans.*)

render themselves at discretion to the captain. He had seventy of the caciques hanged, as they had been the originators of the rebellion; he loaded the ship with Indians to be sold at *La Española*; then established a fortress on the cliff of the river *Cumaná*, for the safety of the vessels, as said before; and he rebuilt the town of *Toledo*. Then, when the number of Spaniards increased, he also built about sixty houses at *Cubagua* entirely of bricks, like a little town, and called it *New Cadiz*. Subsequently four Franciscan brothers came from *San Domingo* and erected a monastery; declining to go on the mainland, for fear of the Indians some day eating them, as had happened before. The Spaniards now recommenced the pearl fishery, and obtained a great quantity of those beads.[1]

This island of *Cubagua* is ten miles in circuit, and is situated ten degrees and a half from the equinoctial line; it is quite flat, sterile, without trees, and has no water; and in contrary winds is sometimes in such want of water, from the boats not being able to bring any from *Cumaná*, that a pipe of wine has often been given for a similar quantity of water. Rabbits, salt, and fish are abundant. At the time when the pearl fishery was flourishing, Don Luigi da Lampognano arrived in the island; he was a relation of that Lampognano who killed Galeazzo Maria Sforza, duke of Milan. Don Luigi was provided with an imperial permission to fish all over the vicinity of *Cubagua* for any quantity of pearls he chose, without any hindrance. This man sailed from Spain with four caravels, laden with all the stores and munition requisite for such an enterprise. The permission had been bought for him by some Spanish merchants, in the hope of gain; and he had a rake (or *dredge*), made in such a manner, that in whatever part of the sea it was thrown, all or

[1] In consequence of the avidity with which these effects of disease in a sub-marine creature of the lowest scale were sought, the state of the then-existing human society there, was wholly subverted. (*Trans.*)

nearly all the oysters would be dragged out. But the Spaniards residing in *Cubagua* of one accord refused to obey the royal orders; saying that the emperor was very liberal with other people's property, but that when he wanted to give rewards, he should do it with his own. They had gained and conquered the country, and supported it with very great labour and danger of their lives, therefore it was more reasonable that they should enjoy it than a stranger. Lampognano himself, seeing that his royal permission was null, felt ashamed to go back to Spain, where he had also many debts; and was so laughed at and taunted with various schemes, that he finally went mad, and died miserably in that island at the end of five years.

Before I go on to speak of other things, I must here relate why the Indians from the mainland were given as slaves. In the beginning, when the almirante Colombo discovered the main land of India,[1] many Spaniards crowded there from the abundance of riches they found, going and coming, some in one province and some in another. But the Indians began to dislike and even to hate these strangers, because they were made to labour excessively, and were very ill-treated by them, their tongues never tiring of asking for gold, silver, pearls, emeralds. Wherefore, unable to put up with such labour and misery, they determined to kill and extirpate them from the country, cursing themselves for not having killed them all at first. Now the Spaniards seeing, both laity and clergy, that, from the habits of these people, they would not accept of the friendship of the Christians, nor receive the faith of Christ; that, on the contrary, they ridiculed it, saying that these things might do for the men of Castile but not for them; some monks of the order of Saint Dominic went back to Spain and reported to the king,

[1] For some time after the discovery of America, it was supposed to be part of India: and hence the name of the West Indies, still retained by the islands of the Caribbean Sea, was given to all those countries. (*Trans.*)

Don Ferdinand, the way of living of these brutish races, persuading him that they deserved to be sold as slaves, rather than to be allowed to live at liberty, alleging the following reasons: that the Indians of the mainland were idolaters, pathics, liars, dirty, ugly, void of judgment or perception, lovers of novelty, fierce, inhuman, and cruel. They use poisoned darts, so that when a man is wounded by them he soon goes mad and dies. They go naked and are devoid of shame. They wear no beard, and if a few hairs appear, with certain little pincers they pull them out. They eat human flesh, and also the flesh of some extremely dirty animals (*spurcissimi animali*), such as spiders, lice, and horrid worms. All their delight is in drunkenness; and in matrimony they observe no faith or loyalty, so that it is impossible to make them alter their habits. They are devoid of pity towards their infirm, and let them be ever so closely related they abandon them, and so to get rid of the sight of their sick, they carry them to the woods or the mountains to die, like wild animals. Finally, to include all in one sentence that might be said in many words, they affirmed that no nation more wicked or wretched can be found under heaven.

The king having heard this violent abuse, summoned his council, and after all these inhuman cruelties were represented to them, he desired them to say freely what, in their opinion, ought to be done with so much bestiality as was related by the monks. Therefore, without further consideration, it was decided that the Indians from the main land should be given as slaves, unless they would leave off such serious crimes, would become Christians, and would learn from the Spaniards to live orderly like men. The king then confirmed their decisions, and drew up a commission, which he conferred on Diego di Niquesa and Alfonso di Hoieda,[1] who went over to those provinces with the title

[1] These are the leaders, Nicuesa and Ojeda of history, both of whom

of governors, that is, Niquesa of *Veragua*, and Hoieda of *Carthagena*, with orders that, before they waged war, the holy Evangelists should be preached to the natives, and that they should be admonished to live peaceably like good men; that they were to be perfectly friendly with the Spaniards, and forswear their grievous sins. If they obeyed these commands, the king of Castile would grant them liberty, and regard them as friends and vassals. But if they would not, they should be seized, made slaves, burnt, or killed, and exposed to all kinds of slaughter, both of their limbs and their lives. I fully believe that if JESUS CHRIST our Saviour and Redeemer had sent his holy Apostles into the world to preach the holy Evangelists under a similar commission, they would not have brought so many kingdoms and more powerful princes to submit with holy humility to the cross, kneeling and adoring his divine law with all their heart. We must, however, consider the difference between the wisdom of GOD and that of man. The two governors accordingly sailed from Cadiz in 1509, and arrived safely at *La Española*. Hoieda purchased four vessels, and collected above four hundred soldiers at his own expense, and thus started from *San Domingo*, commissioning the bacciller, Martin de Enciso (who, under royal appointment was going as principal judge to that very important government), to go to his assistance as soon as possible with men and horses, artillery, and munitions of every sort. When Hoieda arrived at *Carthagena* he leaped on shore, and by an interpreter promulgated the king's orders to the Indians, entreating them to live in peace, be friends with the Christians, leave off their bad habits, and receive the faith of Christ: and if they did this, the king of Castile would treat them well, and hold them as friends.[1]

proved unfortunate. Las Casas thought, if the latter had never been born the world would have lost nothing—"Un mancebo que aunque no oviera nascido, no perdiera el mundo nada." (*Trans.*)

[1] This act, be it observed, was after the death of Queen Isabella, who

But the Indians, in few words, answered, that they did not want the friendship of the king of Castile, and bade them return whence they came; they only wanted good people to come to their country, and not such as did nothing but evil, and were never satiated with injuring them. The governor, on hearing this resolute answer, landed his soldiers, and, scouring along all that seashore, put to the sword whatever natives they met. The royal commission was promulgated through all those provinces, so that everybody might be aware of it; but finding them universally disobedient, they betook themselves to making slaves, setting aside the preaching of the gospel; although the law meant only the Caribbees, that is, those who eat each other, to be made slaves; yet the Spaniards treated all the Indians, even where this was not the custom, as slaves,[1] making them labour in the mines, and in any other way that they required. Thus their tyranny got to such a height, that if it had not been for a few monks, who, with the true zeal of charity, procured the liberation of this truly unhappy generation, they would doubtless in a short time have been all, or nearly all, destroyed. These religious men were of the Order of Saint Dominic, and were residing in *New Spain*; wherefore, seeing the public evils and the horrid treatment that was inflicted on the unfortunate Indians, they admonished their countrymen, preached to them, reprehended their insolence, and reminded them that they would have to account to God for the cruelty with which they treated the Indians. They therefore besought them to be more moderate, and to treat the natives better than they had hitherto done. In this way

had always been a strenuous defender of the natives—maintaining that they were to enjoy freedom, kind treatment, and proper maintenance. But this Hoieda (*Alonzo Ojeda*) viewed the untranslatable proclamation he was circulating, as a mere prelude to a slave-hunting war. (*Trans.*)

[1] The kidnapping of natives had already been declared to be illegal, and orders were given that kidnapped men should be restored to freedom; but it seems that the decree was unattended to. (*Trans.*)

they might become more obedient to the evangelical name. These instructions were of little avail; for the Spaniards mocked the monks, and laughed at them, as usual, asserting that the Indians were dogs unworthy of the name of Christians. Thus words generated hatred, but no fruit; so that the monks, uniting together, made a full and authentic relation of it to His Holiness the Pope, and sent it to Rome by one brother Roderic Minaia, a Dominican, with injunctions to represent clearly all the evil and the disgraceful customs that had ensued, so as to procure a Bull restoring the Indians to liberty.

The apostolic chair was then filled by Pope Paul III, who, seeing the truth of this information, as well as hearing of the insolence perpetrated in the Indies, granted the above-mentioned Bull in favour of the Indians. With this, Minaia returned to Spain, and, together with some other monks, he informed his majesty of the beginning, the progress, and the end of all that had happened: showing that the sins of the Indians arose from great and pure ignorance, not from malevolence; that God had created them men, and not beasts; free, and not slaves; demonstrating that they should be brought over to the Christian faith by good examples, not by cruelty or tyranny. Entreating his majesty to consider that these countries were at the foot of his crown; and therefore it would be a pious thing to arrange so that they should not be in a short time destroyed, in consequence of the unbearable fatigue and ill treatment inflicted on the natives by the Spaniards, who, without remorse, made them die under the heavy weights they were made to carry, or the constant digging in the mines, and other shameful cruelties; so that many were seen, in consequence of these insupportable miseries, to run away to the woods, and there hang themselves by the neck.[1]

[1] We are glad to see any records of Dominican humanity, as that perfidious and cruel order so long triumphed over mercy, as inquisitors. (*Trans.*)

The emperor, having heard this relation, immediately sent Doctor Figueroa to the Indies, commissioning him to obtain the truth, both from the clergy and from the governors, and to inform him minutely. This man went round, and did what his majesty bade him; whereupon the emperor, without any farther consultation, made the Indians free, imposing heavy penalties on any one who should thereafter dare to enslave them. A most holy and glorious law truly, vouchsafed by a divine emperor, and a most clement pontiff.

I being in the island of *San Dominic* in the year '44, the licentiate Ceratto came as president of the island, and brought this proclamation with him; which was of course made known throughout all the islands and provinces of India; whereat the natives were greatly rejoiced and happy, but the Spaniards and others greatly annoyed and distressed. These commands were executed with great ease in the island of *La Española, Cuba, Jamaica, San Juan de Puerto Rico,* and all along the coast, which is generally called by sailors *Tierra Firma,* beginning with *El Nombre de Dios,* on to the Gulf of Paria. But in Mexico there was a little contention, because there were some very rich men whose property consisted chiefly of slaves, and who would not therefore obey the law. They alledged that the king, Don Ferdinand, had given the natives publicly to them as slaves, which the emperor had confirmed, and had received his fifth; wherefore if his majesty chose to restore them their liberty, he must also disburse the money that the slave-owners had laid out. Thus everybody complained, cursing the monks as the source of this loss.

Then the great prudence of the viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, was shown; for matters would have gone ill, if he had not, with great sagacity, shown himself unfavourable to this new law, and had not supplicated the emperor to rescind it. The result, however, manifested the good office he had done, for the emperor never would abrogate it, or

attend to their will; but on the contrary he wrote, desiring his orders to be obeyed.[1] Whereupon the viceroy having assembled all the principal people in the city, again presented to them the express commission from his majesty. Still finding that the cruel, rich masters would not release their slaves in order to prevent disorders and tumults, he prudently mitigated the law, and they all agreed to receive it in the following form:—That every man possessing slaves should each year, according to a certain rate, liberate twenty; so that in a short time all the Indians were liberated. If Vasco Nuñez Vela, on going as viceroy to Peru with similar orders, had acted in this manner, he would not have come to the end he did, nor would such misfortunes have ensued as we shall hereafter relate.

The Indians being restored to liberty, the clergy supplicated his majesty to allow them to go and convert them by preaching and benignity, as they had learned their language, and they trusted, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, to bring them round to the Faith. This was granted to them; and his majesty ordered that no more countries should be conquered; but that they should be brought to Christianity only by good works. Eight monks went with these orders to India, and four of them landed at *La Fiorita*. They began to preach; but the Indians, having been ill-treated, answered with sticks, finally killed them, and then, according to their custom, eat them! Two others landed near the confines of the government of *Guatimala*, in order to preach, but it happened to them as to the others. Seeing this, the rest left the enterprise to be effected by time. I believe, however, that if kindness, and not dishonesty, had been practised at first, everything would have succeeded, since the natives would not have had such examples of ill treatment and bad faith.

[1] With all this appearance of justice and humanity, the forced employment of Indians in the mines was not only encouraged by the laws of Burgos, but absolutely insisted upon. (*Trans.*)

While governor Hoieda was fighting with the Indians at *Carthagena,* Diego di Niquesa arrived there with a ship, seven caravels and two brigs, carrying above seven hundred men, to go to his government, and he found his companion, Hoieda, much afflicted, because a few days previous he had gone to a tribe twelve miles inland, hoping to get a great booty; for he had been told that in that place a quantity of gold had been found. But the journey did him a very great injury; as he found the chief of that people in arms, together with a great many Indians, holding for certain that the Spaniards would go there, and they were thus assaulted with such impetus, that Hoieda was obliged to turn his back with the loss of seventy-five soldiers, and return to the seashore. Hearing this, they deliberated to go in a body against that tribe, and revenge the death of those who had been killed. Thus one evening they nearly all started, and marching very gently, assailed the Indians at dawn. Not suspecting anything, they were asleep, but awakened by wounds and seeing their houses on fire. Frightened by the conflagration, they endeavoured to escape, but from the multitude of soldiers around them, they were nearly all killed; some threw themselves into the flames, preferring a voluntary death by fire to a forced one from the swords of the Spaniards. This tribe had about a hundred huts made of reeds and roofed with palm; what with fire and the sword only a few escaped, through its not being broad daylight. Six youths were made prisoners and slaves by Hoieda; then, when the ashes had cooled, they sought for the gold, but only found a small booty; so that their avarice was confounded, and they returned to Carthagena ill-requited by fortune.[1]

Niquesa, coasting along the shore, went westward to his

[1] The Spanish force consisting of four hundred men-at-arms; and, by public proclamation, the two commanders forbade that any quarter should be given to the Indians: men, women, and children were alike slaughtered! (*Trans.*)

government. Hoieda, also coasting, went two hundred miles from *Carthagena;* he entered the Gulf of *Hurava,* disembarked his horses, his artillery, and ammunition. He began to build many houses, and made several forays among the natives. The Indians, having already heard what the Spaniards hunted for, threw pieces of gold and jewels along the paths, and while they were picking them up, the natives aimed poisoned darts from their hiding places, and so wounded many. In the course of their skirmishes, the Spaniards got into the midst of a tribe, and took prisoner the wife of one of their chiefs. He came to the governor, accompanied by some of his friends, and pretended he wished to ransom her, offering to give whatever was demanded. When he got into the governor's presence, he spoke most bravely, and abused him, not only in words, but also in deeds, for then he threw a poisoned dart at him. The soldiers hearing a noise, ran in, and, closing in upon these men, killed them and the woman too. The governor was cured by fire of the poisoned wound in the thigh, in the usual way, and the poison not being very potent, he soon got well.

The Spaniards, seeing so much bravery in the Indians, and their great courage in defending their liberty, by which many of the assailants had been killed, and many more had died of disease from the bad air, began to complain of the governor's having brought them to such a place, where, on account of the numerous woods, they could not avail themselves either of their strength or their arms. But about this time there arrived a ship from *La Isla Española,* laden with men and munitions, which proved a great comfort for all. Still the soldiers went on murmuring worse than before. The governor endeavoured to comfort them, and to persuade them to stay with a good will, since the Bachiller Enciso would leave *San Domingo* with a great many men. But his words had little effect, for they feared that in the end they

should be eaten by the Indians; so a good many of them contrived to escape in the brigs. The governor hearing this, to avoid disgrace and not abandon so rich a country, embarked in the ship that had last arrived, leaving Francis Pizarro in his place; promising to return with men and ammunition from *San Domingo*, and to do it all in fifty days; but if he did not return they were to do as they liked.

This was the Pizarro who afterwards, in company with Diego del Magro,[1] found and conquered the large and most rich kingdom of Peru. Hoieda with great trouble arrived at *La Española*, suffering much from his wound again, and in a few days after he died in extreme pain. Two months having elapsed without Pizarro's hearing anything of Hoieda, and constrained by hunger, he with the seventy remaining Spaniards embarked in the two brigs, and coasted along as chance led them, hoping to find some improvement of food, and intending finally to return to *San Domingo*. While doing this he was assailed by a storm, through which he lost one of his brigs with all the people on board of her, constituting the half of his men; and they saw a great fish tear away the rudder.[2] In this state Pizarro arrived at the *Isla Fuerte*, where, going on shore to water (although he made signs of peace), he was resisted by the islanders. Wherefore becoming desperate, seeing both heaven and earth against him, he was running along with the wish to be wrecked, so great was the thirst from which they suffered. But the storm passing away favoured him, for he

[1] Benzoni, who scorns the trammels of orthography, spells the name of this hardy warrior in all sorts of ways—as del Magro, il Magro, dal Magro, Almagro—which last, being adopted in history, will be used in the following pages. (*Trans.*)

[2] The spectators were here influenced, perhaps, by seeing the vagaries of that monster, the white shark (*squalus carcharias*), which attended the wreck for other purposes than tearing off the rudder: to be sure, this *great fish* is not at all nice. (*Trans.*)

met the *Bachiller*[1] Enciso, who was coming with a ship and a brig, laden with men and provisions to succour Hoieda. Pizarro approached him with great joy, and related all that had happened, including the governor's having given him leave to go where he chose. The bachiller did not believe him, doubting that he had left his commander through some misdemeanour; but he regretted this when he afterwards learned the truth, and ordered him to follow. Pizarro entreated that he would allow him to go on with those wretched and sick men to *La Española*, but Enciso would not consent. Then the sick men preferred their prayers to him, and wished to give him fifty pounds of gold, which he would gladly have accepted, but was afraid of being accused; so thanking them, he declined it. Then he comforted them greatly by shewing that they would soon get well on the good provisions he had brought, their illness arising chiefly from the discomfort and want of food that they had undergone. He thus approached the mainland near *Carthagena*, and went on shore at *Comagre* to water: and knowing that neither Niquesa nor Hoieda were there, the Indians let them have water and anything else they chose from them; to the great surprise of all. The bachiller then set sail again and went to *Urana*, the same place where Hoieda had landed; there, through the ignorance of the pilot, the ship ran upon a rock, and immediately filled with water. The horses and cattle were all drowned, and the soldiers had much ado to save their own lives; while every body was in fear of dying of hunger. Enciso, therefore, seeing the ship and the provisions lost, and the soldiers already reduced to eat herbs and fruits which they found along the shore, determined to march inland; saying that it was better to die fighting, than disgracefully allow themselves to expire of starvation. Thus starting with one hundred men, he

[1] Bachiller has a wider meaning than our word bachelor, signifying also an inferior degree of knighthood. (*Trans.*)

commenced his march; but they had scarcely advanced four miles, when they encountered a body of archers, who courageously attacked them, both wounding and killing.

Therefore, obliged to fly, they returned as well as they could, cursing the country and the inhabitants that used darts so pestiferously poisoned. Seeing, then, that he could not get anything to live upon, he changed his mind, and having heard from some slaves, that not very far from the gulf there were some fertile plains, abounding in grain, fruits, and other things for supporting life, he crossed over to the opposite shore with a hundred Spaniards in the two brigs. The Indians remained, at first, for some time looking at the new people and watching the result of their courage; but perceiving that they wished to remain there and build a house, they took up arms to dislodge them. Meanwhile the *bachiller* made his arrangements, and without fearing their courage or their darts, faced them, with the intention and Christian vow of converting the chief's principal house into a church. They came to the onset; both sides fought bravely; but finally the Indians gave way and fled; on which the famished Spaniards, gathering both strength and spirits, cut them to pieces. Having obtained this victory, they entered among the huts, and obtained bread, fruits, roots, and other things, on which they recovered greatly.

Then they began to advance along the bank of a river near to that place, and in a cane-break they found many earthen vases, with covers and pieces of wood, containing upwards of two thousand five hundred pounds of worked gold, which Comacco, the chief of that people had hidden there, hoping to save it from the hands of the Christians. Nor would it have ever been discovered had it not been pointed out by some Indians, who, it is said, were forced to it by torture.

The *bachiller* returned God many thanks for the victory,

and called that place *l'Antica del Darien*.[1] The Spaniards were all greatly rejoiced at having found such a quantity of gold, for without this they were never content. Immediately the two brigs were sent to fetch the rest of the men that had been left on the opposite shore. But they had not arrived many days before they fell into dissension, for Enciso in sharing out the gold was more partial than just. Meanwhile Blasco Numez[2] di Valboa, a seditious man, with some partizans, drew aside, saying that the jurisdiction of Hoieda did not reach beyond *Basso*, that each man might be a captain, and that they would not obey a *bachiller*, who administrated not according to justice and the general good, but for his own advantage; that he had nothing but the title of a literary man, for that he was truly a most wily wolf. While Enciso and Valboa were contending in this manner, Roderigo Colmenares sailed from *La Española* with two caravels, laden with men and stores, to go to the assistance of Hoieda's party, having heard that they were in great straits. He reached the mainland in a part of the province of Carthagena, and being in want of water, he anchored near the mouth of a river, and landed fifty soldiers with their arms, so that they should keep guard while the sailors filled the water. As soon as the soldiers got on shore, they began to stray, dancing and leaping merrily, as if they were in a place of safety. The Indians seeing the caravels enter the river, placed themselves in ambush, with their bows, all about those woods, and in an instant assailed the soldiers on the beach with such fierceness that not one had the chance of saving his life; they broke up the boats, and even threatened the people on board the caravels, shewing that they longed to have them within their grasp. On which,

[1] Benzoni's orthography is again defective: Enciso here founded the town of *Santa Maria del' Antigua del Darien*.

[2] This is the famous discoverer of the South Sea, or Pacific Ocean, hight Vasco Nuñez. (*Trans.*)

Colmenares, seeing what cruel enemies the Indians were, weighed his anchors, preferring to suffer a little from thirst to going to die in the hands of such people; so he went on to *Urana*, but finding only some vestiges of Hoieda's party, he was much shocked, fearing that they had been eaten. Returning on board towards evening, he fired a gun to announce himself, in case they were gone to some other port; and thus the Spaniards who were at the *Antica* hearing the report, and thinking it might be their governor, immediately ascended some little hills and lighted fires there. In the morning, Colmenares went where he saw the smoke of the fires, and thus with great joy they met and embraced each other;[1] the one party famishing for gold and the other for food; for the Indians having killed a great many of them, the rest were afraid of their darts, and dared not go to the villages to seek for food: they were therefore reduced, half naked, to eat fruits and roots and similar things.

Before I finish the account of the dissensions among the Spaniards, I must go back to the adventures of Diego di Niquesa; for quitting *Carthagena* to go to his government, he advanced with a caravel and two brigs, leaving orders with the other vessels to follow him. They were proceeding thus on their voyage, when a storm occurred one night and separated them, so that in the morning the two brigs only were in company; and not seeing the caravel, being unacquainted with the country, and not knowing where to go, they decided on turning back. They therefore approached the shore, and coasting along near the river *Chagres*, found the rest of the armament; but no one having any news of the governor, they agreed to go on together, hoping to find him; and when they had sailed about a hundred miles, not wishing to proceed further, they cast anchor and sent a boat on

[1] This fortunate event, the arrival of Colmenares at Enciso's camp, occurred in November 1510. (*Trans.*)

shore with eight men, to seek for a good landing place. The sea was high, and the sailors obstinate in wishing to stay there, would push on by dint of rowing, the result of which was that the boat filled with water, sank, and seven out of the eight men were drowned; the other, swimming stoutly, reached the land. The captains seeing the boat lost, remained thereabouts till the weather grew calmer, and the following day, as well as they could with the two little brigs, landed the horses, the artillery, and the stores; and elected as governor Lope d'Olando, until Niquesa should be found. So that the men should not entertain any hope of escaping, he ran the ships on shore; though afterwards perceiving his mistake, he had a caravel constructed with the wrecks, in case of need. He built some houses, he sowed some maize, he roved through some villages, but found them all abandoned, for the Indians from fear had all retired to the mountains. These people, seeing no advantage in fighting, did not wish to meet their assailants in open day, but trusted to their being starved out by the nature of the country. Whilst Olando was doing all this, there arrived three sailors in the small boat of the caravel, having deserted from governor Niquesa, who, they gave information, was in one of the *Zorobaro* islands, without his caravel: and that he had been wandering about the hills of that country, which he found full of woods and ponds, eating fruits, herbs, and roots, but did not meet with any inhabitants. Olando immediately sent a little brig, and, on its arrival, the governor embarked with his few remaining soldiers, and came to his army.[1]

Niquesa now complained loudly of Olando, accusing him of treachery in running the ships on shore, without troubling himself to seek for him, just to usurp the government. Then he made known that he intended to go away, but the

[1] This relation substantially agrees with that of Oviedo, except that the latter throws more guilt on the shoulders of Lope de Olano. (*Trans.*)

soldiers entreated of him to wait for the harvest, as it was nearly ripe; he answered that he would sooner lose the grain than his life, and he would not remain in such a wretched country. Some say he spoke thus in order to diminish Olando's honour; but if those who accused him of this had seen that province, as Niquesa and many others and I had done, they would not have suspected that he did this out of jealousy. But not to detain the reader about this horrid and desolate country, and not to go farther out of my way, I will take him to a more convenient resting place. For my intention is to reduce my short history into as compact a form as possible, to the best of my poor ability, so that the more notable things that occurred in that country, either seen by me or which have come to my knowledge, may be duly arranged, and to relate my peregrinations in those same provinces during fourteen years. First in the Pearl Islands, in the Gulf of Paria, both on the eastern and the western shores, *Margarita* island, *St. John of Porto-Rico*, the *Española*, and *Cuba*. Then returning to the main land, in the governorship of *Carthagena*, and along the shores of the Gulf of *Vrana* in *Achla*. From that place I crossed the Southern sea to *Panamà*, which is called by the Spaniards the *Golden Castile*, to *Nombre de Dios* in *Veragua*, *New Carthage*, *Costa Rica*, at the head of *Fondura* in the Valley of *Olanchio*, in the province of *Guatimala*, and *Nicaragua*. Then I returned to Panamà again, and finally to the kingdom of Peru; besides visiting several islands, which will be mentioned in their proper places.[1]

Niquesa then, having determined to leave *Veragua*, embarked as many men as the caravel and the two brigs were able to carry, leaving the rest to take their chance;

[1] This statement is valuable, as showing at once what our Italian adventurer actually saw, and what he only heard of; and though he joined the marauding expeditions of the Spaniards, he was fully alive to their barbarous atrocity. (*Trans.*)

but he promised them, on his word, that the first good place he found for colonizing, he would immediately send for them. Still, as everything turned out ill, he could not do it. He started and went to *Porto Bello*, so named by the almirante Colombo, because a beautiful site on which to build a city. The Indians, however, after destroying the greater part of his men, forced him to re-embark, and he proceeded to *Capo Marmoro*. Hoping for better luck in future than he had experienced hitherto, he said to his men, let us jump on shore in the NAME OF GOD (*Nombre de Dios*), and this appellation has been continued ever since. He erected a wooden house as well as he could, to defend himself from the Indians who molested him. While Niquesa remained here, the Spaniards at Darien were oppressed with labour and privations, and were consequently discontented; every day increased their discord; for while some would have Valbo as their governor, others insisted on having the Bachiller Enciso. The soldiers of Alfonzo Hoieda, seeing that affairs were in so bad a train, determined, in order to avoid disgrace, to send to *Veragua* for Niquesa, so that he might come and quell the sedition, and govern until further orders were received from the king. But there was some contention about this; as the opposite party would not consent, until some good men, friends of peace, interceded; then they sent for him, by commissioning Colmenares to coast along with two brigs till he found him. He was at *Nombre de Dios*, weak, pale, half-naked, and without provisions. Niquesa, who expected anything but this unforeseen succour, embraced Colmenares with abundance of tears, giving him infinite thanks for so great a benefit, and, complaining of his past unfortunate fate, related to him all the labours and trials that he had undergone in those countries. Colmenares now informed him of the reasons that had induced the people at the *Antica* to send for him. Then he consoled him, bade him be hopeful and of good courage, for he was

going to a very rich country, and what he had lost in times past he would now regain in the future.

Thus Niquesa embarked, with seventy-five Spaniards, all that remained to him of his army. On the voyage he imprudently abused both the bachiller and Valboa, and many others; showing that he would punish them, deprive them of their posts, and take all their gold, since they could not possess it without his leave or that of Hoieda, as the king had given them the title of governors, not only of one province, but of all. He also said other things which occasioned his ruin: for the moment they reached the *Antica*, some Spaniards hastened on shore, and notified to the town-council the words he had uttered, and the threats against them; wherefore the greater part being enraged to oppose him, obliged him, when he had scarcely landed, to embark again with his seventy-five Spaniards; and disgracefully, with very great cruelty and abuse, they were thrust away from *Antica*. Thus Niquesa very dolefully departed, and, coasting along shore, landed in one place to get water, where the natives killed him and his companions, and then ate them![1] And this was the sad end of Diego di Niquesa and his army of *Veragua*.

No sooner was Niquesa gone, than the seditions of *Antica* recommenced, and rose to a greater height than ever; till Valboa, seeing his party the strongest, took the opportunity one evening, when Enciso was at his house, of seizing him; and, accusing him maliciously of having exercised the office of judge without the king's authority, confiscated his property. The bachiller could not show his royal diplomas, because he had lost them when he was wrecked in the Gulf of *Vrana*. But after keeping him in prison for several

[1] This, no doubt, was the belief which obtained on the spot; but Oviedo and others raise a doubt as to the manner of the imprudent Nicuesa's death—whether he perished by famine or by the Indians. (*Trans.*)

days, Valboa released him; and seeing that he was preparing to go away, had him entreated to stay as his principal judge. This Enciso angrily refused to do, and went back to Spain, carrying with him a full statement of his complaints against Valboa. This he presented to the council of the Indies, where a rigorous sentence was pronounced against Valboa, though it was not afterwards carried into effect because he discovered the *Southern Sea.*

When the bachiller had left Darien, Valboa started inland in search of gold, and made friends with some chiefs, one of whom was called Panciaco, who gave him full information, and led him to the *Southern Sea.* This man was then baptized by the name of Don Carlos: he gave the Spaniards a certain quantity of gold; but then, seeing how they quarreled in the sharing of it, with one hand he tossed it all out of the scales on to the ground, saying, "I am not a little surprised that you Christians make such a fuss (*voi facciate tanta questione*) about so vile a thing, as if it was good to eat or drink. But since you have so great a desire for this metal, I will lead you to a place where you may all satisfy yourselves with it." He then conducted them to the *Southern Sea.*[1]

Valboa, on account of the great riches that he found in this province, named it the *Golden Castille;* and there the city of Panamà is now established. Then he marched to many villages in that country, always with good success, but under the mask of justice, often using great cruelty towards those Indians to obtain gold. With a good quantity of this metal and of pearls he returned to *L'Antica of Darien,* where he was received with processions for having discovered the *Southern Sea;* and he immediately sent a ship

[1] Such was the fortune of the quick and crafty Vasco Nuñez, a man who was furtively taken on board Enciso's ship in a cask in order to elude his creditors. His career exhibited courage and policy, with an utter absence of principle. Peter Martyr likens Vasco pointing out the Pacific to his men, to Hannibal shewing Italy to his soldiers. (*Trans.*)

to Spain, writing to the king the success of the past, as well as present state of affairs, and his discovery of the *South Sea;* wherefore he supplicated his high majesty to grant him that government, and send him a thousand men that he might conquer and rule those nations, promising in a short time to find a very great abundance of riches, as indicated by the beginning. He sent his majesty twenty-five large pearls and thirty thousand gold ducats as his fifth, with some other presents; although only a short time before he had sent another good sum of money, but that ship had been wrecked on her passage, and all the crew drowned.

The king accepted the gift and the fifth with delight, as well as the letter informing him of the discovery of the *Southern Sea.* This was the reason of his majesty's reversing the sentence that had been pronounced against Valboa, and moreover granted him the government of the new sea. He sent him a thousand men as a help, and appointed Pedrarios Davila as governor of the *Antica of Darien;* also brother Gobatto, of the Order of Saint Francis, his own preacher, as bishop, who were accordingly sent. The king, among other things that he recommended to the governor, especially desired that the Indians might be well treated, and that peace should be sought before they were induced to go to war with them. That the government should be carried on according to the laws of Hoieda and Niquesa; and that the spoils of conquest should always be shared with the monks who accompanied them in hopes of converting the natives. With these injunctions, Pedrarios Davila of San Lucar sailed in the year 1514, with four ships and eleven caravels, carrying fifteen hundred men. On arriving at the Antica, Valboa, with all his friends, went joyfully to receive them, and lodged the governor in his own house. He then gave him full information of all his former enterprizes, and of the present state of those provinces.[1]

[1] According to Oviedo, this conference was not so consonant to the

The governor had the greatest pleasure in hearing that a great many of those tribes were friendly to the Spaniards. He now began to build the town of *Tumanama*. He sent Juan da Costa with four hundred Spaniards in two caravels to *Comagre*, to get gold; and not finding the quantity that his insatiable avarice desired, he began to exercise every sort of torture on all the chiefs that he could get hold of, that they might confess where they had hidden their gold. He despoiled the tribe of Panciaco, who were before as much good friends with the Spaniards as they afterwards became inimical. He stoned to death a great portion of his vassals: whereupon the Indians rebelled, assailing the Spaniards with loud cries of—"Die the wicked, treacherous, rascally Christians, who do not deserve to live on the earth;" and so killed a great many of them. The captain, with his remaining soldiers and a part of the spoil, escaped in one of the caravels and returned to the *Antica*, not without great blame of the governor, who, however, glozed over this wickedness. He also sent some other captains along that coast; for instance, Bartholomew Urtado, in *Achla*, who after landing under a show of peaceful intentions, seized all the Indians he could and sold them as slaves. Fernando Valegio went to *Caribano* with eighty soldiers, and as soon as he landed the Indians assailed him, and, with the loss of fifty Spaniards, forced him to embark again. In this way, wherever the Spaniards went, they were hated and shunned by all, through the bad repute they had fallen into. Thus the Indians, by endeavouring to defend their liberty, and the Spaniards by trying to snatch it from them, have come to utter ruin.

Throughout the greater part of that sea-shore they are accustomed to eat human flesh; although there were some individuals who were afraid to eat the flesh of Spaniards,

feelings of Nuñez as Benzoni appears to have thought; and he began to apprehend the imprisonment and scaffold-death which followed. (*Trans.*)

thinking that even in their bodies it might do them harm.

Of those whom they caught alive, especially the captains, they used to tie the hands and feet, throw them down on

How the Indians poured melted gold down the throats of the Spaniards.

the ground, and pour gold into their mouth, saying: "Eat, eat gold, Christian;"[1] and the more to ill-treat and disgrace them, with knives made of flint, some cut off an arm, some a shoulder, others a leg, and then roasting it on the embers, eat it, dancing and singing, suspending the bones in their temples, or in the houses of their chiefs, as trophies of victory.

All the enterprises of Pedrarias proving unlucky, Valboa laughed at and mocked him, whereat the governor became so irate, that they came to serious contention. And the bishop seeing the growing discord between them, exerted every possible endeavour to modify their anger and restore

[1] This cruel, but almost justifiable act, is represented by Theodore de Bry on a larger plate; with additional torments. (*Trans.*)

their friendship; and he so far succeeded, that the governor gave his daughter to wife to Valboa, and when this marriage was concluded, he held for certain that the peace between them would be sincere and durable. On the completion of the wedding, Valboa, with the consent of his father-in-law, left *l'Antica* with the half of the Spaniards whom he had brought from Spain, and proceeded to his governorship; but he endured there a very short time, for some malicious men, envious of his glory, falsely notified to the governor that Valboa, through the intrigue of friends, was endeavouring to excite some of his subjects against him, and so bring them over to his government. When Pedrarias heard these things he wrote a letter to Valboa, desiring him immediately on the receipt of it to come to him, for that he wanted to consult him on some negociations important to both of them.

Valboa, who was then on the shores of the *South Sea* having some vessels built to discover new countries, on receiving the letter started off with fifty men; but on arriving at the *Antica* his father-in-law seized him, and had him put in prison. And having informed him of the accusation, added the death of Niquesa to it, with the imprisonment of the Bachiller Enciso; and saying, moreover, that he was tumultuous, wicked, cruel, malicious against the Indians, and other things,—he sentenced him to death. Valboa on oath denied the accusation of having excited the people against Pedrarias, and entreated him to consider well what he was about, for that had he entertained any such intention he would never have come into his presence; and in a similar way on other topics Valboa defended himself as well as he could. But where force rules, reason is of little avail. The governor would no longer hear him, but, closing the trial, sent him to be beheaded with five other Spaniards.

Some people insist on it that Valboa was a most victorious commander, more fortunate in arms than any ancient Roman; for during the whole time that he warred against the

Indians, he always conquered. These praises, however, are rather ludicrous than surprising, because the valour of the Romans was tried against the most fierce and warlike barbarous nations of the east, while the Spaniards subjugated mere brute animals or beasts, in the west. This was well understood by a Spanish gentleman who was in Algiers with Charles V. the emperor. This gentleman was in company with some officers, of whom Ferdinand Cortez (the discoverer and conqueror of the kingdom called by him *New Spain*, but by the natives, *Temestitan*) was one, after the overpowering attack by a large squadron of Moors, which in consequence of the inferior numbers of the Spaniards obliged them to fly, and when Cortez said that they should make head again, and valorously attack their pursuers,—he remarked: "This fool thinks he has again to do with his petty Indians, of whom twenty-five thousand can be vanquished by merely ten men on horse-back."[1]

When the death of Valboa became known in Spain, the Council of Indian affairs was greatly displeased at it, on account of the great benefits and riches that he had obtained for the Spanish crown; for having discovered the *South Sea*, for having sent home so much gold and such a quantity of pearls; and, moreover, the people of the *Antica* wrote to the king much evil of Pedrarias. Hereupon he was deposed from his government, although he was at the time laying the foundations of the city of *Nombre di Dios* and of *Panamà*, and opening the communication between the two places. Many other governors and captains went to those provinces on the mainland. Each man tried to enrich himself and become great through the influence of riches, of whom some

[1] Benzoni has shewn the reader what enormous treasures were lost on the passages from America to Spain: but Cortez, after having safely arrived in Europe, joined the armament of Charles V. at Algiers; and in the gale which frustrated that expedition, he lost all the matchless jewels with which he hoped to have bought a return of the emperor's favour. (*Trans.*)

were eaten by the Indians, while others were killed by the Spaniards themselves, because they would not consent to the thieving that they committed against the Indians. Others were drowned at sea; and there were even some who went so far inland, thirsting for gold, that they got into desert places, where, not knowing the constellations, or the succession of seasons in those countries, where the winter rains are most violent and destructive, they were unable to advance or retreat, and died there together with all their followers.

The Spaniards erected on the seashore of the mainland the following towns: *Nombre di Dios, L'Antica, Cartagena, Sta. Marta, Capola Vela, Valenzuola,* a very rich province, which the emperor, in the year 1528, ceded to the Velzare Alemani;[1] and the first governor whom they sent was Ambrose Alfinquer, who made many forays among those people, committing great cruelties in his anxiety for gold: but he was finally killed by the Indians. Then they sent another, named Giorgio, of their family. One night, however, the Spaniards who were with him treacherously killed him in his bed, mangled him, and then dragging his body most ignominiously out of the house and all about the *piazza,* finally threw it into a wood, where at dawn it was buried. The malefactors were soon after, by order of the emperor, most severely punished, as the crime deserved.

As I have promised to compress this my short history in the most suitable manner, it seems to me eligible to return to the affairs of *La Isla Española* and its neighbours. On the death of Colombo, the king, Don Ferdinand, sent Diego, the son of the almirante, as viceroy to *La Española,* with the same authority that he had granted to his father, but he did

[1] The Germans are frequently called *Alemanni* by the Italians, as well as *Allemands* by the French; and as Charles V. would probably favour his new subjects, the *Velgare,* the province was thus given or sold to the Germans. (*Trans.*)

not stay there long; the Spaniards greatly resenting the being commanded by a foreigner, wrote a great deal of evil about him, which led the emperor to deprive him of the government, and having recalled him to Spain, he disputed with the king, during many years, about his privileges, and finally died without his affairs being settled. Then other governors were successively sent to *La Española*, as well clerical as secular, till the natives, finding themselves intolerably oppressed and worked on every side, with no chance of regaining their liberty, with sighs and tears longed for death.

The Indians of La Española hanging themselves in the woods, rather than serve Christians.

Wherefore many went to the woods and there hung themselves, after having killed their children, saying it was far better to die than to live so miserably, serving such and so many ferocious tyrants and wicked thieves. The women, with the juice of a certain herb, dissipated their pregnancy, in order not to produce children, and then following the example of their husbands, hung themselves. Some threw

themselves from high cliffs down precipices; others jumped into the sea; others again into rivers; and others starved themselves to death. Sometimes they killed themselves with their flint knives; others pierced their bosoms or their sides with pointed stakes. Finally, out of the two millions of original inhabitants, through the number of suicides and other deaths, occasioned by the oppressive labour and cruelties imposed by the Spaniards, there are not a hundred and fifty now to be found: and this has been their way of making Christians of them. What befel those poor islanders has happened also to all the others around: Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and other places. And although an almost infinite number of the inhabitants of the mainland have been brought to these islands as slaves, they have nearly all since died. In short, I may say, that wherever the Spaniards have unfurled their banner, they have, by their great cruelties, inspired the inhabitants with perpetual hatred.[1]

Touching the religion, not only of this island, but also of all the other nations of the new world, they worshipped, and still worship, various deities, many painted, others sculptured, some formed of clay, others of wood, or gold, or silver; and in some places I have seen them of the shape of birds, of tigers, of stags, and other sorts of animals, but I have mostly seen them made with a tail and feet, like our Satan. And although our priests and monks have endeavoured, and still daily endeavour, to destroy these idols, yet the ministers of their faith keep a great many of them hidden in caves and underground, sacrificing to them occultly, and asking in what manner they can possibly expel

[1] In illustration of the wanton cruelty of these fellows, Antonio Montesino told king Ferdinand, that some Spaniards standing together joking, on the bank of a river, one of them snatched up an Indian child and threw it over the heads of his comrades as mere sport; saying as he saw the poor creature rising once or twice to the surface—"You boil up, little wretch, do you (*bullis, cuerpo de tal, bullis*)?" The king, who was not a cruel man, listened with astonishment. (*Trans.*)

the Christians from their country. They have a name for every one, regarding this as their patron on this subject, and that as their patron on that subject; as the Gentiles used to do in ancient times, assigning victories to Mars on earth, and on the sea to Neptune; medicine to Esculapius; Hercules presiding over temporal benefits, promising him a tenth part of their property, so that he might increase and take care of it. But this people only ask of their gods plenty to eat and drink, and good health, and victory over their enemies. Many times the devil appears to them in various shapes, promising to their ministers some of the things for which they have been entreated. And when he does not keep his promise and they complain, he answers, that he has changed his mind because they have committed some great sin; and thus the father of falsehood excuses himself. When the cacique of *La Española* wished to celebrate a feast in honour of his principal false deity, he commanded all his vassals, both men and women, to come to him on a certain day, and on arrival at the appointed spot, they ranged themselves in order. The cacique then advanced, and entered the temple where the ministers were dressing the idol. There he sat down, playing on a drum, and all the other people followed; first the men, painted black, red, and yellow, with plumes of parrots' and other feathers, with ornaments of sea-shells round their necks, their legs, and their arms. The women were not painted at all; the girls were quite naked; the married women had a covering hanging from their waist, as in the Gulf of *Paria*, and other places on the mainland. Thus they entered the temple, dancing and singing certain of their songs in praise of their idol, while their chief saluted them with his drum. Then, by putting a stick down their throat, they vomited, so that the idol might see they had nothing bad either in their stomach or their breast. After performing these foolish ceremonies, they all sat down on their heels, and, with a melancholy noise, they

sang some more songs. Then some other women entered the temple with baskets adorned with roses and various flowers, and filled with bread, and they went round to all those who were singing, and repeated a little prayer to them. The singers jumped up on their feet to answer, and when they had finished these songs, they began others to the honour and glory of their chief; after which they presented the bread to their idol. The ministers now took and blessed it, and shared it with all the people, as if it was a holy thing or good relic. Finally, every man, highly elated and content, returned to his own home.

They thought that the sun and the moon came out of a cavern.[1] They had a pumpkin as a relic, saying, that it had come out of the sea, with all the fish in it. They worshipped two wooden figures as the gods of abundance. And at some periods of the year many Indians went on a pilgrimage to them. They had also another idol made with four feet, like a dog, and they believed that when he was angry he went away to the mountains, where being found, they used to bring him back on their shoulders to the temple.

In this island, as also in other provinces of these new countries, there are some bushes, not very large, like reeds, that produce a leaf in shape like that of the walnut, though rather larger, which (where it is used) is held in great esteem by the natives, and very much prized by the slaves whom the Spaniards have brought from Ethiopia.

When these leaves are in season, they pick them, tie them up in bundles, and suspend them near their fire-place till they are very dry; and when they wish to use them, they take a leaf of their grain (maize) and putting one of the others into it, they roll them round tight together;

[1] Benzoni does not seem to have been aware of the identity between some of their traditions and the history of the Bible, as shewn by Humboldt; of which the Tower of Babel and the Deluge are not the least striking. (*Trans.*)

then they set fire to one end, and putting the other end into the mouth, they draw their breath up through it, wherefore the smoke goes into the mouth, the throat, the head, and they retain it as long as they can, for they find a pleasure in it, and so much do they fill themselves with this cruel smoke, that they lose their reason. And there are some who take so much of it, that they fall down as if they were dead, and remain the greater part of the day or night stupified. Some men are found who are content with imbibing only enough of this smoke to make them giddy, and no more. See what a pestiferous and wicked poison from the devil this must be. It has happened to me several times that, going through the provinces of *Guatemala* and *Nicaragua*, I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, which in the Mexican language is called *tabacco*, and immediately perceiving the

Mode of doctoring sick people.

sharp fetid smell of this truly diabolical and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste, and seek some other place.[1]

[1] Surely the royal author of the famous "COUNTERBLAST," must have seen this graphic and early description of a cigar. It is insisted upon,

In *La Española* and the other islands, when their doctors wanted to cure a sick man, they went to the place where they were to administer the smoke, and when he was thoroughly intoxicated by it, the cure was mostly effected. On returning to his senses he told a thousand stories, of his having been at the council of the gods and other high visions. They then turn the invalid round three or four times, rubbing his back and loins well with their hands, making many grimaces at him, and holding a pebble or bone in their mouth all the time. These things the women keep as holy, believing that they aid child birth. If the sick man asks the doctor what will become of him, he answers that he will soon be free; and if he happens to die, they have many excuses at hand, the best of which is that he was mortal. If any doctor ventured to visit a sick man without the usual ceremonies he was severely punished. In all the provinces where I have been or that I have heard of, the priests are also doctors; so that probably it is the same all through those countries. They call them in their language *bocchiti;* and every where they have very great authority.[1] But they generally doctor only the principal people.

The Indians take as many wives as they like, though one is the principal, and commands all the rest. When a cacique dies without heirs, the sons of his sisters succeed, but not those of his brothers; since they can depend on their being her sons, not so as to a man's supposed sons. The reason is, that in those countries there is very little chastity; and in few places are the girls or sisters attended to. They all sleep together like fowls, some on the ground and some suspended in the air. When the women have an infant, they

that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced smoking among us about the year 1584; but Lobel shews that the plant was cultivated here before 1570. Benzoni's experiences were between 1541 and 1555. (*Trans.*)

[1] It is thus still, on the Coast of Guinea and various other places; and even in the more civilized parts of Barbary, the *tibeebs* are often sacerdotal doctors. (*Trans.*)

carry it to the sea shore or to a river to wash it, and without any further ado they suckle their children.

Some say that these people were very great thieves, and that for every little fault their laws inflicted hanging; but what could they steal? They are neither avaricious nor rich, and what they least prized was gold and silver, since whoever wished for any could go to the mine and get as much as they liked, as people do at a spring of water. Respecting clothing, they all go naked; and as to eatables, every body gives to whoever goes to his house. And whenever they assemble at their festivals, the whole tribe bring eatables, and they sing and dance till they get drunk and are tired; and so they freely pass a happy time. I cannot therefore imagine thieving among them, unless they learned the art from the first, second, and third inroads of the Spaniards, when they began to inhabit that country. Would to the Omnipotent God that temporal riches were respected by us as they are by them; the Christian name would be heavenly if avarice were banished.

The grain of these people is commonly called *maize*, and came from *La Española*, which island was first discovered by the Christians; wine is *chichia*; their boats, *canoue*; swords are *macanne*; their chiefs are *caciques*. They do not prepare the earth for sowing their grain, but making a small hole they put in three or four grains, and covering it over suffices;[1] each stem produces three or four ears, containing about a hundred grains each. The stems of the maize are taller than a man, and in some provinces they harvest twice a year.

The women, *molandaie*, who grind it, wet a quantity of this grain the previous evening with cold water, and in the morning they gradually triturate it between two stones.

[1] This is the method in which this species of grain, now so well known as Indian-corn, is still cultivated. It is the great staple of food in many parts of the world. In Italy it is called Grano d'India. (*Trans.*)

Some stand up to it, others kneel on the ground; nor do they care if any hairs fall into it, or even some *pidocchi.*

Method of making bread.

When they have made a mass by sprinkling in water with the hand, they shape it into little loaves, either long or round, and putting them into some leaves of reeds, with as little water as possible, they cook them. This is the common people's bread; it lasts two days and then mildews. The chief's bread is made in the following way: after soaking and triturating the corn between two stones, the *molandaie* wash it with hot water and pick out the husk, leaving only the flour, which they grind as much as they can and then shape it into small cakes. These are cooked in a round pipkin, applying fire under them by degrees. There is great trouble in making this bread, and it is not good but when fresh, and not very good then nor when cold; indeed, maize is not good either hot or cold. Travelling in uninhabited districts, and with necessity for my guide, I learned to grind it, in order not to eat it raw or roasted. On ac-

count of its great hardness the grinding is very severe work, and when I had but little maize I did not pick out the husks as the chief's people do, nor did grinding it fine suit my arms, that were very thin and weak.

They also make another sort of bread called *cazabi*, from a root named *iucca*, of the thickness of a parsnip. This root produces no seed at all, the stem is a thick knotty reed, its leaves are green and resemble those of hemp. At the proper season they cut these reeds into pieces two feet long, and plant them in heaps of earth called *conuchi*, and at the end of two years they form a large root. Whenever the natives wish to make any of this bread, they take up some of these roots (only a few at a time, as they soon spoil), they peel and cut them with sharp stones that they find on the beach, and putting them into a rag[1] they squeeze out the juice, which would be poison to any one drinking it; then laying them on a great brick, like cakes of paste, they cook them on the fire, leaving them as long as they will hold together. Finally, they are put into the sun to dry. They make some thick and some thin. This to my taste was a wretched article of food, but if put into a dry place it would continue good for three or four years. The accompaniment of some moisture in the throat is requisite, else it is harsh and difficult to swallow. The taste seemed to me like earth in the mouth, but with the broth of meat it was better, though not much. All the ships coming to these countries from Spain (except those that go to Vera Cruz, a port of New Spain), lay in a provision of this bread for their return, as in none of the provinces or islands inhabited by the Spaniards in the Northern Sea is there a single grain of wheat. All flour and biscuit come from Mexico; it is brought thence on mules or in carts, a journey of about two hundred miles.

[1] A *rag* (una pezza), to our minds, would presuppose the arts of spinning and weaving. (*Trans.*)

They have also two other sorts of roots, one called *battata*, the other *haie*; they are similar in form, except that the *haie* are smaller and better flavoured than the others.[1] In six months after they are planted they yield fruit; the taste is rather sweet, but it soon satiates, and there is little substance in them. They generate windiness, and are commonly cooked in the embers. Some say that they taste like almond cakes, or sugared chesnuts; but, in my opinion, chesnuts even without sugar are better.

Since I have treated of the making of bread, I ought also to describe their making of wine, especially that from maize.

Method of making wine.

The *molandaie*, taking a quantity of grain that seems to them sufficient for the wine (or *chichia*) intended to be made, and having ground it, they put it into water in some large jars, and the women who are charged with this operation, taking a little of the grain, and having rendered it somewhat tender in a pipkin, hand it over to some other women, whose office

[1] These are probably both varieties of the sweet potatoe.

it is to put it into their mouths and gradually chew it;[1] then with an effort they almost cough it out upon a leaf or platter and throw it into the vase with the other mixture, for otherwise this wine, or rather this beverage, would have no strength. It is then boiled for three or four hours, after which it is taken off the fire and left to cool, when it is poured through a cloth,[2] and is esteemed good in proportion as it intoxicates, in the same way as if people drank real wine.

They also make wines of other kinds, of honey,[3] of fruits, and of roots, but these do not intoxicate as the first does. They have a great many plants that produce a sort of wild grapes, and their berries are like the sloes that grow among thorns, with black skins; but from the stone being large and surrounded by very little pulp, they do not make wine of them. There are some trees that produce olives, but smelling horribly and tasting worse. And they have other fruits in abundance, such as *houi*, plantains, pines, *guaiave* (guavas), *mamei* (*mammée apples*), and *guanavana* (sour-sops); the *houi* are like *scanari* (*Canary*) plums, with a large stone and little fruit; when ripe they are yellow. Its tree is large, the leaves small and taste acid. The plantain is a fruit much longer than it is broad, and the little ones (bananas) are much better than the large ones. The leaves are about a foot and a half broad and four feet long; among the leaves there rises a stem producing a hundred or more small plantains, or twenty-five or upwards of large ones.

[1] The reader will here perceive the identity of manner of making this *wine* and the *kava* of the Pacific Ocean islanders, as described in Captain Cook's third voyage. (*Trans.*)

[2] By the word cloth, spinning and weaving are again presupposed. (*Trans.*)

[3] The author's word *mele* is, strictly speaking, apples. But *miele* or honey, is often corrupted into *mele*. And if he had meant apples, he would have prefixed *other* to *fruits*, since apples are a species of fruit. (*Trans.*)

This is a tender tree; it does not yield fruit more than once, and requires a year; from the roots other plants shoot up; if the fruit is ripe they pluck it, but if not they cut the tree down, and by putting it into a hot place the fruit soon ripens and becomes yellow: the skin is as thick as the blade of a knife, the rest is all pulp; in flavour they incline to sweet. The pines grow in bushes; when ripe they are yellow; they smell well and taste better. They are high coloured, and it has happened to me, as to many others when ill, not to be able to eat anything without this fruit; indeed, in my opinion, it is one of the most relishing fruits in the world.

Fruit-bearing trees.

When the skin is peeled off all the rest is eatable; they are generally sweet, with a little acidity. The guava is like a peach tree, with a leaf resembling the laurel, but larger and longer; it soon gets old; its fruit is like the medlar, though much larger; it ripens on the tree, and if not plucked when in season it generates worms. They have many small grains in them, the red are better than the white and are well

flavoured. The *mamei* tree is the size of a moderate walnut, with a leaf longer than wide. In the *Española* island its fruit is round, but in general on the mainland it is long, more large, and better flavoured. They contain three or four stones, the flesh is lion-coloured, the rind is thin, and the taste somewhat sweet. The *guananano*[1] is a small and delicate tree; its fruit is shaped like a heart, with a thin green rind, formed like the scales of a fish. They are white within; but there is also another sort that is round and yellow, which is much better than the former and contains three small dark stones.

In none of these islands did they find any quadrupeds, except some small rabbits like dogs. There are some pestiferous *nigue*, insects like fleas, which live in the dust; unseen they insert themselves between the nail and the flesh; especially in the feet. It often happens that they occasion no pain till they are as large as flat peas or lentils; then they are picked out with a needle or a thorn, and are found full of knits. The wound is healed with hot ashes. And many black slaves, from going barefooted, get such numbers in their feet, that hot irons are the only things to extirpate them; and some people are permanently lamed by them. It also happened to me in Peru, in the province of Porto-Vecchio, after the very great fatigue that I had undergone both by land and sea, to be covered with the itch, body and legs; and in my feet I had so great a quantity of these *nigue* that I was frightened. And if I had not been very diligent in cleaning myself, and washing myself often in the rivers, I should indeed have fared very ill, as many Spaniards did; who, unwilling, from idleness, to wash themselves two or three times a day, became lame for life.[2]

[1] Here appears to be an accidental difference of orthography from the preceding mention of this fruit, the description of which is exactly that of the sour-sop. (*Trans.*)

[2] This insect, the modern chiggre or jigger, was called *attun* by the natives: it penetrates the skin of the foot and establishes itself in

I have already said how the island of *Haiti* was called by the almirante Columbus, *La Española;* it is twelve hundred miles in circumference, has abundance of ports, of rivers, of fish, and of salt. There are two lakes, the one salt, the other fresh; and the richest stream of gold, of all those which Spaniards discovered in that island, is called Cibao; the principal town is called *San Domingo,* erected by Bartholomew Colombo. The reason of his giving it this name was, that when going round the island to seek for a good port convenient for ships coming from Spain, he reached this spot on the day of San Domingo, and thus the island also is commonly called the island of *San Domingo.* The town is built on a plain near the sea, and in my time it contained five hundred hearths; the houses are good, like those in Spain. On the western side, the river *Ozonea* disembogues, and forms a good and safe port, capable of containing many ships. There are very large and very thick woods.[1] The width of the island is two hundred and twenty miles. The height of the pole is twenty-two degrees and a half in the northward part, and in the southward between nineteen and twenty. Its length from east to west is about six hundred miles; its shape inclines to that of the chesnut leaf. Some people say that wheat grows well in that island, though little is reaped in consequence of the soil being very strong; and there being abundance of maize, they care not for it. But I say, that they gather neither much nor little. I have inquired the reason from some old established Spaniards, who told me that, owing to the excessive heat, the ground could not produce it; and so it is all over the island. It is

the flesh, where, if not speedily removed, it deposits a parcel of eggs. (*Trans.*)

[1] In the original the circumference is here repeated, but stated to be 1400 miles (*gira più di mille e quattrocento miglia*); whereas just above it is given at 1200 (*di circuito mille et dugento miglia*). In Benzoni's time this was all but a guess; recent measures assign 1065 miles as the circumference. (*Trans.*)

true that, in the beginning, some Spanish peasants sowed a little among the mountains near Cibao, as it is tolerably cool there, and they reaped about two bushels or *stara*. But those mountains being steep and stony, they saw that they could never get much grain to grow there, so never cared about sowing it, and provided themselves with flour from Spain, whence it is brought in large casks. Whenever, through the arrival of the ships being delayed, they cannot get bread, they are obliged to eat the *cazabi*; for they do not cultivate much maize, as they generally have the other sorts of flour.

Few of the trees brought from Spain have succeeded. Only pomegranates, oranges, citrons, lemons, and some figs. As to vines, they produce very small bunches of grapes, so that they are sold for half a ducat the pound. And I have seen a vineyard belonging to the secretary, Diego Cavaliero, in which there were several thousand vines; yet it was a favourable season when he collected forty pounds of grapes. They have not a very good flavour, and are gathered in February and March. The summer begins in January, and continues till the end of April. The winter begins in May and ends in December. It is not called winter on account of the cold, but on account of the very heavy rains; for the heat exceeds that of summer, in consequence of the winds ceasing; and such hot humid vapours rising from the ground, occasion many diseases; whilst, on the contrary, in the summer, the wind is always from the *Greco Levante* (*E.N.E.*), with clear skies.[1]

In kitchen-garden produce, as, for example, cauliflowers, cabbages, radishes, lettuces, pumpkins, and melons, they abound; yet onions and garlick seldom succeeded, wherefore the ships from Spain bring them in great quantities,

[1] The general easterly winds of the tropical regions, thus felt along Columbian and Mexican shores, are nevertheless subject to both diurnal and annual variations. (*Trans.*)

with various other things, such as beans, lentils, almonds, walnuts, figs, raisins, oil, rice, honey, cheese, jugs, plates, basins, spices, cloths, silks, cordage, wine, biscuit, and various other articles not produced there.

There is a very great quantity of every sort of cattle of the breeds brought from Spain. There are some Spaniards who have from six to eight thousand head of cattle in the country. Anybody may kill what he chooses, provided only that he gives the hide to the owner. An abundance of sugar also is made in that island, so that in my time thirty-four sugar-mills were at work. These two articles, that is to say, sugar and hides, are the staple of the island, wherefore all the Spanish merchants who go there to trade, now bring back with them nothing else; for the Spaniards have been so solicitous in digging, both for the yellow and the white metal, that there is not a grain any more to be found. And the largest coin at present struck in *San Domingo* is worth four *maravidis*, or one of our soldi (a halfpenny). If merchants wish to buy gold or silver (for some of the Peruvian, and from Cape Fondura, is still brought by the dealers, who go there for horses, slaves, and mules), they might still do so, but at a losing rate, for one ducat of gold is worth two of other coin, wherefore they rather buy hides, sugar, *cassia*, and *guaiacavo*, or holy-wood (*lignum-vitæ*).

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY

GIROLAMO BENZONI,

A MILANESE.

BOOK II.

When the natives of this island (*Española*) began to be extirpated, the Spaniards provided themselves with blacks (*Mori*) from Guinea, which was a conquest of the king of Portugal's, and they have brought great numbers thence. When there were mines, they made them work at the gold and silver; but since those came to an end they have increased the sugar-works, and in these and in tending the flocks they are chiefly occupied, besides serving their masters in all else. And there being among the Spaniards some who are not only cruel, but very cruel, when a man occasionally wished to punish a slave, either for some crime that he had committed, or for not having done a good day's work, or for spite that he had towards him, or for not having extracted the usual quantity of silver or gold from the mine, when he came home at night, instead of giving him supper, he made him undress, if he happened to have a shirt on, and being thrown down on the ground, he had his hands and feet tied to a piece of wood laid across, so permitted under the rule called by the Spaniards the Law of

Baiona,[1] a law suggested, I think, by some great demon; then with a thong or rope he was beaten, until his body streamed with blood; which done, they took a pound of pitch or a pipkin of boiling oil, and threw it gradually all over the unfortunate victim; then he was washed with some of the country pepper mixed with salt and water. He was thus left on a plank covered over with a cloth, until the master thought he was again able to work. Others dug a hole in the ground and put the man in upright, leaving only his head out, and left him in it all night, the Spaniards saying that they have recourse to this cure because the earth absorbs the blood and preserves the flesh from forming any wound, so they get well sooner. And if any die (which sometimes happens) through great pain, there is no heavier punishment by law than that the master shall pay another (slave) to the king. Thus, on account of these very great cruelties in the beginning, some of them escaped from their masters, and wandered about the island in a state of desperation. They have gradually multiplied, however, to such a degree, that they have caused, and still cause the Spanish population a deal of trouble. In consequence of the kings of Ethiopia being constantly at war with each other; for instance, the *Quinei, Manicongri, Gialopi, Zapi, Berbesi,* when they make captives from one another, they sell their prisoners to the Portuguese; even in this country some ill-will continues among them, still they do no harm to each other; on the contrary, when the Spaniards quarrel, the blacks make common cause among themselves. Yet each nation recognizes its own king or governor, which keeps the tribes separate, and from this cause they do not do the

[1] This alludes to the plausible, but unjust and inhuman code, promulgated at Burgos in 1512, by which the employment of Indians in the mines was insisted upon. Old Purchas, following in the wake of Benzoni, says—"the Law of Baian, as they call it, devised, I think, by some cruell divell." (*Trans.*)

harm to the Spaniards that they might if they were all united.

The presidents and auditors of the island, finally seeing that these blacks multiplied, and that all the Spaniards who fell into their hands were made to die under every sort of torment, began to collect men together and send them into all parts of the island where the negroes hid themselves. At first it turned out very favourable to the Spaniards, for taking with them some blacks, under promise of liberty, who knew the localities, they used to attack them in the night, and finding the people asleep, like a herd of animals without any fear of enemies, they captured and killed a great many of them. But in the sequel the runaways learned to keep watch and to be very vigilant, whereby the Spaniards often got the worst of it. Thus the blacks have now become so fierce and so numerous, that when I was residing in the island, it was asserted that there were upwards of seven thousand. And in the year '45, while I was residing there, it was reported that the *Cimaroni* (for so the Spaniards in those countries call the outlaws), had joined in a general rebellion, were scouring over every part of the island, and doing all the mischief they could. Whereupon the almirante, Don Luigi Colombo, the president, and the auditors of *San Domingo*, sent some messengers to entreat and supplicate them to be content to live peaceably, for the Spaniards would do the same and would not annoy them any more, for they wished to be their friends; and if they wanted priests or monks to instruct them in the Christian doctrine, they would willingly send some. To these offers the answer was, that they believed in the doctrine of Christ and wished for it, but would not accept of Spanish friendship, for they did not trust in their promises.

Many Spaniards prophesy for certain, that the island in a short time will fall entirely into the hands of these blacks.[1]

[1] This *prophecy*, after much sanguinary warfare, has been fulfilled,

Meanwhile the governors are very vigilant, when a ship sails for any other province, in preventing any Spaniards from embarking without permission, even if he be a merchant. Although when the licentiate, Ceratto, president of the island, brought liberty to the Indians, he allowed every body to go where they chose, for which, being severely reproved by some citizens, he angrily answered: "Since his majesty the emperor has given liberty to the Indians, it does not seem to me just that the Spaniards should, against his majesty's will, be kept in slavery, therefore I only fulfil his royal will, and think it right to let them go freely where they like."

But when he learnt how thinly inhabited the island was becoming, and there being so few Spaniards that, at the most, they did not exceed eleven hundred men, whilst the outlaws were becoming daily stronger; wherefore if an attack took place there were not Spaniards enough to defend themselves, so that there was danger of losing the island as well as their lives—he also was obliged to have recourse to restrictions, and to shut the gates. Thus, of the Spaniards who go on a venture to the Indies and touch at this island, few are willing to remain there; for any one going to those countries has riches in view, and there are no longer the means of obtaining them there.

As I have mentioned some of the circumstances that occurred in this island between the blacks[1] and the Spaniards, it behoves me also to speak of the very great injury done by the French to the Spaniards in the Indies, as well by sea as by land. Not long after the discovery of these countries, in

and the empire of Hayti now boasts of a population little short of a million in numbers; and they are under a black emperor, with princes—dukes—counts—barons—knights, and other adornments of the negro court in abundance. (*Trans.*)

[1] Benzoni calls them Moors, but expressly tells us they were from the Coast of Guinea, and therefore blacks, or negroes; which must be borne in mind when the word *Moors* occurs in these pages. (*Trans.*)

consequence of their famed riches, many French privateers began to cruize about those seas during the war, hoping to pick up some laden vessels on their return from the Indies; and in fact they caught a great many, and among the richest of their prizes, was one at the time when the inestimable treasures of Peru were embarked for Spain, so that the share to each of the ship's pages (*boys*) was eight hundred ducats of gold. And the principal reason of the French getting so many of the ships belonging to the Spaniards, was the avarice of the owners; for on quitting Spain, such was their avidity to fill up with merchandize and passengers, that they did not put the due number of guns on board, in case they had to defend themselves if attacked by an enemy's ship; nor even the number ordered by the Council of the Indies; which commanded that every vessel should have at least two brass guns, six large iron ones, some small ones, and a certain number of barrels of powder, besides other weapons. The council, moreover, appointed certain commissaries to take special care by going to *San Lucar*, to visit the ships when they were about starting, and ascertain whether they were provided according to the orders issued. But the captains of the ships, by putting a piece of gold into the hand of the commissaries, made them say that all was right; and with this arrangement they went away to Seville, waited on their superiors at the Contract-office, and swore to God that every thing was in perfect order, and that the ship (whatever it might be) was equal to fighting against four French vessels. In this way three or four Spanish ships used to start, though the best of them carried only two or three iron guns, half eaten through with rust, and one keg of indifferent powder. On their return, if a little French galleon (*galleoncette*) well armed happened to meet a ship, even of fifteen hundred or two thousand *salme* (about three or four hundred tons), they attacked her without the least fear, knowing how ill Spanish ships were provided. Firing first a few shot,

they then hailed to them to lower their topsails for the king of France; and if they did not do it directly, they fired some of their great guns into them, right amidship; and the Spaniards seeing that there was no way of defending themselves, and each man being afraid of losing his life, they surrendered. The Frenchman immediately ordered them to let down a boat, bringing the captain, the pilot, and the clerk on board; he now demanded a report of the gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and other valuables usually brought home by those vessels. Then he sent on board for these things, and afterwards gave his crew leave to go and see if they could find anything else; consequently, as soon as they got on board, they stripped the passengers, and even the sailors if they had a good dress, giving them their old rags in exchange, saying, "These are good for you, and those are good for me." And no respect for Spain, or customary usages of war, kept them from ransacking their boxes, and hunting through every hole and corner to see if they could find some piece of gold. Many captains were content with seizing the cargo and spoils, yet released the ships; but the greater part used to take them to France, and landed the Spaniards, with a wretchedly small sum of money to pay their way to their respective homes. Of the captains, pilots, and clerks who traded to India, few escaped without having been captured by the French once or twice.[1]

I do not undertake to relate how some other people sacked the Canary islands, and seized ships there laden with cloth, sugar, wine, and other merchandize. Meanwhile the Council of the Indies being informed how through bad management so many ships were captured by the French, they issued an order for all the vessels that used to start for India at various times of the year, and which

[1] This was the opening of that noted system of freebooting, which, under the filibusters and buccaneers, occasioned continual anxiety, terror, and loss to the Spaniards. (*Trans.*)

might amount, counting large and small, to fifty or sixty, to load and wait for each other, then sail all together; and that, for greater safety, the merchants should send three or four armed ships to accompany them to the great Canary island, because that far, on the way out, is the great danger; and thus through this wise order the French ceased taking so many ships. But as to the evil caused to the inhabitants of the Indies, it was some Spaniards, practised in that navigation, who led the enemy there, either through malignity, or envy, or spite, for some injury inflicted on them. So that the French also became as familiar with those waters as the Spaniards themselves; and although in the beginning they restricted themselves to the vicinity of the *Isla Española*, and *San Giovanni di Porto Rico;* yet when those districts ceased to yield the rich prizes that they had been accustomed to, they frequented more of the islands, and even some of the provinces on the mainland, where they took and pillaged the following towns inhabited by Spaniards: *Porto dell' Argento*, *Azua*, *Laiaquanna*, and *La Maquanna*, capturing many ships there; and they would have done the same to *San Domingo*, but that it has a fortress on the bank of the river, remarkably well provided with excellent brass guns, so that they had not the daring to attack it, notwithstanding the threats of some of their captains. Meanwhile the Spaniards fearing lest the French should come in on some other side, the town being without walls, they kept good watch during war. And when I lived there, it was said, as if for certain, that they would surround it either with earth or brickwork; but this was rather from their fear of the outlaws than of the French.[1]

[1] St. Domingo (*Isabella*) was the first European city built in the New World, having been founded in 1502; and though fallen from its palmy state, it is still an important place, containing spacious edifices of which even Spain need not be ashamed; and it was very judiciously fortified. The exasperation of Cromwell at the miserable failure of Penn and Venables before this place, will be remembered; when the adjutant-

In the year '43, Captain Pedro Anzulles, with two ships and a caravel, left *Nombre de Dios* for *San Domingo*, carrying a hundred thousand ducats in gold, and on the voyage touched at *Jaquanna*, where he learnt that a French ship had left only six hours before, which had pillaged and burnt the town. Pedro Anzulles, desirous of acquiring honour, landed all the gold and silver, and, hoisting sail, went in search of the French ship, and having overtaken her, they engaged each other with spirit, and continued the engagement for a quarter of an hour; but in the height of the action Pedro was killed, together with several of his men, by a great gun—*da un pezzo d'artigliaria.* The loss of their brave commander so disheartened the rest, that they escaped, and soon reached *San Domingo.* The French captain, not caring to pursue them, resumed his voyage.

In this same year, two French ships came to *San Domingo* and captured a caravel laden with goods that was going to *Cape la Vela;* they anchored on the eastern side at *Mona Island,* expecting some prize. The Royal Audience of *San Domingo,* learning that there were some brigs at *Launa,* armed two great ships that were in the port loading for Spain, two caravels and a brig, and, appointing one Carione di Triana to command them, they set sail. The next day the Frenchmen, seeing the headmost ship and one caravel, thought they were merchant vessels going to Spain, and with great glee prepared to fight. But when they discovered the other vessels and the brig, and saw that they were all sailing towards them, the Biscayans, afraid of being taken and treated as rebels and traitors, because they were subjects of the king of Spain, and being moreover a mile farther out in the fairway than the fellow ship, they hoisted sail, and, without caring for their companions, escaped. The

general, being tried for cowardice, was not only cashiered and his sword broken over his head, but he was also sentenced to serve as a swabber in keeping the hospital-ship clean. (*Trans.*)

captain of the remaining ship now feeling alone, and perceiving that the Spanish commander was coming right upon him, closely followed by all the rest, felt that there was no chance of getting off; so, confused and frightened, he determined to surrender, and ordered all the soldiers to pile up their arms, saying, that it would be more folly than prudence to fight, since it was manifest that one ship alone was no match for five enemies; and that, by surrendering, the Spaniards would treat them well as prisoners of war,[1] as they were themselves treated. He was answered, however, very angrily by one of his bombardiers, who said, that neither he nor his companions would on any account surrender, but were determined to fight; that he would rather die fighting than disgracefully surrender to the enemy; if he, the captain, was afraid, he ought not to go to war. Though the foes were five and he alone, still he did not care a farthing (*un quattrino*) for them, since Spaniards, especially at sea and in those countries, knew not how to manage guns; but that he with four shots would undertake to sink the commander's ship, and there was no doubt but that, as soon as she was disposed of, the rest from fear would fly. Certainly, if the captain had listened to this bombardier, it would have been better for them; for it was thought that these brave words would be accompanied by brave conduct. Accordingly, when the Spaniard fired a gun, and called out, "Surrender to the emperor," he was answered by a heavy shot between wind and water; but the captain having determined not to fight, jumped below, and tore the match from the bombardier's hands, he being on the point of firing another shot in an equally dangerous place, and

[1] Such seems to have been a necessary consideration, since it does not appear that the vessel pertained to the royal navy. Charles V. and Francis I. were certainly amusing Europe by personal defiances and strange parade; but the war between the two monarchs was only a kind of lugubrious half-jest half-earnest affair. (*Trans.*)

that would, in all probability, have sunk the ship, as he had promised to do: for even the first shot occasioned her to make a great deal of water before they could collect cases and other things together to plug up the hole. Thus the French ship was captured without fighting, and taken to *San Domingo*, where it occasioned as much rejoicing throughout the town as if a kingdom of France had been conquered. The Frenchmen were put into prison, especially the ablest sailors; but the captain passed the greatest part of his time in the house of the almirante. The guns, the cables, the anchors, were taken out of the ship, and then she was towed into the open sea, burnt, and sunk. I, going occasionally to the prison to see a friend of mine, used to converse with the Frenchmen, who swore at their captain for having so shamefully surrendered, thus subjecting them to great suffering and ill-treatment. They were soon sent over to Spain in detachments, some in one vessel, and some in another. On the voyage, five of them made head one night, in a caravel laden with sugar, and carrying fifteen thousand gold ducats for the king. The Spaniards were thrown overboard, and the vessel was carried to France as booty.

In the year 1536, a small French galleon, by them called a patax, having lost sight of the flag ship in a storm, went into *Avanava*, in Cuba, and took the town. The Spaniards, fearing the enemy would burn it, as the houses were built with wood and thatched, agreed to give them seven hundred ducats of gold, with which the French were well content and departed.[1] The next day three large ships entered the port from *New Spain*, whereupon John de Rojas, chief head of the town, ordered that all their gold and silver and other

[1] This ransom appears to have been the commencement of a practice which fully ripened under the buccaneers. Not that it has been unknown to regular forces; but it was a systematic method of plunder on the American shores. The irregularity of Benzoni's writing is seen by his spelling Havannah in two different ways in this paragraph, namely, *Avanava* and *Avana*. (*Trans.*)

valuable articles should be landed, and they go in search of the Frenchman. They issued from the harbour one after the other, with their boats ahead, and the commanding officer's ship leading. Behind a point, not far from the town, they found the galleon near the mouth of a river. The headmost ship not daring to attack her alone (*non osando manometterla*), delayed operations until the other ships could join. The Frenchmen, surprised at this delay, and attributing it to fear of attacking them, began to fire a few guns, which so intimidated the crew of the headmost ship that, without making any attempt at defence, in the most cowardly manner they left the ship and ran away on shore. One of the other ships was not far astern, but seeing this abandonment of the commanding officer's ship, its crew followed the vile example, and so they did on board the third ship. Wherefore the Frenchmen, who were at first alarmed, and made sure they should be taken prisoners, with great exultation took possession of the three ships. Returning to the *Avana* they now demanded a similar sum to that they had before for the ransom of the town; and then departed.

After this, the Spaniards began to build the houses of stone; and on the borders of the port they erected a fortress, mounted with some large guns, to defend them from the French. This town lies in a plain near the sea, on the eastern side; it is built like a house that has the door well protected, but is open on all other sides, without any walls, so that people can enter it wherever they like. The French, aware of this fort which the Spaniards had erected at the entrance of the port, went to the river *Chiorera*, about six miles distant, and suddenly disembarking at midnight, entered the town by early dawn (*quarto dell' alba*). The Spaniards were all asleep, but hearing a noise quitted their beds, and some by one door and some by another fled to the woods. Thus did the French take the city which the Spaniards had founded in this country.

And, moreover, in the year 1554, during the cruel wars between the emperor Charles V. and Henry, king of France, a French ship, with eighty soldiers, went to *St. James of Cuba*, the principal place of that island; and after taking and sacking the town, they went towards the *Avana*, and having landed their soldiers by way of the *Chiorera*, they entered the town an hour before daylight, and captured some Spaniards, while others ran away. The French began entering the houses, hoping to collect a deal of booty; but they had to return empty-handed, for the inhabitants having already been several times pillaged by the French, feared a repetition of it in future, and therefore had kept their riches at their possessions.[1] Whilst the enemy went about rummaging and sacking the houses, two Spaniards were sent by the General Council to the captain; first to see what number of people they had, and then to treat of some compact, so that they should not burn and ruin the town. Having therefore entered into discussion about ransoming the place, and the people that they had taken prisoners, the captain demanded six thousand gold ducats. The Spaniards pleaded poverty, and said that the whole of their property would not amount to the sum that they demanded, but proposed to refer the subject to their superiors, informing them of all the particulars, since they (the deputies) could not decide anything without the General Council. Thus taking leave of the captain, they promised to return the following day without fail, provided with the resolution. They then went to John d'Ories, and the other members of the Town Council, who having heard what sort of people their enemies were, and the amount of ransom they demanded, the greater part would not consent to the terms; saying that instead of giving them money, they ought to be repelled by lances and archibusses, since they deserved to be killed like ladrones, for they lived

[1] This passage is obscure: "tenevano tutte le lor facultà alle sue possessioni." Perhaps at their farms. (*Trans.*)

on plunder, and that if they had been ever so many more, they were still not worth a farthing;[1] and that even the few cavalry the town had, were enough to route them. Some others were of a contrary opinion, alleging that it was better to seek some composition than to subject themselves to the chances of Fortune, shewing themselves to be men of very little judgment in not estimating the enemy; therefore advised that the captain should be again sought, so as to understand his will better; and even if they found that he would not swerve from the sum demanded, still they would feel satisfied in having kept their promise; and if there was no appearance of accommodation, they would be at liberty to come to any other decision they might think proper. But the opinion of the many had more force than the wise suggestion of the few; wherefore some Spaniards and black slaves, amounting to a hundred and fifty, put themselves in order, and at an hour after dark, expecting to find their enemies asleep, calling out on St. Joseph and St. James, they assailed them, and firing their archibusses they killed four Frenchmen, among whom was a nephew of their captain. The French did not at all fail in courage, but jumping up, seized their arms, and defended themselves with such spirit, that after the first shower from their archibusses, the terrified Spaniards turned their backs and fled to the woods for safety. The captain remained up all night keeping good watch, extremely irritated at the death of his people, especially of his nephew, blaming himself for having trusted to the promise of the Spaniards. In the morning, he ordered part of his soldiers to collect all the pitch that they could find in the town, and there were many cases that had been brought from Spain to this port for repairing their ships; with this he ordered them to anoint all the doors, windows, floors, in short every wooden portion of the houses, and then set

[1] *Non si dovevano stimare un maravedis*, a term of contempt; the maravedi being their smallest coin. (*Trans.*)

fire to them, and as much as possible throwing down the walls from their very foundations; also, while the houses were burning, he repaired to the church, and did as much there. A Spaniard on horseback, who had been hovering about the woods, seeing this fiery spectacle, humbly came up to him saying,—"Oh, captain, was it not enough to appease your feelings to burn all the town, without also attacking God's temple?" To which the captain haughtily replied, —"Men without faith require no church." And when they had destroyed the houses, they razed and pillaged the fortress, so that the captain ordered his ship to enter the port and embark all the spoils; then, fiercely threatening the Spaniards, he departed.

A few days after all this had happened, I entered the port, and saw everything so completely destroyed, that the very site of the town could scarcely be discerned.

The town of *San Germano,* in the island of *Porto-Rico,* after having been taken and sacked by the French, being first situated on the sea-shore, was then transferred by the Spaniards to a wood six miles distant, hoping to be safe there; but it was not so, for when the French heard where they were, they did not fail to go; even eight miles from the sea-shore in *Jamaica.*[1] They also sacked the town of *Sevile,* that had twenty-four wooden houses.

About this same period it happened that in the town of *Carthagena,* a province on the mainland, the judge had ordered a sailor to be flogged, for a certain spite that he had shewn him; when the man was liberated he returned to Spain, and thence went to France. But he led five French ships here, which anchored at the entrance of the harbour, and pouring a hundred soldiers into their boats, they went to the town

[1] Benzoni's geography is occasionally very obscure. This Jamaica, from the context, cannot be the great island of that name; it may therefore have been another town or hamlet two miles beyond San Germano. (*Trans.*)

and disembarked an hour before daylight. While the Spaniards were still sleeping, the assailants began pillaging the houses, which were partly of wood and partly of reeds, roofed with palm leaves. The sailor, with some Frenchmen, repaired to the house of the judge who had had him flogged, and by repeated stabs killed him. Then some went scouring in one direction and some in another. The greater part of the Spaniards fled, some were killed, others were made prisoners; and thus the town of *Carthagena* was taken, pillaged, and burnt; yielding a booty to the French, between the spoils and the ransoms of the Spaniards, of a hundred and fifty thousand gold ducats.

Other French ships, both before and after, have haunted that coast, taking and sacking *Sta. Martha, Capo la Vela,* and other places. And to make an end of the actions of the French: while the pearl fishery flourished in *Cubagua,* one of their ships arrived there, and being detected by the Spaniards, they seized two country boats, and putting fifty Indians into them with their bows and arrows, giving them to understand that the people on board were unnaturally vicious, and if they did not endeavour to kill them they would leap on shore, and seizing the natives would make infamous use of them. The Indians did not wait to hear more, but went immediately towards the ships. The French seeing them coming, were staring at the new naked people, perhaps thinking they were only going to look at them, or to barter for pearls; but when they got close to the ship, they began to throw their darts and wounded some of them. The French knew more about the pearls fished up around that island than of the poisonous herb that the natives use; as soon as they felt themselves wounded, and found that those darts were mortal, they immediately hoisted sail and went away. Nor, as far as I have heard, has any French ship ever ventured to that island again. In this manner it was, and with this cunning, that the greatly frightened

Spaniards liberated themselves out of the hands of the French.[1]

After being in *Española* island for eleven months, I sailed from the town of *San Domingo* in a ship bound for Terra Firma, and in six days we came in sight of the snowy mountains of *Sta. Martha.* We shortly after entered the town of *Carthagena,* so called from having an islet at the entrance of the port, like Carthagena in Spain. This island is eight miles long and three broad, and when the Spaniards first went to those countries, it was all inhabited by Indian fishermen; but now there is no symptom even of the houses that used to be there. Nor can we be much surprised at this, since in all the other provinces, both maritime and inland, wherever the Spaniards have reached, there are scarcely any miserable Indian villages remaining; the cause of this great evil was, that as long as that nation had any strength left, it never would accept of the friendship of their invaders, on account of the very great cruelties that they had inflicted. These people have plenty of fruit, fish, and all other things requisite to sustain life. Their only clothing is a decent bandage round their loins. When they went to war, the women fought as well as the men: their arms are poisoned arrows: they eat their enemies, and have eaten many Spaniards, and would do the same by the rest if they could.

On occasion of their feasts, they used to adorn themselves as they were best able, with ornaments of gold, pearls, and emeralds, putting some on their arms, on their legs, on their faces, and other parts of the body. Their principal products are salt, fish, and pepper; and they carry these inland, where there is a deficiency, bartering them for other things. In more prosperous times they held fine large markets of grain,

[1] There is something rather lame in this conclusion, and the counter-statement is wanting. At all events, as the story stands, the Frenchman in question was very different in talent or courage—perhaps both—from the gallant captors of Havannah, Carthagena, and the numerous Spanish ships. (*Trans.*)

fruits, cotton, feathers, ornaments, gold, and various sorts of pearls, slaves, and other goods. Each man took only what he wanted, without other conditions, or showing any avarice whatever, saying, Do you take this, and give me that. But amongst the articles they most esteem are eatables; although now the greater part of those tribes have learnt from us to hold temporal goods in very great veneration. Still there are some individuals who do not esteem them, acting as they used to do at first; and it has happened to me to go to the house of an Indian, and on asking whether he had a fowl to sell, he answered, yes, and what would I give him in exchange for it? On my showing him a real, he took it out of my hand, saying to me, What are you going to do with the fowl? to which I answered, that I was going to eat it; the Indian then looking me in the face, put the real between his teeth and said, "Oh, Christian, if you wish me to give you something to eat, give me in exchange something that I can eat; but what you offer me is worth nothing at all, so take back thy real, and I will eat my fowl." Then I went to the house of another man, who gave me a fowl.

Between *Carthagena* and *Sta. Martha* there is a large and very rapid river, which falls into the sea with such violence, especially during winter, that ships passing by can easily take up fresh water.[1] Doctor Gonzalo Ximenes, acting in *Sta. Martha* as deputy for Don Pietro di Lugo, governor of the province, being desirous to enrich himself, started with two little brigantines and forty-five Spaniards to go up this

[1] This river is now called the Madalena: it rises among the mountains two degrees north of the line, and passing Neva, Santa Fé de Bogota, Mompox, and other towns, it falls into the sea as above. It is navigable as far as Honda, four hundred and thirty-five miles from its mouth; and it is infested with vast numbers of caymans or alligators. Like the Nile, the Rhone, and other rivers which disembogue with impetus, its waters are borne a considerable distance out to sea, and may be skimmed still fresh, as asserted by Benzoni; whose mention of it is the earliest we have met with. We have known a large fleet water thus on an enemy's coast in time of war. (*Trans.*)

river; and, having obtained some emeralds from the Indian villages, learned from whence they were brought, and determined to go on, nor rest till they found the mines that produced these jewels. At the end of some days they met with Bagotta, a very rich prince, according to the opinion of the lower class of the Spaniards. The Doctor, partly through good will, and partly by rapine, collected a good quantity of gold, and then inquired whence they procured the emeralds. Bagotta thereby perceiving the immeasurable avarice of the Christians, thinking to get them out of the country and never see them again, told him that they were obtained from the valley of *Tunia*, and on this information the Doctor started. They advanced among some mountains inhabited by Indians, entered the valley of *Tessuca*, and Simandoca, the chief of that province, seeing that the Spaniards entered his dominion without doing any harm (for the Doctor had commanded his people, in order to gain the good opinion of those tribes, that nobody should dare to take anything without the permission of the natives), made no resistance; on the contrary, he received them with caresses. The Doctor inquired of him about the emerald mines, and Simandoca very kindly led him to where those jewels were found; for it was twenty-five miles beyond his territory, in a spot devoid of grass or trees. He then made his vassals dig out a good quantity, and, together with other jewels and gold, presented them to the Doctor, as things which he did not much esteem, for a basin of salt was to him more precious than his mountains of emeralds and gold. Thus the Doctor, with this beautiful and very valuable present, returned to *Sta. Martha.*

The fame of the newly discovered country, so abounding in gold and emeralds, soon spread; everybody desired to go there, and Don Pietro di Lugo wishing it even more than anybody else, prepared arms, horses, river-craft, and other requisites: having but few soldiers, he sent for more

men from *Carthagena*, and so started. He reached the confines of Bagotta's[1] territory; but those chiefs having heard of the horrors committed by the Spaniards wherever they went, took up arms to resist them and to defend their liberty. Yet finding, after many battles, that they were always beaten, and that already a great proportion of them were killed, and moreover, that daily reinforcements of Christians arrived from Carthagena and Sta. Martha, their hopes failed of ever being able to expel them from their country, and, overpowered by the fear of being all destroyed, they sought for peace. Thus did the Spaniards obtain the dominion of a great part of that country. Then Don Pietro di Lugo, after enduring some skirmishes with the Indians, traversed many villages, burning and robbing, but collecting a great quantity of gold and emeralds, finally returned to *Sta. Martha.*

This province is called by the Spaniards, the kingdom of *Nueva Granata*, and Captain George Robledo, in the year forty, erected there the town of *Carthago*, giving it this name, because nearly all the conquerors who were there when he arrived, came from *Carthagena*. From thence they excavated, and still excavate, a great quantity of emeralds. The *Velzari* also having heard of this very rich discovery, started from *Valenzuola* by land, and continuing through wild countries, and crossing the snowy mountains of *Sta. Martha* with good Indian guides, walked so far as to reach the emerald province. Then, after making some forays, and pillaging some Indian tribes, they returned to their government. The oppressed natives seeing themselves persecuted in this manner on every side, were unable to sustain so much grief and suffering; abusing and inveighing against the Christian name, they used to go to the woods to

[1] This chief's name was evidently transferred to the district; and the town built by the Spaniards in 1538, and which is now the capital of New Granada, was called *Santa Fé de Bogota.* (*Trans.*)

hang themselves, the women as well as the men; and of those who had nothing to tie themselves up with, as they chiefly go naked, the one helped the other to tie their hair round the branches of the trees, and then letting themselves fall, with most bitter lamentations, with howls and shrieks full of terror, and filling the air with their miseries, persisted in making away with themselves.[1]

The inhabitants of the valley of *Tunia* and the surrounding places, regard the sun as their principal deity. When they go to war, instead of carrying a standard, they have the bones of some of their ancestors, famed in arms, tied on canes, to induce the rest courageously to imitate their virtues, and fight valorously against their enemies. Their arms are lances made of the palm-tree and flint stones. They used to bury their chiefs with their ornaments of gold and emeralds, and with bread and wine; so that the Spaniards found many rich sepultures. The inhabitants of the banks of the *Great River* are Caribbees, as well as those of *Sta. Martha.* They have arrows stained with herbs; and before the Spaniards came into their country, they were violent enemies of Bagotta, constantly fighting against each other. They are brave, fierce, revengeful; when they went to war they carried with them their god Chiappe, who presided over victory; so that before they started they made many sacrifices to him, killing the children of some slave, or that had been captured from the enemy, smearing the bodies over with their blood, and then eating the flesh among them. If they proved victorious, they did the same with the blood of their enemies, with very great joy, singing, dancing, and getting drunk. If, on the contrary, they were beaten, they were moody, melancholy, and grieved; and offered more sacrifices to their idol to propitiate him, and induce him to be favourable to them.

[1] We here find a repetition, in this fine valley, of the horrors which occurred at Hispaniola, already treated of at page 77. (*Trans.*)

There would be many more things to say about these provinces and the habits of the people; but not to be tedious, I will go on to others. Returning to my journey: when I arrived at *Carthagena*, the ship in which I came being very leaky, she could not proceed for some time. It was necessary to wait for another opportunity; so at the end of forty-four days I embarked in a brigantine bound for *El Nombre de Dios*. We always coasted along, and so entered the Gulf of *Vrana*, and then into the port of *Achla*, the town being situated two bow-shots from the shore. There were about eight houses inhabited by Spaniards, though when first built there were many more neighbours: but affairs have been and are still more declining, both they and the Indians having nearly come to an end. The greater number have gone to seek better fortune; and the same has occurred to *l'Antica del Darien*, as well as to other places along that shore.

Eight days before I entered this port of *Achla*,[1] a ship came there from *San Domingo*, freighted with mules destined for *El Nombre de Dios*; but on reaching the mainland, the pilot not knowing the coast, and thinking he was lower down on the confines of *Veragua*, put the ship about, expecting thus to get to *Nombre de Dios*; but was coasting along towards *Carthagena*, when he reached the entrance of this port. The pilot not knowing where he was, nor where to go, stood gazing at the land undecided, when it happened that a Spaniard walking along the shore, seeing this vessel near the port's entrance, and yet not coming in, feared she would be lost from not knowing the anchorage; so instantly ran home, and catching up a towel, tied it on a lance and returned to

[1] It is rather difficult to identify the exact site of the once important town and port of Achla (*Bones of Men*): it was, however, to the west of the gulf of Vrana, and a little beyond Careta, on the Darien Coast. It will ever be memorable in American history, as having been the arsenal of the adventurous and able Vasco Nuñez, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. (*Trans.*)

the beach. When those on board saw the signal, they immediately went into the port and landed the mules. The merchants considering that if the animals were embarked again they might die from being so harassed, determined to send the ship to *El Nombre de Dios*, while they led the mules there by land. This they prepared to do, and laid in a stock of food, sufficient, as they thought, for the journey. The merchants requested me to be pleased to accompany them, and so we started, taking with us a Spaniard, not a very experienced guide, and twenty black slaves belonging to the merchants, each carrying a knife in his hand to clear the path for us; nor could we ever have got on without this precaution, for it was crossed by frequent branches. After having walked very slowly during fourteen days we had accomplished little more than half the journey, and found only the remains of the abandoned huts of the Indian villages which existed when they were prosperous. The merchants had already decided that one of the mules must be killed, since their provisions were finished; when one evening about sunset, whilst on the summit of a hill, to the great joy of all we saw a smoke, and the guide asserted that it proceeded from the dwelling of some Indians. Still he was of opinion that we should not go there until two or three hours after nightfall, and so take them by surprise: alleging this good reason, that if we went immediately, the moment they saw us, thinking that we were certainly going to make them slaves (as used to be the case before the imperial edict came from Spain ordering their freedom), they would escape to the woods, and we should not be able to get any provisions.

We adopted his advice, and the more to insure our not being seen, we descended half way down the hill, and waited there a great part of the night. We then went to the houses, which were four, and very small; we entered, and the noise awakening the Indians, as soon as they perceived us, they

set up a lamentable cry of *Guacci, Guacci,* a name that sounds like, and means, a small quadruped that prowls about at night, living on prey; and this same name they have given to the Christians! Having entered the huts, we seized almost all the people that were there, and continued very vigilant the rest of the night. I may say that I have never heard so much crying, especially from the women, as I did that night, since they thought for certain that we intended to make them all slaves; they threw their heads about disconsolately, talked grievously together, knocked their heads on the ground, and with their hands and their teeth tore our clothes like wild beasts, and spat in our faces; and truly, if we had not prevented them, some of them would have killed themselves. So much so, that at dawn, when their frightful screams subsided, in the best way we could we sought to appease them, and by signs[1] gave them to understand that we had not gone to their houses for any other purpose but to seek something to eat, so as to pass on with our mules to the other sea; and that for the future they need have no fear, for the king of Castile had commanded that there should be no more slaves. Thus, and with other similar words, we somewhat pacified them; but they still feared some deceit.

In this manner we were provided with bread, fish, fruits, and the flesh of wild pigs, which in India always have bristles along the back. In payment we gave them some knives, a little salt, and would have given them some reals, but they would not have these, saying that they knew not what to do with them. So, after resting four days there we resumed our journey, and one of the Indians, of his own good will, accompanied us a long way, until he had put us into the right track. On being asked by us whether there

[1] Signs, in such a case, must have formed a miserably lame medium of communication; as probably only one party understood what was meant. (*Trans.*)

were any other Indian habitations on our route, he answered No; for what with those that the Guacci had seized, and others that they had killed, they had destroyed all the country. With this he returned home, and we, after eight days hard work, reached *Panamà*.

Some say that the features of this city are almost as grand as those of Venice; though I think that these authors cannot have seen the more than magnificent and most illustrious Venice; a city so exalted, both as regards its power, its imperial majesty, its commerce and riches, and also its distinguished virtue and justice, as not to be inferior to any that the sun shines upon. And, undoubtedly, ten Venetian merchants would suffice to buy up all the merchandize that once a-year is brought here, as well as the town also. And in order that it should not be supposed that I say this to deteriorate from the glory and ambition of the Spanish nation, I will also give a complete account of *El Nombre de Dios*. This town is situated on the Northern Sea. Therefore fourteen or fifteen Spanish vessels, large and small, usually go there, and the greatest may carry eighteen hundred salms (*or about three hundred and sixty tons*). The cargoes consist of various articles, but principally of wine, flour, biscuit, and the rest of oil, some cloth and silk, besides various other merchandize made in Spain for household use, as well as for supporting human life. And sometimes it has happened, that the market has been so over-stocked, that the articles did not fetch the price which they originally cost in Spain. I have even seen some instances of people having various goods left on their hands, such as oil, figs, raisins, et cetera, and not being able to obtain any price for them, they have left them with the captain of the ship for the freight. Whilst, on the contrary, there have been times when everything was so scarce in consequence of the ships not coming (owing to their fear of the French), that every article was sold, as the saying is, for its weight in gold. But then the ships arriving at *El Nombre de*

Dios,[1] the merchants sent their cargoes in small boats up the river *Chiare*, to a place called *La Croce*, fifteen miles from *Panamà*. There they are given in charge to a Spaniard, who takes care of them till the mulcteers gradually carry them to Panamà. Then, by means of other ships built there, the greater part are sent on to Peru, and to all the cities in that large kingdom of Peru inhabited by Spaniards, including in the number Panamà and *El Nombre de Dios*. The largest census yet made scarcely gives four thousand persons, so that the reader may easily judge whether Panamà can be compared in commerce with the very rich and most illustrious city of Venice. There are some Spaniards in these countries, so vain-glorious that they never cease praising themselves, especially those who have (*not*) been in Italy. Some boast that they have taken such a fortress, and that they have fought in a stockade, and have always been victorious. Others, with their own means, have taken and sacked a large and powerful town; and boast that one Spaniard is worth four Germans, three Frenchmen, or two Italians: and five hundred of them would doubtless suffice

[1] Here, again, is some geographical confusion, for the above passage gives an inference that *El Nombre de Dios* was the port of the river *Chiare*, which by resemblance would seem to be the Chagre: but the port of that name, which became famous for the reception and transmission of the riches of Peru to Spain, was situated to the east of Porto-bello. *Nombre de Dios*, it will be recollected, was founded by the unfortunate Nicuesa in 1510, in the bight which Columbus had named *Bastimentos*. It seems to have been sadly worried by the Indians, as they were called; insomuch that, about the year 1584, the inhabitants removed to Porto-bello, as a place better adapted for commerce and safety. That faithful old navigator, Dampier, visiting it nearly a century afterwards, thus describes it:—"Indeed these parts have undergone great changes in this last age, as well in places themselves as in their owners, and commodities of them; particularly *Nombre de Dios*, a city once famous, and which still retains a considerable name in some late accounts, is now nothing but a name. For I have lain ashore in the place where that city stood; but it is all overgrown with wood, so as to leave no sign that any town hath been there." (*Trans.*)

to conquer painted Venice, as if it was a straw or wooden village consisting of some twenty-five or thirty-houses, like those that they have built in India.

There are many of them moreover, who, coming from Spain to these Indies, or to the provinces, over which they tyrannize, in their inflated vanity (*sgonsi di vento*) claim descent from the Goths, and Gusmans, and Maurichi. Yet when the truth is discovered, we find that in Spain they were mere tenders of swine or shepherds.

Connected with this topic, I will here relate what occurred in Italy to a Spaniard named Il Montanese. He being, not long before the memorable battle of Ravenna, in the magnicent city of Sienna, in conversation with many persons, nobles as well as plebeians, vaunting, with proud words, that the virtue of the Spanish nation was superior to that of every other country, said, that among their many other rare qualities, no one could compare with them in handling the sword. At these words, uttered with unbearable arrogance, a young Roman, named Giuliano, of the Parione district, came forward, saying: "Oh, Montanese, if you will agree to fight, body to body, and with similar arms, I should like to prove to thee that there is not a better or more courageous foreign soldier to be found than an Italian." This answer, so generous and so modestly given, was unanimously approved by all; and it was therefore agreed between them that each should select a companion, and that they would fight with Spanish swords, and with capes, not shields. The Montanese chose a young man from Cordova, an acquaintance of his, who handled a sword well. And the Roman did not fail to obtain Il Tiracoscia da Castello, whom he lovingly and pleasingly invited to the honour and glory of the Italian blood. Almost all Tuscany flocked to this splendid spectacle on the appointed day; and the gentlemen granted them their arena as an undisturbed field, it being formed exactly like a theatre. This battle was fought valiantly,

and encouraged on both sides; as they felt that they had boldly entrusted the public honour to these private hands. The Spaniards, fighting in the style of ancient gladiators, were the first to be exhausted, and to acknowledge themselves vanquished; having received seventeen severe wounds, as well on the face as on other parts of the body, and the Italians had received only nine. This battle was not only celebrated joyfully by the people, but was also gloriously and learnedly sung by the poets, of whom there was always a great abundance in Tuscany.

But to return to the city of Panamà: it is situated on a small plain near the margin of the Southern Sea, and, at full moon, the waves frequently reach the houses and enter those built on that side of the town. They are encircled partly by reeds and partly by wood, and nearly all roofed with shingles; nor, in my time, did they exceed a hundred and twenty.[1] The port is good and safe, but small; when the sea rises, ships go in; but when it falls again, they go out with only part of their cargo; for the water is shallow, and recedes so far, that two miles of beach remain exposed, and nothing but swamps are seen. The ships that have gone out, lie a little farther in the offing; and both load and unload their cargoes by means of boats. As to the staple articles that are brought to Panamà, they consist of maize, a little flour from Peru, poultry, and honey. There is abundance of cows, pigs, oranges, lemons, all sorts of cabbages, onions, lettuces, melons, and other produce of the kitchen garden. This province of Panamà used to be inhabited by several tribes of Indians, and in all their rivers there was a great deal of gold. But the Spaniards have consumed everything.

[1] Panamà (*abounding with fish*) had suffered from foes and fires, but when we cruized before it in the last year of the Spanish war, it was wonderfully different in aspect to what Benzoni describes; for it was then a substantially-built city, and its citadel, cathedral, convents, and other public edifices, fully stamped it a vice-regal residence. (*Trans.*)

From *Panamà* to *Nombre de Dios*, is a distance of fifty miles. During the first day's journey, the way is tolerably good, but beyond this there are woods, and they continue through the rest of the journey. Half-way, there is a river, which, owing to its many windings, retards passengers for three hours; and it has happened to some travellers, being there in the winter, while they were in the midst of this river, that it began to rain desperately, and the water rose to such a degree, that having no place of refuge, they were drowned. I knew a Spaniard who was crossing this river after it had begun to swell, and there remained only the last branch to cross, whilst he was mounted on a mule, with the value of four thousand ducats in gold and jewels. The stream carrying him down, he tied himself to the branch of a tree until he could get to the bank, and so having lost everything, reached *Nombre de Dios* in his waistcoat.

This town is built on the sea-shore, extending from east to west, in the midst of a wood. The locality is unhealthy, especially in winter, from the great heat and the humidity of the ground; for a marsh surrounds it on the western side. Consequently a great many people die there; and as to the houses, they are like those of *Panamà*. When I resided in that province there were fifteen or twenty merchants, wholesale dealers; all the other houses and shops being occupied by small tradesmen, apothecaries, sailors, inn-keepers, and other useful people. All the merchants who have a house at *Nombre de Dios*, have one also at *Panamà*, and live there till they become rich. On the northern side is the port, which is capable of containing many ships. As to Spanish articles produced by this pestiferous land, there are oranges, lemons, radishes the size of a mouse's tail, some vegetables, and a few small lettuces, not very good. All the rest is like produce of *Española* island, of *Cuba*, and of the province of *Nicaragua*, that is, maize, cazibi, salt meat, pigs, and

battatas; and from *Panamà* they bring cows, if they wish to eat fresh meat; and everything else, as I have said before, is brought from Spain.

Among the woods on the eastern side, not very far from *Nombre de Dios*, there are numbers of black runaways, who have killed many Spaniards sent by the governors of the province to destroy them. In those woods, near some streams, they found several houses inhabited by Indians, and made friends with them. They throw poisoned arrows, and often many of them go to the Panamà route, and kill as many travellers as fall into their hands, cruelly cutting them in pieces. In winter, owing to contrary winds, the boats that go to the river *Chiare* are a long time in reaching *La Croce;* yet by them the merchants send some articles to *Panamà*, and they occasionally meet with these outlaws, who plunder all the goods, leaving the blacks who lead the mules, unless they like to go with them. And this is the substance of the treaties and contracts between the city of *Panamà* and *Nombre de Dios*.

As I previously promised to give you an entire description of the intensely sterile country of *Veragua*, this seems to me the most appropriate place, as we are close to it; so that the reader may be convinced of the great difference there is in speaking of a place from hearsay, and from one's own experience.

In the year of our salvation fifteen hundred and forty, Diego Gutierrez, of Madrid, was appointed by the emperor, governor of *Nueva Carthago*, in *Costa-Rica*, a very rich province; and he left Spain accordingly. He arrived at *Nombre de Dios*, and then in a *fregata*, or barge, by the canal he went to *Nicaragua*, to collect men and enter on his government. But Roderigo de Contreras was still ruler of that province, and in consequence of some discord that arose between them he continued there two years longer, until, through the bishop's kind intercession, they became friends.

Thus Contreras came to a consultation with Diego Gutierrez on the government, and he made known to him what a terrible country it was, impossible to be conquered, from being covered with impenetrable woods and rugged mountains; so that not only they could not go there on horseback, but in many parts men on foot could scarcely penetrate into it: that all the captains who had led men there, what with those who died of hunger, and others who were killed by the Indians, had lost nearly all their followers. If he (*Diego*), however, was determined to go there, he would advise him to keep a party of a hundred Spaniards always on the sea-shore; and three or four times a-year, in the summer, to make a foray, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, pillaging those people, who were all very rich, possessing a great quantity of gold; and that he would oblige himself, on condition of sharing in the spoils, to supply him with all the food requisite, according to the Indian manner of living. To these words Don Diego answered:—"That the emperor had conferred that government on him that he might people it, and not for him to pillage it; and if fortune had been adverse to others, he trusted in God that it would be more propitious to him. That on no account would he abandon the enterprise, nor did he wish for any companionship." So with this determination he prepared himself, bought some maize, pigs, salt, honey, poultry, and other things; and then left *Granata* with sixty Spaniards, and embarked in two brigantines. They went by the *scolatoio* (drain or canal) by which he had come, soon reached the sea-shore, and going fifty miles along the coast eastward (or rather S. by E.), entered his government by the river *Suere*. Six miles from the sea, he found some uninhabited houses on the bank of the said river, so went on shore and settled himself as well as he could. Then some chiefs came to visit him, and presented him with seven hundred ducats of alloyed gold. The governor received

them with much kindness; and although neither one side nor the other could understand a single word, he wished them to comprehend that he had come there to teach them how to save their souls. He then gave to each a paternoster of glass beads, some jingles (*sonaglie*), bells, and other things. He next asked them where they obtained their gold, and they told him they got it from very distant countries; that it was found in certain rivers which descended from very steep mountains. They now departed to their respective homes, and sent some of their vassals with fish, fruits, and wild boar's flesh dried at the fire.[1]

The governor seeing that many days had passed, that his provisions brought from Nicaragua were diminishing, and that, it being winter, he could make no progress, began to ask the caciques for a supply of maize for a few days, because shortly he wished to go farther on. But although there was nothing that they wished for more than this, thinking that if the Christians had nothing to eat they must leave their country, under pretence of friendship to the governor they sent him a little. The soldiers, however, feeling the want of food, and that they were leading a miserable life, one night all agreed to run away; and by land along the sea-shore, reached the *scolatoio* or drain. In two days they embarked on board two vessels coming from *Nombre de Dios*, and so returned to *Nicaragua*.

The governor finding that his soldiers had deserted, and that there were remaining with him only his nephew, four servants, and a sailor, had a hole dug in the earth, put into it several jars full of salt and some honey, and embarked in a

[1] This meat—"seccato al fuoco"—is an early mention of the *buccaning* of those days, when the Spanish *matadores* or *monteros* hunted the wild bulls and boars for their hides and flesh, the latter being cured by roasting and smoking. Hence arose the name buccaneers, which, about 1630, became the soubriquet of those bold piratical freebooters who ravaged the Spaniards so fearfully. (*Trans.*)

fregata (or river craft), in which he went down to the seashore, with the intention of returning to *Nicaragua*. But just as he was putting out to sea a brigantine entered, commanded by Captain Bariento, laden with people and ammunition from *Nicaragua* to help him. In consequence of this succour the governor remained, and sent the brigantine to *Nombre de Dios*, appointing his nephew, Alonzo di Pisa, to command it: he gave him the cacique's presents, and commissioned him to collect as many men as he could. On his arrival at *Nombre de Dios*, the report was spread abroad of a very rich country; thus he collected twenty-seven men, and I being in that town at the time would be one of them, although I was reproved by an old Spaniard, who had been in the province of *Carthagena*, and *Sta. Marta*, and other parts during fifteen years. He advised me on no account to allow myself to be induced to undertake such an enterprise, and not to believe anything the captain said, for they care not to assert one thing for another to carry their point; and even if my wish was to go, at least to wait for another opportunity, thus seeing how matters went on. But as I was young and strong, and felt a sort of high aspiration, desirous also of enriching myself, I would not attend to his words; so determined to go. We started, and in four days reached the mouth of the river *Suere;* yet there being a heavy sea, and not being able to enter without great danger, we turned back and scudded to the *Zorobaro* islands, which are near the confines of *Nueva Carthago* and the province of *Veragua*. If this is a bad country, that is indeed a worse—*si è molto peggio*. These are small islands, and the Indians who used to inhabit them have retired to the mountains on the mainland.

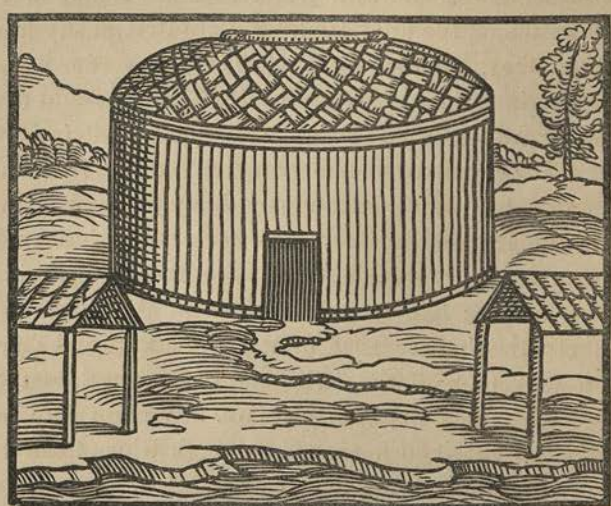
In consequence of contrary winds, the month of June being the beginning of winter, we remained there seventy-two days, and in all this time we did not see four hours of sunshine. Almost constantly, and especially in the night,

there was so much heavy rain, and thunder and lightning, that it seemed as if both heaven and earth would be destroyed. A black man and two Spaniards were struck by lightning in the brigantine, and killed by it, and the rest of the crew were greatly alarmed.[1] The captain of the vessel approached the mainland, with the intention of landing wherever he saw any Indian habitations, to obtain provisions, but after seeking on foot for eight days, without finding anything save woods and swamps, and mountains that were astonishing even to the eye, he returned along the coast with very great labour; scarcely eating anything but large snails, and some wild fruits that are found in those woods, on which the apes feed, who are continually leaping about the trees. He led us to where the governor was, and the brigantine did not enter the harbour for about twenty days after us. The governor immediately sent it back to *Nombre de Dios* to collect more men, and we rested a few days. Meanwhile we caught a great many turtles of immense size, for during four months they flock to the beach to lay their eggs, and they are consequently found there in immense numbers; like crocodiles, they lay them in the sand, and there the intense heat of the sun hatches the young turtles. We took off the shells, and collecting the fat, tried it down, and filled large earthen jars. We also salted some of the flesh, but it soon spoiled; though when fresh it was very wholesome and excellent eating. The first day that we entered the port, the governor graciously placed me at his table, and took pleasure in conversing with me. The greater part of his conversation was about gold, and silver,

[1] It will be recollected how greatly Columbus was assaulted by gales, and thunder and lightning, at this very spot; when he and his men were struggling against all the elements and dreading them all, the rain threatening another universal deluge the while. Among other meteorological phenomena related by Ferdinand Colon, was a waterspout so dangerous, that if it had not been dispersed by saying the gospel of St. John, they had certainly been sunk! (*Trans.*)

and the wars, and the cruelties inflicted on wretched Italy, and especially on Milan. But when he perceived that such subjects were disagreeable to me, he took a dislike to me, and never would bear the sight of me after.

Having obtained these stores, the governor started in his *fregata*, accompanied by four Indian boats and all his soldiers. Following the river for about thirty miles from the port we soon entered the boundaries of *Suere*, and there he occupied a house belonging to the chief of that district, and which was for his recreation when he came to this river to fish.



A well-roofed house in the province of Suere.

This house was shaped like an egg, in length about forty-five paces, and nine in breadth. It was encircled with reeds, covered with palm branches remarkably well interlaced; there were also a few other houses, but of a common sort. The governor called this town St. Francis, because we reached it on that saint's day. Then the chief of *Suere* and *Chiuppa*, and other small chieftains, came to visit him,

but presented him only with some fruits. The governor accepted of them amiably, but was very much surprised why they did not bring him any gold; and through a Spanish interpreter, who had had some intercourse with the Indians, and had learnt their language tolerably, told them that he had come to reveal to them something that would be of great consolation to them. When the dinner hour arrived he invited them to dine with him, and seated them at his table, together with the priest and the interpreter. The Indian chiefs eat very little, for there was nothing but fowls and salt pork, a sort of food that they did not like at all; so that the greater part of what was put before them they threw to their servants, who were near the table seated on the ground; and even they, laughing at such victuals, threw it to the dogs. When the banquet was finished, he began to discuss matters of faith with his guests, and spoke in the following tenor: "I am come to your country, my very dear brethren and friends, to raise you out of the idolatry in which, by the inducement of the false devil, you have to the present hour been shackled. I intend to teach you the true path to the salvation of your souls, and that Jesus Christ, the son of God, our Saviour, descended from heaven and came down to earth to redeem mankind. That priest has come from Spain for no other purpose than to teach you matters of faith in the Christian religion, and to prepare your souls to submit yourselves to so divine a law, and to obedience to the emperor Charles V, king of Spain and monarch of the world." On hearing this discourse the Indian chiefs answered not a word; they only bowed their heads as if they assented to everything; they then rose from the table and went to their homes.[1]

The following day the governor sent a Spaniard, accom-

[1] Such speeches as the above, even if comprehended, could have been but little relished by people who were already in possession of a religion which taught the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards

panied by two Indians, to ask two caciques who resided on the opposite side of the river, to come directly to see him, on his faith, without fear of any sort. They came, though unwillingly, and immediately the governor made them go into the store-room, and putting a chain round their necks had them led into his room, and there, near his bed, in an instant had them bound; where, with some leaves under them and a block of wood as their pillow, according to their custom, they slept on the ground. These two caciques were the same who presented him with seven hundred gold ducats at the commencement of his government, as has already been described. Then he began to ask for the salt and the honey that he had left buried when he went down to the sea-shore; for he had sent to get it, and had not found it. They answered that they knew nothing about it, and kept no account of things in which they abounded. These answers did not satisfy the governor, wherefore he threatened them by saying that he would in one way or other be repaid; so much so, that the youngest, Camachire, gave him two thousand gold ducats, but of base alloy, worked into the shape of boars, tigers, fish, birds, and other sorts of animals. The governor seeing but little gold in proportion to what he wished for, had a great fire made, and leading only Camachire there, placed a great basket before him, and fiercely threatened that if, in four days, he did not give him as much gold as would fill that basket six times, he would burn him. The poor cacique therefore fearing death, promised to do it, and sent some of his slaves to collect it. And because in those countries of India the inhabitants generally wash themselves two or three times a-day, a servant was entrusted by the governor to lead the cacique every day to bathe, and

and punishments; and this want of understanding their fellow-men, proved how little the Spaniards understood the first principles of colonization. Hence the needless havoc of human life, and the wreck of the New World which followed. (*Trans.*)

on one occasion, not fastening (*non serrando bene*) the place well on his return, the cacique escaped the following night. The governor was so mortified at this that he fell ill, and was full of spite whenever he saw his empty basket afterwards.

The other chiefs of *Suere* and *Chiuppa*, seeing the governor's ill-treatment of his prisoners, burnt the houses, cut down the fruit trees, carried away the grain from the fields, and destroyed the country; after which they retired to the mountains. Affairs were going on thus unfavourably, and the governor, though still somewhat ailing, yet did not cease from repeating his attacks on the other cacique, named Cocori, who continued in chains, and from whom he demanded a certain quantity of gold. After having contested with him for many days, during which the governor threatened several times to put him to death, Cocori persisted that he had none of the metal to give him. At last he told his prisoner, that if he did not collect the required quantity of gold, he should be torn to pieces and eaten by the dogs. The cacique on hearing these words, not at all intimidated, accused him of being a liar, for he had often threatened to kill him and then had not done so; and he declared that he wished to die rather than live in such misery, bound as he kept him: he said he had come to visit the governor, depending on his proffered faith, thinking he should be well treated instead of being so dishonoured: and finally, that he could not imagine how Christians could be such a generation of vipers, committing such great evil wherever they went; he only wondered how the earth could bear them. The governor was greatly astonished on hearing this language; and only answered that he kept him confined because he was a thief, having stolen his salt and his honey.

During the progress of these events, the governor had sent a boat with six Indians down to the sea-shore to one of

his servants to get some cross-bows, shields, and other stores; but when they had obtained these articles, the Indians made off with the boat and all, nor were they ever heard of after.[1] Diego Gutierrez seeing that he had thus lost his boat, that the Indians had escaped, that the brigantine did not return, and that, through want of provisions, the greater part of his soldiers wished to run away, became melancholy and discontented, and having no other remedy, determined almost like a desperate man to advance inland. He thus commanded every one to prepare, and shared the little grain he had amongst us all; he sent the sick men down to the sea-shore, and a servant of his with them, to desire Captain Alonzo di Pisa to follow him (*up the river*), informing him that, as a clue, he would leave a cross wherever he went. When we were all on the point of marching, and the cacique saw that, as a mark of contempt, the governor intended to take him and some of his Indians with him laden with luggage, he was so grieved that he began to cry like a child; and he told our chief that if he would liberate him, he would give him a good quantity of gold at the end of four days. Diego would have very willingly done this if it had not been for some of his suite, who dissuaded him, saying that the cacique was a liar, and that if they delayed starting there would be no provision left to advance with, and that he could at any time be ransoned; they urged that it would be better that same night to go and pillage the cacique's tribe, and so get provisions, besides some Indians to serve them, than to wait for the performance of his promise. But the governor would not consent to this, lest the Spaniards whom he might send there should run away. Thus we started, and scarcely had we risen above the houses, than I guessed what would become of us, so remarked to a Spaniard—"We are going to the shambles;" and he in answer said as follows:

[1] By *mai più se n'hebbe nuova* Benzoni does not mean that they were lost at sea, but that the Spaniards never heard of them again. (*Trans.*)

"Thou art one of those whom we intend shall have a principality in spite of thyself."

We marched five or six days without seeing any habitation whatever; always through woods and over mountains, and of the latter we proceeded down one the descent of which continued fifteen miles, and in some parts was so steep that we had to hold by the roots of the trees in order not to fall. We then reached a large and rapid river, and on its banks found some uninhabited houses that must have been occupied by hunters, for they contained numerous bones and skulls of deer, tigers (*Felis onca ?*), and other animals. We rested there two days, there being a good quantity of the *mammei* apple; and near a rivulet, many roots resembling those in *Española* island from which the *cazibi* are prepared, but well flavoured, so that simply roasted among the embers they do no harm. With these we pacified our hunger, and, proceeding onwards, in three days came to a spot where two pathways met. Not knowing which to follow, the governor asked an Indian in our train, which it was best to pursue in order to reach some Indian villages; and when he answered that he did not know, the negro[1] slaves were ordered to kill him; which they did accordingly. The governor said this was the way to treat bad men: and then put a similar question to the cacique, who answering also that he did not know, Diego Gutierrez ordered the blacks to do the same by him. When the cacique saw that they were going towards him, he calmly set down his load and bowed his head. Upon this the blacks were ordered not to strike, but to let him live.

Three Spaniards were left in this spot; for, exhausted with hunger, they could no longer stand on their feet; wherefore they were afterwards killed by the Indians. In the evening the governor, seeing that we had nothing to eat,

[1] The author's word is *mori*, but Italians give this epithet to everything black; see *ante*, p. 114. (*Trans.*)

and being unwilling to give any part of what he had, issued orders for the dogs to be killed; and that each man should take his share. I, for my part, made a present of my share, for it was full of worms. I then went to Don Diego, in the hope that he would provide me with something; but he told me to go and eat of the roots of trees, whereat one of the Spaniards who heard him, said: "Sir governor, since you will not share the good and the bad with us, go and make war by yourself." On the strength of these and other words, and at the intercession of the captain, however unwillingly, he gave up a piece of cheese weighing three pounds, and it was divided into thirty-four shares; we were thus pacified for the evening. But that same night the governor ordered his cook to boil him a piece of pork, and it being my turn to be sentry till four o'clock in the morning, I walked about near the fire, till finding that everybody was asleep, I quickly took a piece of wood, cut it to a point with my knife, and dipping it into the pipkin stuck the piece of pork. I then immediately tied it up in my knapsack, and returned to keep watch at my post, better pleased than if I had found a great treasure. When the governor knew of his loss, although he was a good deal annoyed, he only said it was now time to abandon the pipkin. I, in the meanwhile, enjoyed my pork, although it was rather salt, instead of eating the roots of trees.

In two days we reached the entrance to a wood, and saw an Indian who was watching us from behind a tree; and as soon as he detected us, he ran off like a deer to warn the chief of the district of our approach. Consequently the next day at dawn, a multitude of Indians advanced upon us. Don Diego being on the side on which the enemy assailed us, was the first killed. Advancing with horrid howls and screams, and noises with the buccinus—shell and drums, all painted red and black, adorned with feathers, and golden trinkets round their necks, together with other things, as practised by all

those Indian nations when they go to war, the battle began. I, wishing to take up my sword and shield, stumbled with one foot into the helmet of my companion, who had overlooked it from some leaves having fallen on it. I put it on my head, and by the grace of God it saved my life through that conflict; for the Indians threw stones with such force, and hit it in so many places, that it looked as if a smith had hammered it all over. Having fought on both sides for half a quarter of an hour,[1] during which we killed and wounded a great many Indians, we made them turn their shoulders; but fresh reinforcements coming up and renewing the strife, and the greater part of us being more exhausted with hunger than with fighting, we could not resist the great multitude of infuriated enemies, and were mostly soon killed with stones and sticks, and speared through with palm lances. I found myself alone with our captain, and soon a stone was so well aimed at him out of the wood, that I saw him fall dead. I now retreated behind a large tree, and was standing there stunned, not knowing what to do, when two bleeding Spaniards came up to me and said: "What are you doing there, Milanese? as all our party are killed, come to the path by which we marched here, and let us endeavour to save our lives." So I preceded them, and we passed through a group of twenty-five Indians, all chiefs, each only holding one lance and a mantle drawn up to one shoulder; and they were not painted at all like the others. One of them threw his lance at my throat, but it did not hurt me much, for I wore a jacket wadded with cotton. Thus we passed on; and not far distant, on the summit of a hill, we found our priest, who had fled with two soldiers at the commencement of the fight. In two hours more we met Captain Alonzo di Pisa, who was coming with twenty-four Spaniards, according to

[1] This must have been sharp work, but the time of the conflict seems very short: Benzoni's words are expressly—"*per ispatio di mezo quarto d'hora.*" (*Trans.*)

the governor's orders; and immediately we were overtaken by about a hundred Indians, armed with the swords, shields, and cross-bows that they had taken from our slain. They danced and leaped, and called out in bad Spanish: "Take gold, Christians, take gold;" but as soon as they saw our numbers, they turned their backs and fled.

With very great labour and danger we reached the sea-shore. The two Spaniards who had survived the battle with me remained at the foot of a mountain, not being able to walk on account of their wounds. Then two young men joined us, who had hidden themselves in the wood when the enemy assailed us, and remained there till the Indians had gone away. When they left their hiding place they found that the natives had cut off and taken away the governor's head, feet, and hands; they had done the same by the two negroes, and they had rifled all the rest and thrown their bodies into the rivulet. They had also carried away everything except the oil and the soap. Of our people thirty-four died, and six of us survived; but of the enemy a great many more were slain, for they were estimated at four thousand. It is true that many of them were very timid, and even cowardly; and if we had but possessed four horses the Indians would not have fought, as they dread this very spirited animal more than all the arms that the Spaniards have used against them. So that they say publicly, it is not the valour of the Christians, nor their arms, artillery, lances, swords, or cross-bows that have subdued them, but the fear, the fright, inspired by their horses. And we know this by experience, for in every place where the Spaniards have been unaccompanied by horses, they have been vanquished by the Indians: but when they first went to Mexico, the natives fancied that the man and the horse were united in one.[1]

[1] Such a notion prevailed before the expedition of Cortez to Mexico; for it favoured the forces of Columbus in his second voyage, when he encountered Caunabo in 1495. These horses, considering their trials,

Already my readers may see what was the leading feeling in the Spaniards in conquering these Indian nations, although they praise themselves so much in their histories as having always fought for the Christian faith. But experience clearly shows, especially in these countries, that they fought from avarice; and that this is the truth, is shewn by the great variety of captains and governors that were sent out; for wherever they did not find riches they would not stay; and among so many I will name a few.

First, Antonio Sedegno entered the gulf of *Paria*, with upwards of seven hundred Spaniards, in search of gold. After hunting through three provinces without finding the riches he expected, he would not remain in the country: he consequently fell ill from vexation, and from despondency more than from disease, ended his days; for out of the great number of soldiers that he took with him, only fifty-five returned to the gulf.

Fernando di Soto, with five hundred Spaniards, was appointed governor of *Fiorita* (Florida), which province was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon: and he gave it this name because he arrived there at Easter, or the day of the Resurrection. Soto went scouring about through many districts, making sure that he should find some very great treasure; and having seen several Indians wearing golden trinkets, he inquired where they got them, and they said from a very distant country. The governor thinking that they said this only to induce him to quit them (as they already knew what the Christians were in quest of), began to torment some of them to induce a confession of where they kept it, and where it was to be found. Amongst other cruelties that he inflicted on these people, he seized fifteen

must have behaved wonderfully well. They were probably the famous Andalusians, suitable from being of a moderate size, well-knit, docile, and of ready paces. (*Trans.*)

caciques, and threatened to burn them if they did not shew him whence they obtained the gold; whereupon those miserable men, surprised and frightened, hardly knowing what they said, promised in the course of eight days to lead him to a place where he would find it in great abundance. But after marching upwards of twelve days without seeing any signs of gold, the governor, becoming bitterly enraged against them, had their hands cut off and turned them adrift. Soon after, one of the principal chiefs of that province came to see the governor, bringing him a present of two parrots and some feathers; and then inquired who he was, whence he came, and what he was seeking, doing so much evil. The governor answered through an interpreter, what all the other captains used to say:—"That he was a Christian, son of God the creator of heaven and earth, and that he had come to teach him his divine law." But to this the chief replied:—"If thy God commands thee to go to the country of strangers, robbing and burning, killing and doing every sort of evil, we give thee to understand that we are not inclined to believe in him, nor even in his law." Having said this, he went away. Then the governor proceeded, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, hoping to find very rich mines, without caring to build a town. At the end of five years he died of a flux of blood, thus losing his life and his thirst of gold together, as well as the treasure that he had got from sacking *Atabalida* in Peru.

Pamphilo de Narvaez[1] went with six hundred Spaniards to the river of Palms, on the same coast of *La Fiorita*, a hundred miles to the north of *Paneccho*. Hastening on shore with the half of the people (though not in the place he

[1] The colleague of Pamphilo de Narvaez, on one expedition, was the humane Clerigo Las Casas; yet on that occasion occurred one of the most causeless massacres that happened in the New World. The Clerigo himself records it: and the impression left is, that the Spanish brutes were fleshing their swords for sport! (*Trans.*)

thought, owing to a mistake of the principal pilot of the expedition), and not finding any signs of gold, he did not care to build, so sent the ships with the rest of his men to seek for the said river. But a violent storm soon ensuing, the vessels were blown on shore, and nearly all the Spaniards were drowned. The rest went prowling about those districts during several years, and from want of food twelve of them eat each other! Finally, out of the six hundred with which he started, only ten were seen to return; who on reaching Mexico said publicly that they had healed many sick by only breathing on them, and moreover, that they had resuscitated three dead men. But their holinesses must forgive me, if I would sooner believe that they had killed four live men than that they had resuscitated one half-dead man—*un mezo morto.*

What shall we say of Fernando Cortez, when he went to conquer New Spain, that after having entered Mexico with the good will of king Montezuma, he had to go against Narvaez, who had arrived at *Vera Cruz* with nine hundred Spaniards, by order of Diego Velasques, governor of the island of *Cuba.* He was to overthrow him (*F. Cortez*) or thrust him out of the kingdom, because he had not reported on his success, or on the country newly found, although he was only a lieutenant sent by him (*Velasquez*) on that enterprise. Cortez having thus to quit Mexico, left Captain Pedro d'Alvarado with two hundred and fifty Spaniards to guard the town, and all their property; but one day, while they were looking at a great number of Indians of all ranks dancing and singing, the Spaniards seeing that in honour of this feast the Indians were adorned with a great variety of jewels, they were seized with such an unconquerable rage for plunder, that, without any fear of shame, Alvarado with a party of his men assailed them, and most cruelly wounded and killed a great many, and tore off the jewels they were wearing. This occasioned the Indians to rebel, and they

killed a good portion of the invaders.[1] Cortez having heard these bad tidings after the defeat of Anaruiz (*Narvaez*), returned to Mexico, but in a short time the Indians chased him again from the town with some loss on his side. The natives themselves with a stone killed Montezuma, who was standing with Cortez; they therefore appointed another king named Qualttimoc. But after Cortez had gone through many labours, and had subjected many nations, he received large succours from Spain; whereupon, accompanied by a great multitude of Indians also, he returned to Mexico, besieged it, and took it at the end of three months.

The soldiers, who were delighted with the hope of finding some enormous treasure, and of all becoming very rich, were wretchedly deceived; for the Indians had thrown all the gold and silver they had into the lake; wherefore the Spaniards, being exasperated, began to torment the natives to reveal their gold, and maimed and killed many, without ever being able to discover it. Cortez was very much surprised also at not finding the gold or silver that he had left in the town when he had to evacuate it. Nor could they hear anything of Montezuma's treasure, which was famed to be very large; or of that which was kept in the temples for the service of the gods. And seeing that neither high nor low people would acknowledge where those riches were, Cortez seized the king and his secretary, and subjected them both to torture, thinking in this way to make them confess; but they would never reveal anything; wherefore the secretary was most cruelly burnt by slow degrees, he all the time exclaiming severely —*con grandissima lamentatione*—against the wickedness of the Christians, and died in six hours.

Cortez, now convinced that the king also would sooner let

[1] This was nearly the ruin of the Spaniards. Unlike Cortez, Alvarado was merely a sturdy soldier, without mind; who thought by a sudden onslaught to intimidate the whole population. But it would have gone hard with him, had not Montezuma generously (*inconsiderately?*) interfered in his favour. (*Trans.*)

himself be killed than reveal, ceased to torment him; but he soon afterwards put him into confinement, and carried him about with him into several of the provinces; and one day sent him out to be hung, because an Indian accused him of being concerned in a conspiracy to murder Cortez and all the Spaniards who were with him. Or, as others say, he had his prisoner murdered only because he was tired of watching him, and therefore had the king accused of all this treason. And as to having tortured him, Cortez sought to excuse himself by saying that he had done it at the instigation of Montezuma's treasurer, who told him that Qualttimoc knew where the treasure was; and also for the purpose of increasing the public revenue.[1] But whether these actions that I have related, and many others that might be described, are the actions of men fighting for the holy faith, let any man judge for himself.

Returning to *Nuovo Cartago*. As soon as we reached the shore in the manner before described, we tarried there several days, on account of the sea running high. While we remained in that place I received a curious favour from a soldier, and the incident was the following. This man having killed a dog that had been left on the sea-shore when we went inland with the governor, he roasted a quarter of it and invited me to partake of it with him, because I had given him a little cheese off a piece that I bought from Captain Alonzo di Pisa. And while I was eating with great relish, thinking I had never tasted anything so well flavoured, he took it from before me, saying: "Brother, you eat too much; I am old and infirm, you are young and strong;

[1] Cortez, though occasionally cruel and sanguinary, possessed some great qualities, and seems to have been very much ashamed of the horrid scene presented by the invincible fortitude of the fallen prince, while suffering under his dreadful torments. But though he rescued the royal victim from the executioners, he merely prolonged a life reserved for new pains and indignities. (*Trans.*)

rise, and may God go with you, but I will not allow you to eat any more of my dog." Thus, however unwilling, I had patiently to go away.

When the sea became calm, we started, and went to the canal of *Nicaragua*, to take on board a Portuguese named Francesco Calato; who, because he had lent our governor three thousand five hundred golden ducats, was placed there as his lieutenant. On account of the wind being contrary for navigating towards *Nombre de Dios*, we were detained upwards of two months, undergoing great sufferings from hunger; and had it not been for the abundance of crocodile's (*turtle's?*) eggs that we found in the sand along that beach, certainly the greater part of us would have died of starvation. These eggs (*voua de cocodrilli*) are of the size of a goose's egg, and if beat against a stone, they get flattened but do not break: wherefore it is requisite to open them with a knife. Their flavour is that of half-rotten musk; and at first I could not in any way eat them, but necessity obliged me to do as the others did. We also used to catch some four-footed animals called *iguane*, resembling our lizards in shape, but having from their lower jaw up to the top of their heads a crest somewhat like that of a cock, and with certain points on it like spines. The females are most delicate food, and their eggs are much better flavoured than their flesh. They live as much in the water as on land. In this canal from Nicaragua there are many and large fish; and among others there is one sort called *manate*, in the language of *La Isla Española;* but I know not what the Indians call it who used to live there, because they have gone to the woods on account of the ill-treatment they experienced from the Spaniards. This fish is in shape almost like the *ludria*,[1] it is twenty-five feet long and twelve feet in thickness; its head

[1] Probably a large seal. Benzoni calls the manati a fish; but it is a veritable mammal, and is well figured and described by Dampier—who, however, gives smaller dimensions. (*Trans.*)

and tail are like those of an ox, with small eyes, a hard and hairy skin, of a darkish colour. It has two feet, somewhat like those of the elephant in shape. The females bring forth their young like cows, and have two teats with which they nourish them. I have seen some in the islets among the grass of this large river, and at Nombre de Dios I have several times eaten of their flesh, that is to say, salted, and its flavour resembled pork. Some people assert that the taste of this fish is like veal, but this I attribute to one of two things—either that those Spaniards through hunger ate it with very great relish; or that they had never tasted veal.

As to the habits of the natives in the province of *Suere*, they are nearly like those already described, except that they do not eat human flesh. Their language is very easy to learn; they call the earth *ischa*, men *cici*, illness *stasa*, and gold *chiaruchla*. A very great number of wild hogs are found in this province, and most fierce tigers (*jaguaras ?*); together with some lions (*pumas ?*), who are but timid, however, for on seeing a man they run away. There are also snakes of incredible size, and some apes. There is, moreover, another animal, called *cascuij*[1] by the people of the country, in shape like a pig, black, hairy, with a very hard skin, small eyes, large ears, cloven feet, and a small proboscis like an elephant, and it gives so horrid a shriek as to deafen people; its flesh is well flavoured. There exists also a monstrous animal, that has a pouch under its stomach,[2] into which it makes the young ones get when it wants to go from one place to another; this animal has the body and the snout of a fox, with fore paws and hind feet like those of a cat, but more handy, and its ears are like those of the bat. There are also peacocks, pheasants, partridges, and other sorts of birds,

[1] This is probably a species of tapir. (*Trans.*)

[2] Australia afterwards offered a congener to this animal in the kangaroo, also in an arid district; the creature, as remarked by Professor E. Forbes, being thus enabled to seek water afar. (*Trans.*)

but all different from ours. There are similarly numerous bats, that in the night go about pecking people, and although they are found all along this coast as far as the gulf of *Paria*, and in other places, yet nowhere are they so tormenting as they are in this province; for it has happened to me elsewhere, especially at *Nombre de Dios*, that they have whilst I was sleeping, pecked my toes so delicately that I did not feel it at all; yet in the morning I found the sheets and matresses so stained with blood, that it seemed as if they had inflicted some large wound. But in this place they have never bitten me without my feeling it, and suffering pain for two or three hours after. Sometimes they fluttered their wings about my face; and if I kept my stockings on, they would bite my hands; wherefore, having no other remedy, I used always to keep some bandages where I slept, and as soon as I felt myself pecked I bound up the wound; and thus they healed in three or four days without any more ado. Here I close the government of Diego Gottieres.

We left the canal in company with two other ships, that came from *Nicaragua* laden with provisions; and in fifteen days we reached *Nombre de Dios*. Navigating a thousand miles westward from this town, along an uninhabited coast, the province of *Fondura*[1] is entered; and three hundred miles lower down, on the same coast, the country of *Yucatan* is reached. The first Spanish captain who discovered this province was Francesco Ernandez, of Cordova; who on leaping on shore was very ill-treated by the natives, so that, with twenty-two wounds, and the loss of many Spaniards, he returned to *San Jacopo de Cuba*. Not long after, in the year twenty-seven, Francis Montejo, having heard that the country of *Yucatan* was very rich, started from *New Spain* with the title of governor, and landed with five hundred Spaniards, many horses, and much ammunition. Some

[1] The reader will hardly recognize, under this name, and with such distances, that Honduras is meant: it was, and is, a fine region. (*Trans.*)

chiefs came to visit him under pretence of wishing for his friendship, and remained a good while in his company, until seeing an opportunity, one of them attempted to kill him with a scimitar which he had seized from a Moor; but the governor perceiving it, immediately drew his sword and defended himself, so they ran away without doing any harm.

Then the governor, drawing out all his forces, assailed the natives in various places; and whatever fell into his hands he committed to fire and sword. The Indians defended themselves valiantly: but at last, after having waged war for nine years, finding themselves destroyed and ruined, nearly all their chiefs and captains dead, and with no more strength to fight, they submitted to the arbitration and will of the Spaniards. Thus Montejo shared out the country according to the royal edict, giving a band of Indians to each conqueror. Then he built several towns there, that is, *Sevile*, *Merida*, *Salamanca*, and other places, the greater part containing from twenty-five to thirty houses.

The governor having thus arranged everything, both for his own advantage and that of his soldiers, was one day conversing with a cacique of that province named Alquinotep, upwards of a hundred and ten years old; who, although baptized, frequently wept and sighed on account of his country having become subject to the Spaniards. Thus he said: "Signor Montejo, in times past, when I was a lad, there came a general disease so severe that men vomited worms, whence a great mortality ensued, so that we really expected all to die. And not long before thy arrival there occurred two very direful battles between us and the Mexicans, occasioning the death of upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand men. Yet all these events were nothing compared with the great cruelties committed by thee and thy soldiers upon us!"

This country is very rocky, yet fertile in fruits and maize, and abounding in fish; men are sacrificed here, but their

flesh is not eaten. No mine has been discovered, either of gold or of silver. The natives nourish many bees, and grow an abundance of cotton, of which they make cloaks like sheets, and shirts without sleeves. This is the principal tribute that they give to their masters; and these the Spaniards distribute in Mexico, in the island of Cuba, at Cape *Fondura*, and other places.

In the province of *Fondura*, to say it in few words, there were above four hundred thousand Indians when the Spaniards went there to conquer it; but when I visited it there were not eight thousand left; for what with those killed in war, others sold as slaves, and many worn out in the mines and other unbearable labour, the conquerors had inhumanly destroyed them. Even the few who unwillingly remain, like all the other nations that serve the Spaniards, whenever they find the opportunity fly to live in some steep out-of-the-way place, to see them as little as possible; so much love and good will have they conceived for them! The Spaniards have built five towns in that province; but the houses do not altogether amount to above a hundred and twenty, the greater part constructed with reeds, covered with straw, and ill-inhabited in consequence of the gold mines being nearly worked out. The principal of them, that is *Trugilio*,[1] at *Cabo Vescovado*, is situated on a little hill near the northern shore. A hundred miles lower down is *Puerto dos Caballos*; and a day's journey from this port lies the town of *San Pedro*, erected on a plain near some mountains, not far from the river *Vulua*, and a lake that has on it some heaps of earth covered with grass and bushes, which move about in one direction or the other, according as the winds blow. Eighty miles further on lies *Comaiagua* and *Graciadios* (Thanks to God), which two towns are upwards

[1] This Truxillo, for Benzoni visits more than one, is, as he says, on a height above the bay; and it has a harbour, now defended by three forts, from which cattle and timber are exported. (*Trans.*)

of a hundred miles apart, and the country being somewhat cold, produced a great deal of wheat. Then we enter into the beautiful and delightful, but already destroyed valley of *Olanchio*, where the Spaniards erected a town called *St. Jacobo*, consisting of about twenty houses, covered with straw and ill-inhabited. To let the readers see how well we are looked upon by the natives of those countries, I will relate what happened to me in this valley with some Indians. Having started from *Comaiagua*, in company with a Spaniard, to go to St. Jacobo, and having walked for four days without meeting a single house, the provisions we carried were exhausted; finally we reached a small Indian population, and entreated them to furnish us with something to eat, but there was no means, either by prayers or for love or money, to induce them to give us anything whatever. On the contrary, they cursed us, and spitting on the ground in contempt, desired us to go away. That same night we reached the town, and there being no inn, we put up in an empty house near the entrance, but supperless went to sleep on some reeds.

It was usual in those countries, when the Spaniards lived orderly, or rather, without order, before the Indians were restored to liberty, that they were lavish, triumphantly thinking that those times would never come to an end. They were daily therefore on the look-out for the arrival of some stranger, almost coming to words as to who should in preference, with a thousand civilities, lead him to his house; —but now, affairs no longer going on as formerly, when they see some one coming, they retire to the woods, or pretend not to be at home. There are Spaniards, not only in this place but in many other towns also, who, though possessing vassals, are reduced to such misery that they have hardly bread to eat; for the Indians scarcely give their masters anything but what belongs to them; and if by chance any Spaniard constrained his people to give him something more,

or ill-treated them, he would be immediately deprived of them by the governors.

Then, ascending from the province of *Fondura*, and passing by the mines of *Chiulutecca*, we enter the province of *Nicaragua*, which extends to the shore of the *Southern Sea*. The first time when I passed through that country, I lodged in the house of one of the principal chiefs of the province, called Don Gonzalo, who was seventy years of age, and understood the Spanish language perfectly. Whilst seated by his side one morning, he looked me in the face and said: —"What is a Christian, the Christians? They ask for maize, for honey, for cotton, for *la manta*,[1] for women, for gold, for silver; Christians will not work, they are liars, gamblers, perverse, and they swear. When they go to church to hear the mass, they discourse on those who are absent; they wound each other." Finally, he concluded that Christians are not good: and when I told him that it was the wicked ones who did these things, he inquired:— "Then where are the good ones? for I have known none but the wicked." After we had finished reasoning on this subject, I asked him why and how it was that they had allowed the Christians to enter their country? To which he answered me in this manner:—"Sir, thou shalt know that we, hearing the Christians were coming to our countries, and perpetrating cruelties everywhere, killing, burning, robbing; we collected all our friends and confederates, and entering into council we decided, that rather than allow ourselves to be subjugated by the Christians, we would all die fighting valorously. With this determination we prepared lances, and stone darts, and other arms, and when the Christians reached our people we assaulted them, and fought

[1] A mantle or cloak; perhaps the *poncho* still so universally worn in the southern portions of this vast continent. The poncho is made like a quilt, but having an opening in the middle just to put the head through, the rest hanging down on all sides. (*Trans.*)

great part of the day. But at last, most of us were so frightened by the impetus of the horses, as to take to flight. We then sent two ambassadors to the captain of the Christians to ask for peace, only with a view to renovate our forces, and thus he accepted us as friends. Then a considerable number of us paid them a dissimulating visit, dancing and singing, and we carried with us many ornaments of gold and other things to present to them. In three days we got ready and assaulted the Christians, but soon, as before, our people ran away; and again, with the same intention as before, we sued for peace. Having obtained it, we collected all our people together, and then in council we determined, after a full and deliberate discussion, that we had rather die than serve the invaders, and that if any of our nation turned their backs to run away, they should be put to death without forgiveness. With this resolution, we prepared ourselves with our arms to go and attack the Christians; but our wives having heard of this conclusion, came to us, and with abundance of tears begged and entreated us to serve the Christians rather than die in that way; but that if our will was still to execute our former intention, that we should first kill them and their little children, so that they should not remain alone in the hands of those cruel and fierce bearded men. Thus urged by the prayers of our women we laid aside our arms, and submitted to the very rapacious rule of the Spanish nation. But in a short time, through the ill-treatment wreaked upon us, some of our tribes rose against them; for which they were punished in such a manner by the Christians, that even their infants were most cruelly killed by the sword; not content with this, they seized other tribes under pretence that they were going to rebel against them, so tormented them, and sold them into slavery.

"We were no longer masters of our wives, or our children, or of anything that we possessed. Affairs went so ill

that many men killed their children, others hanged themselves, others starved themselves to death; so that after innumerable and insupportable sufferings, tyrannies, and miseries, the king of Castile sent a decree that we should be restored to liberty." Thus the cacique ended his discourse.

The country of *Nicaragua* is not very large, but fertile and delightful, though so hot in summer that people cannot walk except at night, and the soil is sandy. It rains during six months in the year, beginning in May; but in the other six months it does not rain at all, and the night is equally hot with the day. It produces a great deal of honey and wax, balsam, cotton, and many fruits of the country; among which is a sort not found in the island of *La Española*, or in any other part of India: they are in shape like our pears, and have a round stone within, about half as large again as a walnut; their flavour is excellent. The tree that produces this fruit is very large, but bears a small leaf. They have few cows, but a great many pigs of the Spanish breed. The tribes are numerous, though the Indians are small; their houses are built of reeds, roofed with straw, and not very large. They have no metallic mines of any sort, although, when the Spaniards first went there, the natives possessed a great quantity of gold, much alloyed, brought from other provinces.

There is an incredible multitude of parrots, who do a great deal of mischief in the cultivated districts, and would do a great deal more if the natives did not scare them by slinging stones from high sheds made of reeds.

From the great abundance that reigned in this province when the Spaniards first subjugated it, they called it Mahomet's Paradise. Two things are produced in this country which are not found elsewhere in India, except in the territories of *Guatimala*, of cape *Fonduri*, and *Mexico*, and along the shores of *New Spain*. One is a species of peacock, that has been brought to Europe, and commonly called the In-

dian fowls.[1] The other is *cacavate*,[2] which they use as money, and is produced on a moderately sized tree, that flourishes only in very warm and shady localities; for if shone upon by the sun, it would die. It is therefore planted in the woods in moist places, and this not being sufficient, they plant a tree near it that grows larger, and when it has reached a sufficient height, they double down its head so as to shelter the other and shade it, preventing the sun from giving it any annoyance.

The cacavate tree; shewing how the Indians get fire from two pieces of wood.

The fruit is like almonds, lying in a shell resembling a pumpkin in size. It ripens in the course of a year, and being plucked when the season has arrived, they pick out the kernels and lay them on mats to dry; then when they wish

[1] We call them *turkeys;* but in Italy they are still distinguished as galli d'India. (*Trans.*)

[2] Now called *cacao* in the South of Europe; and by the English, *cocoa*. It is generally prized, and extensively used, for the drink made from it is not only soft and nutritious, but has proved to be extremely wholesome: yet Benzoni thought it fit for pigs! (*Trans.*)

for the beverage, they roast them in an earthen pan over the fire, and grind them with the stones which they use for preparing bread. Finally, they put the paste into cups, made out of the calabashes produced by a certain tree that grows all over India; and mixing it gradually with water, sometimes adding a little of their spice, they drink it, though seeming more suited for pigs than for men.

Trees producing the calabashes, which generally serve the Indians as vases.

I was upwards of a year in that country without ever being induced to taste this beverage; and when I passed through a tribe, if an Indian wished occasionally to give me some, he was very much surprised to see me refuse it, and went away laughing. But subsequently, wine failing, and unwilling to drink nothing but water, I did as others did. The flavour is somewhat bitter, but it satisfies and refreshes the body without intoxicating: the Indians esteem it above everything, wherever they are accustomed to it. The habits of these people are nearly all like those of the Mexicans; they eat human flesh, and they wear cloaks, and waistcoats

without sleeves. All over India they light a fire with two pieces of wood; although they had a great deal of wax, they knew no use for it, and procured light from pieces of wild pine wood. They speak four languages; the best, however, is the Mexican, which pervades fifteen hundred miles of country, and is the easiest to learn. They call gentleman *tutruane*, bread *tascal*, fowls *totoli; occomaia* means the same as wait a little; illness is called *mococova*, and dancing *mitote;* they dance in this way.

Method of dancing.

Two or three hundred, or even three or four thousand, of them assemble together, according to the population of the province, and having carefully swept the place where they are going to dance, one of them comes forward to lead the rest. He goes nearly always backwards, turning himself occasionally, and so do all the others, by threes and fours in regular order. Those who beat the drums begin to sing some of their songs, and the man who leads the dance is the first to answer. Then the rest do the same progressively.

Some carry a fan in their hand, some a calabash with pebbles in it, some wear feathers on their head, others wear rows of sea-shells on their arms and legs; some turn in one way some in another, some raise their legs, others flourish their arms; some act the blind man, others pretend to be lame; some laugh, others cry; and thus with many other gestures, and frequently drinking their *cacavate*, they dance all the day, and sometimes part of the night also.

Ships going to *Nicaragua* by the *Southern Sea*, enter a canal on the shore, and ascend it for about twenty-five miles to a village called the *Realegio*, consisting of a dozen houses made with reeds, inhabited by Spaniards who build ships, it being a convenient place and abounding in timber. A day's journey eastward of this spot lies the town of *Leone*, Cape *Vescovado*, built on the shores of a lake; founded by one Francesco Ernandez; as likewise was *Granata*, fifty miles further on, also on the shores of the said lake, near the canal that opens into the *Northern Sea*. These two towns together do not amount to eighty houses, some built of wood and some of bricks.[1]

Thirty-five miles from *Leone* there is a mountain with a very large mouth, whence there often issues so much flame and fire, that it is seen at the distance of upwards of a hundred miles. Some people thinking that there was molten gold within, a Dominican friar determined to make the experiment: he therefore had a chain made with an iron bucket, and together with four other Spaniards went to the spot; having thrown it in, the bucket with part of the chain was consumed by the fire. The monk was very angry, and returned to *Leone* complaining greatly of the smith, saying that he had made the chain much lighter than he had or-

[1] This, at present, is a very important part of the world, from its connection with the proposed navigable communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The climate is for the most part good; but Benzoni is rather confused in its relative positions. (*Trans.*)

dered it. He therefore made another much thicker; but returning to the mountain and throwing it in, the same result ensued, and at the same instant a flame rushing out had nearly killed the monk and his companions; whereupon they all ran off so frightened that they never repeated the enterprise. I knew a priest in that town, who, by favour of the treasurer, addressed a letter to the king of Spain, entreating to be furnished with two hundred slaves to open that mountain, promising to draw very great treasure from it. But his Majesty told him to open it at his own expense, for he had no slaves to send him; and so the affair rested.

Three hundred miles from *Leone*, westward of *Nicaragua*, and keeping almost constantly in sight of the sea, we find the town of *Guattimala*, founded by Don Pietro d'Alvarado, when he conquered that province. It is situated between two hills, whence smoke is often emitted. There are also two other towns, that is to say, *San Miguél* and *San Salvador*, a hundred miles distant from each other. Alvarado, having achieved this conquest, shared out the land and erected these towns. He was tranquilly enjoying repose in this province, when he received the news that Francesco Pizarro and Diego d'Almagro had entered Peru, and had found incredible riches. He procured permission from the emperor to proceed to that kingdom, and to conquer and settle in any part where there were no other Spaniards. Thus, in the year 1534, he armed himself, and with seven vessels quitted his government; and navigating on this voyage, at the end of seventy-four days he reached the coast of Peru.[1] He landed on the beach of Manta nella Valle, which was afterwards called by the Spaniards *Puerto Viejo*. Advancing with good Indian guides, he passed over some very

[1] It assuredly was a most tedious voyage; and with a full embarcation of soldiers and horses, the making of only a dozen miles a day must have impinged on the temper of Alvarado, who never was remarkable for either prudence or patience. (*Trans.*)

cold mountains, which are always covered with snow: many Spaniards died there, and the rest, for want of better provisions, eat some of their horses, until they reached the province of Quito. Pizarro being informed of this, immediately despatched Diego d'Almagro, with a hundred and fifty Spaniards, to endeavour to turn him out of the country, or else to make arrangements to buy his army. Upon reaching *Tumbesi*, and learning that Alvarado had many more men than he had himself, he dared not lay hands on him; but being both at the *Ribamba*, the licentiate Caldera induced them to agree; and arranged that Alvarado should cede his army to Pizarro and Almagro, and that they should give him a hundred thousand golden ducats, on condition that he should go away and never more return to that kingdom. In this manner Alvarado departed from Peru with four servants, and returned to *Guattimala* in good spirits and contented. But shortly after he armed ten vessels and four brigantines, intending to discover new countries along the Western coast.

At the very time that Alvarado was preparing his army, some friars of the order of Saint Dominic arrived at *Mexico*, who had been upwards of a thousand miles through the countries to the westward; and they made known that the province of *Sibolla* and other lands were fertile, rich, full of gold, of turquoises, cotton, and other things. Wherefore, Don Antonio di Mendoza, Viceroy of *New Spain*, and Ferdinand Cortez, Captain-General of that kingdom, moved by these reports, consulted among themselves whether to go, or to send on this enterprise; but not confiding in each other when they came to converse, Cortez went away to Spain, and the viceroy sent off to ask Peter Alvarado to come to him with his armament as soon as he possibly could. He therefore set out in a short time, and reached the port of *Ternità* by land, whence he went to *Mexico*, and agreed with the viceroy to go to *Sibolla*; he collected seven hundred soldiers, purchased arms and horses, together with many

other things requisite for his journey, and quitted Mexico to go and embark for the expedition. But on the way, he received the news that the Indians of *Salisco* had rebelled against the Spaniards, wherefore he went to the assistance of his countrymen with the greater part of his men. On arriving, he found Pietro di Zunica very melancholy on account of the death of a great many of his soldiers. They then went to a large hill, where the Indians had fortified themselves by tying trunks of trees on the summit with great stones, for their defence: and when the Spaniards, with great fierceness (*gran ferocità*), began to run up the hill, the Indians, yelling frightfully, cut the trees asunder, so that everything furiously fell headlong down to the bottom, in such a way as to kill the greater part of the assailants who were opposed to them there. Alvarado was precipitated from his horse, and in the course of two days passed to another life. When he was asked what pained him, he said his SOUL afflicted him severely. He was of moderate stature, a great talker, but false; a great liar, very cruel towards the Indians, and so ungrateful for benefits received, that it is said of him, that he never kept his word to any friend. He married two sisters, and cohabited with both of them.[1]

Immediately after the death of Alvarado, Captain Francesco Velasques Coronato was commissioned by the viceroy to start from Mexico with eight hundred men. The greater part being mounted, he would not go by sea to conquer and inhabit that province. When he arrived in the country, the great riches that he found there were an abundance of snow and dearth of food; so that some of his horses died, and many of the Indian servants also. The captain, hoping to fare

[1] The men of Xalisco here gave a memorable example to the rest of their countrymen; and the miserable death of Alvarado—one of the so-called CONQUERORS forsooth—is as refreshing in this dismal history, as a sunbeam in a dungeon. (*Trans.*)

better, determined to advance further, and having marched about a hundred and fifty miles he found a sort of animals, not very large, but resembling cows; and the Spaniards killed many of them. Thus they appeased their hunger for awhile: but finally, after the captain had gone over a great deal more country, having fought occasionally with the natives, who valorously defended their liberty, and having burnt and destroyed several villages, and cursing the friars who had brought favourable reports of such countries—after losing many Spaniards, poor and naked he returned to Mexico.

Let us now return to Pietro di Alvarado. When the news of his death reached *Guattimala*, Donna Beatrice della Cuova, his wife, a woman truly proud, vain, and haughty, instead of thanking the Omnipotence of the glorious God, and lauding his infinite bounty, declared that she could not have been worse treated than to be bereaved of her husband. She had her house blackened all over, she would neither eat nor sleep, she refused all consolation, daubing her hair (*messava i capelli*), committing and saying many other follies. Then she had the most pompous obsequies performed in honour of her husband; but amid all this weeping and lamentation, she called all the principal people in the town to meet in council, and had herself sworn in as governor (*governatrice*) of the province. Soon after doing all this, on the day of the Madonna of September, in the year forty-one, it began to rain so heavily, that on the following day, two hours after dark, some Indians went to inform the bishop of the province, named Francesco Maroquin, that at the base of the mountain, near the town, they had heard a great noise and crash; whereupon the bishop reproved them, saying, "Have I not several times enjoined you not to give ear to such things?" But soon after midnight there began to arise from that mountain so great and so terrible a quantity of water, and with such an impetus

and fury, as to precipitate rocks of incredible size, carrying along and destroying whatever it met with in its course; and there were heard in the air cries and lamentations and frightful noises. There was also seen a black cow going about the neighbourhood, and doing much damage. The first house that was ruined was that of the governor, where Donna Beatrice and all her attendants, who were said to be in prayer with her in this very retired place, died; and similarly nearly the whole town was laid waste and drowned. Including men and women, there died about a hundred and twenty Spaniards. Only those who fled at the commencement of the noise saved their lives. The next morning, when the destruction had ceased, some Spaniards were found lying about the country, some crippled, some had broken arms, others broken legs; and a daughter of Alvarado's (by an Indian woman) was found who had received no injury; so that out of all his race only this girl remained.

After the ruin of *Guattimala*,[1] a town was erected on that spot and continues there still; it is in a small plain three miles from the former site, towards the east, and consists of between seventy-five and eighty brick houses, the greater part roofed with shingles. In this province the earth often trembles so much, that being once in a monastery near the old *Guattimala*, in a spot called *Almolonga di Basco*, and talking with one of the monks on a little bench, the earth trembled so that the bells rang of themselves, the greater

[1] This was the first destruction of the city in a country which, though close to the Volcano de Fuego and the Volcano de Agua, was so pleasing in aspect, with so good a climate, and had such comely natives, that the discoverers designated it *El paraiso de Mahomo*. The town, Santiago, was built in 1527, and met the calamity here recorded soon afterwards. It continued, however, to be the capital under repeated visitations; it was all but destroyed by an earthquake in 1751; and again by a similar attack in 1773, when it was left little more than a pile of rubbish, in which the greater part of its sixty thousand inhabitants were entombed. The present city was commenced in 1776, on a site about twenty-five miles to the south of the old one. (*Trans.*)

part of the garden walls were thrown down, the underground pipes that led water to the fountain were broken, the principal chapel was rent in two places, and part of the roof fell down: whereupon every one thought for certain that the ground would open; and this alarm continued for the space of a *credo* or *belief*.[1]

This province, in consequence of the air being temperate, produces a deal of wheat; but of all the trees that the Spaniards have endeavoured to introduce there, only the fig and the apricot have succeeded, and these fruits not beginning to ripen till the commencement of winter, they are not well flavoured.

Two days journey from Guattimala, in a place called the *Izalchi*, near the sea-shore, a very large quantity of cacavate (*cocoa*) is collected; this at present constitutes the riches of the Spanish inhabitants who reside in that province; and they distribute the greater part of it through the country of New Spain, for it being rather cold than hot in many parts of that kingdom, they cannot gather enough of it there. These Guattimalese participate of the customs both of the Nicaraguans and of the Mexicans; and they have continual intercourse with them, so that many may be found who have learnt some office or trade—as that of a carpenter, shoemaker, painter, goldsmith, or other similar art. The Spaniards used to buy these people as slaves, and improve them; but when they were expecting to derive benefit from their instruction they were restored to liberty.

They hold daily markets, most of their goods being eatables and drinkables; that is—salt, fish, fruits, calabashes, *battate*, and branches of cooked figs, which when made into a beverage, were such, that merely seeing them was enough to make one sick. They also buy and sell cottons, cloaks, shirts, feathers, and other such articles. As to the complexion of these Indian people, they are more inclined to

[1] During the time that repeating that prayer would occupy. (*Trans.*)

yellow and chesnut than to any other colour; and of all the nations that I have seen in this very large country, the handsomest are those of the gulf of *Paria* and of the province of *Valenzuola;* that is to say, those who live inland near the mountains; and I believe it to be because the sun's heat is not so great there as in the plains, wherefore those people who inhabit the sea-shore are of a certain colour like flesh burnt by the sun. Of all the things that the Spaniards have introduced there from Spain, none has been so acceptable to the Indians as wine; for although, as we have before said, they make wine from maize and other things, they say that it does not comfort the spirits, nor warm the stomach, nor induce such sweet and soothing sleep as the wine of Castile does. They also highly esteem iron, because they use axes made only of copper, and knives made of flint.* But the Indians have not been so surprised by anything as by our reading and writing. So that when the Spaniards gave a native a letter to take to some place, their curiosity left them no peace; nor could they conjecture among themselves by what means that white paper, painted with black, could speak. Of all the provinces that the Spaniards conquered, and still govern in these Indies, the most inhabited country, and the one best peopled by the Indians, is New Spain; then come *Yucatan*, *Guattimala*, *Nicaragua*, and some portions of the kingdom of *Peru*.

Having travelled about this new world for the space of fourteen years, as I before said, and having read the histories that the Spaniards have written of their enterprises in those countries, I find that they have eulogized themselves in some respects rather more than they ought to have done; especially when they tell us that they are worthy of

[1] Benzoni has expressed this rather awkwardly—*ancora hanno avuto caro il ferro, per cioche loro non adoperano*, etc. But the meaning is clearly, that as the natives could not procure iron, they were driven to use other materials. (*Trans.*)

great praise for having converted to Christianity all the tribes and nations that they conquered and subjugated in India. Thus they say that they have made them Christians, as we might say that a baker has baked the bread well. But I, imbued with the doctrine of Christ our God and Saviour, feel that there is a great difference between the name and the being one in reality. The more so, because in the kingdom of Peru and other places, although it has been published that we were Christians and children of the God of heaven, yet, in consequence of the great cruelties perpetrated among them, there has never been the means of making them adopt the name; this nation being endowed with a more terrible spirit than all the others that were subjugated by the Spaniards. For the people of Mexico and the surrounding tribes, when the Spaniards began to go over to India, calling themselves Christians, they also called us by that name; but the Peruvians, as we before said, would not acknowledge the designation, and we shall return to it in its place. Doubtless we can believe, that any nation subjugated by a foreign people, would liberate itself if it could, and regain its former liberty; and thus the Mexicans, especially, were always watching vigilantly whether the usual ships arrived from Spain; for if some great misfortune were to happen to that country (which might occur, it being like all other empires, though great and powerful, yet all the nations, kingdoms and cities subject to the empire, are liable to the variability of fortune), and the ships could not go backwards and forwards to India as before, the whole of the Indians would rise and murder all the Spaniards, making a most solemn banquet of them. And I have heard from some of the monks that they would be among the first victims, because they opposed the bad habits of the natives.

To shew that this was the truth when I was in Guattimala in the year 1553. The French and Spaniards being at war, only two galleys of Don Alvaro Bazan had come during

fourteen months, from fear of privateers along that coast; one bound to *Nombre de Dios*, the other to *Villa Rica*, a port in New Spain, wherefore the Spaniards were afraid lest the Indians should revolt, for already they had heard through some Moors (*negroes*) that the French were at war with the Spaniards, and that they had done much damage in those countries. I myself being one day at that epoch in a place called *al Molonga*, only a little lower down than where old Guattimala[1] formerly stood, talking with some Indians, one of them asked me whether the French had horses, and some of those things that make tan! tan! Meaning, although they knew not how to express themselves, to ask whether the French had any artillery; and when I answered in the affirmative, he drew a sigh from his heart, and God only knows what he wished. The monks warned them not to attempt any change, for the emperor would send a great many Christians from Castile, who would treat them much worse than they had been treated before. But notwithstanding this, if they saw an opportunity, they would not fail to try to extirpate the invaders from their country.

Respecting everything else that I have endeavoured to learn about those Indian nations, we must consider what they hear of our faith. I therefore wish to give information as much relative to what I have heard publicly asserted by some priests and monks, as to what I have seen, and what I have heard from those same Indians; so that the readers may perceive how scandalized they must be at our bad actions. I, moreover, entreat my discreet and prudent readers to be attentive, for they will learn sayings and sentences deserving of very great admiration.

There are, then, many Indians, especially the sons of some

[1] By *old* Guatimala, Benzoni must allude to an ancient native city; for that founded by Alvarado in 1527, and destroyed about 1542 (see p. 157), could hardly have had that epithet when rebuilt, so soon afterwards as 1553. (*Trans.*)

of the principal chieftains, who have learnt to read and write, and have also gained a knowledge of God's commandments, which they say are good; but they are astonished that we do not obey them, exclaiming, "Come hither, thou Christian: God commands that thou shalt not take his name in vain,—and yet for every trifle thou swearest and perjurest thyself. God commands us not to bear false witness, and yet you do nothing but complain and speak ill of each other. God commands thee to love thy neighbour as thyself, and to forgive his trespasses as thou wouldest he should forgive thine; but you do quite the contrary! those are ill treated who have but little; and if any one owes you anything, you have him put into prison, and want him to pay you although he has not the means. And if there is a poor Christian among you, in order not to give him some of your property, you send him to our houses, for us to bestow charity on him." Thus, the Indians, seeing our rabid greediness and immeasurable avarice, there are some among them who, taking a piece of gold in their hand, say, "this is the God of the Christians; for this they have come from Castile to our countries, and have subjugated us, tormented us, and sold us as slaves, besides doing us many other injuries. For this they make war and kill each other; for this it is that they are never at rest; that they gamble, swear, tell lies, quarrel, rob, tear the women away from each other; and finally, for this they commit every sort of wickedness." And I knew one priest, amongst others, a great favourite of the Bishop of Guattimala, who went about among the Indian nations selling wine,[1] although it was prohibited by order of the governors and presidents, and in less than six months he gained upwards of twenty-five thousand reals.

There are also monks who commit by day what other men

[1] They had not at that time, it seems, the mischievous *fire-waters* which were so attractive and so destructive to the American tribes of northern America. (*Trans.*)

would be ashamed of committing by night; I speak of the bad ones, not those of a better degree. But there was a monk of the order of Saint Francis, who went about declaring publicly that there was not a virtuous priest, or monk, or even bishop, throughout India; and that they all gave themselves up to avarice, willingly going wherever there were rich Indians, but avoided going where they were poor. This monk, however, being at the head of *Fondura*, in the town of *San Pedro*,[1] awaiting the departure of some vessels to return to Spain, was seized by order of his superior for having uttered these words; and sent to *Guattimala*. I have also heard some priests, who had gone from Spain to India for nothing but to gain money, argue among themselves upon this point. I will relate what I heard from a monk whilst in the town of *Comaiagua*: he told me that he had known an Indian of very sharp intellect, son of a small chieftain, who, when young, went to school and learned to read and write, and everybody thought that he would excel in knowledge and virtue, and that he would be a mirror for all the rest. But when he was thirty years old, he returned wicked, a ribald, and a villain. On being asked how it happened that from being a good man he had become a bad one; he answered, "Since I became a Christian I have learnt to swear by God, by the Cross, by the words of the holy Evangelists, and to utter oaths by the life of God; yet I am a renegade and do not believe. I have also learned to gamble and never to tell truth; I have bought an iron sword to make quarrels (*per far quistione*), and to live as the Christians do; I want for nothing, except a mistress, and I hope soon to have one."

It has happened to me to reprove Indians sometimes, who

[1] This passage is rather obscure. The town of St. Pietro may then have been of great importance in Honduras, but it is far inland:—Benzoni's words are—"*Stando questo frate in capo di Fondura, nella città di San Pietro.*" (*Trans.*)

were gaming and swearing; they have answered me—"we learned it from you." These were people brought up in the houses of Spaniards who did nothing but game and swear, and other such-like things; and these are some of the miracles that the Spaniards have performed in the Indies. Then there are other Indians, who if asked whether they are Christians answer Yes, that the bishop has made the sign of the cross on their face, and given them his benediction; and that they have made a church and put the image of the holy Mary into it, and have bought the bell. I once asked an Indian whether he was a Christian, and he said, "how could I be otherwise since I have served the bishop these twelve years, and take care of his mule." Others say that the priest has thrown water on their heads four or five times. When these people see a priest or a monk approaching, they immediately go forward to meet him and say, "Father, throw some water on our heads, for we would be Christians, although we have been baptized before." And when one begins, the whole population follows, without knowing what they are doing.

This happens where the Indians are few in number, poor, and having neither priest nor monk resident among them. Yet there have been some clergy who would not baptize them, saying that baptizing an Indian was like baptizing a brute beast. Others, after going from Castille to India, and seeing the sort of life led, both by the Spaniards and the Indians, have been so shocked that they went back to their monasteries in Spain.

While residing in Guattimala, I went often to the monastery of St. Francisco, and formed a friendship with a monk called Francisco de Betanzo, a man well acquainted with all those provinces, both in Guattimala and in New Spain. He spoke well in two Indian languages. Having inquired of him what opinion he entertained of those people relative to our faith, he told me that the old men were obstinate in their

idolatry, especially their priests, who were often found sacrificing to their deities. And that it was necessary, in order that the children should in time know our religion, to take them away from the conversation and example of their elders; so that when they became men they should not be taught their bad habits. Finally, he told me that those who had been baptized had only the name of Christians.[1] Then, treating of other details in our conversation, both respecting the mode of life of the Spaniards and the government of those provinces, seeing that I wished to know the state of that country, he shewed me a letter written by a bachelor of arts, a friend of his, named Diego Lopez de Zunega, addressed to the bishop and president and auditors of Guattimala, in consequence of having been ill-treated, especially by the bishop, for having uttered something against their bad government.* The letter being sent open to him, he

[1] We have no doubt that with a few of the explorers and *conquistadores*, an earnest desire for spreading the holy faith was as strong a motive for adventure as the love of gold; but the carrying out such views made the minds of men, some of whom were neither avaricious nor cruel, strangely overlook the brutality and perfidy with which they acted. The natives were reasonably averse to commune with reckless tyrants who could cut both hands off their victims, torture them, burn them alive, tear them to pieces by savage blood-hounds, work them to death in the mines, hang them by dozens, and slaughter them by wholesale —all which Las Casas declares he saw "*con mis ojos corporales mortales!*" These people had a religion of their own, such as it was, in which there were some startling affinities with our own sacred records, as instanced in the Deluge and the Tower of Babel: they believed in One Great God, in whose honour they had sacrifices, processions, and solemn dances; they trusted in a future state of being; and Acosta mentions a resemblance of the holy communion, if, he piously adds—"*Se soffre usar deste vocablo en cosa diabólica.*" So dreadfully treated, it is not surprising that the natives should be little disposed to receive such theological precepts as would be administered by their rabid plunderers: and the reply of the cacique of Cenú to Enciso was in point—"In what you say about the Pope being the lord of all the universe in place of God, and that he had given this land to your king, the Pope must have been drunk when he did it, for he gave what was not his." (*Trans.*)

transcribed it, and I took a copy of it: it began as follows:—

"Since Fortune began to lead me about the world, I have seen several kingdoms and provinces, and in each place I have observed many novelties; but since my fate permitted me to come over to these so-called *golden* Indies, wanting in every good quality, I have seen so much, and such varied wickedness, that my tongue could never end the narration of it, nor my heart to think of it. And the worst of it is, that amongst you men there is neither justice, nor virtue, nor goodness, nor chastity; and you consume all your time in deeds of partiality, in discord, lies, deceit, dissension, envy, rancour, gaming, swearing, warfare, luxury, immorality, and avarice; and finally, whoever behaves best is the worst thought of. I have remarked with wonder that the larger portion of all of you who have been in India are such, that not only heaven or the angels, but the earth and the devils must hold you in horror; and you may look upon it as certain, that just as you have by force made yourselves tyrants over many, so Jesus Christ will permit you to become slaves of all for justice sake; and if you require an evident and manifest proof of this, turn to the histories of Greece and Rome; see triumphant Rome, queen of the world; Athens and Lacedemon, the light and splendour of all good laws and good habits; and many other cities and kingdoms, of which scarcely the memory remains. The men who were adorned with so many virtues, who were governed by such excellent and illustrious chiefs, have all perished. And do you think, that the goodness of God will permit that you should remain all your lives clad in so many vices, and sunk so deep in malignity? you must be benighted in intellect, as are also these Indian Christians, if you are Christians only in name. Believe me, gentlemen, one day's example of a good life would be more useful to these poor wretches than a year's lectures and doctrine: for with what benefit is it to preach odoriferous roses with the tongue, if you afterwards sell them pricking thorns in your works? Some people, my lord bishop, say that you do a great deal of good; but take care that you do it well, for we find there are those who do it badly. And your lordship is one of these, for you strip those whom you ought to clothe;

you mistake bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; you love liars, and have a horror for those who tell truth; you deprecate good men, and honour bad ones; you favour the vicious and persecute the virtuous. Finally, you are most liberal with other men's property, and very miserly with your own. What would you have me say more? except that you would be very appropriately placed to row in a galley, for I will warrant that your lordship would have more strength to handle an oar, than virtue in governing a bishopric. Others say that your lordship is much honoured; but Seneca teaches us that wise men hold the praise of fools to be a sign of infamy; for all that they think is vain, and all their words are false; what they condemn is good, and what they praise is bad; what they laud is infamy, and consequently all that they do is folly. True honour consists in being praised and honoured by those who are themselves worthy of honour; and the greatest honour is to please Jesus Christ. It was related to me that your lordship was astonished at the patience with which I underwent my trials, and I am certainly astonished at your astonishment, because displeasure at things badly done proceeds from wisdom, but surprise at things being well done, proceeds from a shallow judgment and scant experience; and do you not know that forgiveness is not granted except to those who are willing to be crucified with Christ relative to this world, desiring to enjoy with him the glory of the next? And do you not know that sentence written by Paul the apostle in an Epistle to Timothy, by which he expresses that, all those who would practise virtue in Christ, must be despised in the present time? You appear not to be aware that what is hurtful to the body, is beneficial to the soul; nor do you seem to know that the kingdom of heaven is not to be gained by fighting bulls, nor by gaming with reeds, nor by pieces of gold shut up in a box, nor by having hosts of slaves in the mines as your lordship has. It cannot be obtained by contracts, nor cheating, nor falsehoods, nor lies; but is to be gained by undergoing persecution, infirmities, incarceration, imprisonment, poverty, hunger, thirst, contempt, dislike, exile, torments, and various other labours and tribulations which daily assail the life of mortals. And if your lordship be ignorant of these things, as I believe you are, you may class yourself rather with beasts than with men. There are many more

things that might be said, as well of your lordship as of the president, but they are so numerous, that if I begin to write them down I fear paper would fail me in the midst, and therefore I say no more. Given in Trigillio, the 25th of May, 1552.

"DIEGO LOPEZ DI ZUNEGA."

When I first arrived at Guattimala, the Licentiate Ceratto was president; this was the Ceratto who took to *San Dominigo* the decree of liberty to the Indians, as we have already said, and who was removed by the emperor from that island and sent to govern this country; and with truth I can testify that throughout India there never was a better judge, nor one who practised good precepts more strictly, obeying the royal commands, always endeavouring that the Indians should not be ill-treated by any Spaniard;[1] and sometimes through the little respect that was shewn him by his countrymen, in consequence of his considering the welfare of the Indians, he used to pray that God would liberate him from such a bad people; and still more, that if God granted him grace to return to Spain, he would warn the king not to let any priest whatever go over to India, on account of their great dissoluteness: but death intervening, he could not do it. Thus another president was furnished from Mexico, named Dr. Chesada, who, in the short space of two months after his arrival at Guattimala, passed to another life; and when some of the clergy sought to console him in his infirmities, saying, Be joyful, my lord president,

[1] In this sad exposition, Benzoni corroborates those who dared to speak out; and we are not to marvel that his work was never translated into Spanish. Unscrupulous "heave-aheads" liken such turpitude to darkness being dissipated by light: but had those *conquistadores* possessed a grain of the wisdom of Roman colonization, the New World would not have so long remained a blot on the globe. For instance the very province here treated of, Guatimala, contains only about one million and a quarter of inhabitants; yet such are its extent and capacity, that if it were as well peopled as England is, it would contain and provide for nearly forty millions of human beings! (*Trans.*)

and of good heart, and other things. He answered, "How can a man be joyful who has so much to account for to God!" I have thought it right to record this here, so that judges, by judging as they would be judged, and looking well after their own conduct, may not have eternally to weep in the world to come!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY

GIROLAMO BENZONI,

A MILANESE.

BOOK III.

Francesco Pizarro, Diego d'Almagro, and Fernando de Luque, were rich in Panamà, but hearing that assuredly all the southern coast abounded in gold, silver, turquoises, and emeralds, they combined together and determined to go and discover new countries; each promising faithfully to do his duty and share in a brotherly manner all the riches, the lands, and the people whom they should find and conquer. Having made this agreement, they bought two ships, with arms and ammunition; and they raised two hundred and twenty soldiers. And thus, in the year 1526, Pizarro and Almagro left Panamà within a few days of each other; appointing the priest to provide whatever was requisite. When Pizarro had navigated about three hundred miles, he landed in a spot where the natives, making some resistance, killed several Spaniards and wounded him, with some others. After this bad beginning he returned to Panamà, repenting of having entered on such an enterprise.

Almagro entered a river, which he named *San Giovanni*, and was well received by the natives, who gave him upwards

of three thousand ducats' worth of gold. He then put to sea again, and coasting along reached the spot where his companion had been so ill-treated. He landed, the Indians attacked him, and a stone which they threw wounded him in the eye, so that he afterwards lost it. They also killed and ill-treated some of his people, obliging him likewise to return to Panamà. On rejoining Pizarro he revealed to him that the country he had discovered was very rich in gold; he was therefore of opinion that they should again prepare their forces to go and conquer it: wherefore, as soon as they had recovered from their wounds, they started with two hundred soldiers, a great many Indian servants, two ships, and several boats of the country, made of the trunk of a tree.[1] With great trouble, on account of the current, they reached the same part of the coast, though not the same spot they went to before. On their landing, the natives, not liking this bearded people, attacked them most vigorously, slew many, and in this manner obliged them to retreat to the little island of *Gorgona*, uninhabited, and within six miles of the mainland. Desirous of acquiring that province, on account of the great shew of gold that they had observed, and not having men enough for such an enterprise, Diego del Magro went to Panamà for a fresh supply: and thus, though rather late, he returned with eighty-five Spaniards, and found Pizarro with all his people half starved. The biscuit and wine, however, and other things that he brought, soon restored them. Then they started, and twenty-five miles further on they disembarked, thinking they should all become rich. But a considerable number of natives overtook and boldly attacked them with their lances and stones, killed some of the Spaniards, and repelled the rest from their country. Finding their measures thus frustrated, they retired to

[1] These *barche del paese*, were the well-known canoes of those regions —the monoxyla of Greece; embarcations which were generally adapted to the nature of the coast they pertained to. (*Trans.*)

an uninhabited island, which, from having a promontory shaped somewhat like a cock, the Spaniards called by that name, *Isla del Gallo*.

Pizarro, being greatly enraged against those people for having destroyed a great portion of his soldiers, and desirous of revenging himself, sent his colleague to Panamà, urging him to bring as many men as possible. When Almagro was about to start, some Spaniards wished to accompany him, they being melancholy and ailing, cursing the country and its riches; but their leaders would not consent to it, nor were they allowed to write, lest they should abuse the country and dishearten fresh succours; but nevertheless it became known, for some Spaniards wrote secretly of the death and trials that they had had to struggle with, as well as of the extremity of affairs, and the sterility of the country; complaining both of Almagro and Pizarro, because they would not consent to their returning to Panamà, although they were in a bad state.

Then, when Almagro reached Panamà, he found that Pietro di Funne had arrived as governor of that province, who had no sooner heard the news than he immediately sent off one of his followers to the *Isla del Gallo* to Francisco Pizarro with provisions, but strict orders that no Spaniard should be detained there against his will. When he arrived at the island, and Pizarro saw the governor's orders, he was deeply grieved, for the greater part of the Spaniards who were with him went away. The rest who remained, about fourteen, and mostly sailors, were very much praised by him, and he made them great offers, entreating them to have patience till Diego Almagro should come with reinforcements. They thus remained in that island several days, eating oysters, shrimps, and fish,[1] until Almagro sent a ship

[1] This islet must have afforded miserable quarters for such a party, it being small, and though furnishing wood and water, it possessed nothing else. It is close to the mainland, and affords tolerable anchorage. (*Trans.*)

with provisions; but without any men, on account of the bad reports which had reached Panamà of those countries. Pizarro found himself thus with very few followers, poor, and without hopes of any assistance. After having discussed with them as to what should be done, they at last all agreed to run along shore to see if they could find a good country; and having sailed about five hundred miles, they landed in *Chira*, a province of Peru. They seized some native sheep; and also several young Indians, so that they might teach them the Spanish language. They then returned to *Tumbes*, on account of the report they had from the inhabitants, of the great riches of that nation; but there not being a single Spaniard who had the courage to land, on account of the great multitude of Indians along the shore, Pietro, a native of the island of Candia, determined to venture; so, with a two-handed sword, he went on shore, and not without great admiration on the part of the Indians, seeing such a man with a beard. He was much caressed by the chieftain. He entered the fortress, in which there was a temple dedicated to the sun, so richly adorned that he was greatly astonished, and almost thought it was a dream. At the gate he saw some animals like lions (*pumas*), and two tigers (*jaguars*), which shewed him no ill will. Then, when the chief wished to give him some golden jewels, he dissembled, giving them to understand that he did not seek for such things; but, returning to the ship, he detailed all. Pizarro, greatly delighted at having found so rich a country, immediately put his ship about and returned to Panamà; there he related to his friends the great fertility of the country, to whom it belonged, and the riches of *Tumbes*. In consequence of this good news, they could scarcely contain themselves; wherefore Almagro and Fernando de Luque proposed to send Francisco Pizarro to Spain, to ask for the conquest of *Tumbes* from the emperor: and being devoid of money, in consequence of having employed all their means in the

discovery of these new countries, they now borrowed from their friends about fifteen hundred golden ducats, and having given them to Pizarro for his expenses, he departed. On arriving in Spain he presented himself to the council of the Indies, and after describing to them the countries that *he* had found, and the expense which *he* had incurred, as well as the hardships that *he* had undergone, and promising very great treasures to the crown of Castile, he asked for the government and the conquest of *Tumbes* for himself only, without making the slightest mention of his companions. Having thus obtained all he asked, procured provisions, obtained a confirmation from the emperor, and raised some soldiers, he went to St. Lucar de Barameda; where he embarked and sailed with four brothers, that is to say, Fernando, Gonzalo, Giovan Pizarro, and Martino de Alcantara.[1] With a prosperous wind, they soon arrived at *Nombre de Dios*, and from thence he sailed to Panamà.

He was magnificently received by his companions; but when they learned that he had negotiated in Spain only for himself, they could no longer bear him, especially Diego d'Almagro could not find peace, as he considered that he had spent all he possessed and much more than Pizarro, and had lost an eye and three years' time in that discovery; besides all which, he had borrowed the money to send him to Spain to obtain favour for the whole company and not for himself alone. Pizarro, wishing to appease Almagro, said that the emperor would only grant him the conquest of *Tumbes*, but bade his friend be of good cheer, promising on his faith to procure him some other government in the same country; and, moreover, that being his partner, he might arrange everything to his taste as if he was governor. Almagro, however, disregarding all his arguments, not only would not believe them, but they irritated him greatly against Pizarro;

[1] Alcantara was a half-brother of the conqueror, by the mother's side, and fell while gallantly defending him from the Almagrians. (*Trans.*)

so that he publicly accused him of being a liar, and a faithless man. After passing several days in disputes and recriminations, more from the press of circumstances than from inclination, feeling himself immersed in heavy expenses with little money and without provisions; knowing besides that Almagro had plenty, though on account of their animosities he would not grant him any, and considering that unless they were reconciled, his affairs would not thrive, so that he could not well proceed to his government—Pizarro entreated Dr. della Gama to make peace between them. This was soon accomplished, and the doctor insisted on Almagro's giving both arms and horses to Pizarro, as well as other ammunition that he possessed, besides a certain sum of money; Almagro sharing equally in the honours and dignities that the emperor had granted to Francis Pizarro.

The league being thus renewed, leaving out Fernando de Luque, the other companion, they made peace: and that nobody should doubt of their promised faith, they took the wafer consecrated by the most holy sacrament, swearing never to break their word; but to cherish their mutual friendship till death. On this compact, Francisco Pizarro left Panamà with a hundred and fifty soldiers and many horses; enjoining Diego d'Almagro to follow him as soon as possible with more men.

He reached *Colonchie*, in the province of *Guancavilichi*, and passing over to *Punà*, he was kindly received by the native chief; who perceiving, however, the very bad conduct of the Christians, in going from house to house seeking gold and silver, seizing the women, and doing other things besides which men are apt to perpetrate in warfare,—with a considerable number of Indians took up arms, and attacking the Spaniards, hoped to turn them out of the island. But when they encountered each other, the chief could not long resist the shock of the enemy; and suffering great loss, soon sought shelter in the woods. Pizarro made very cruel use

of his victory; and with many Spaniards passed on to *Tumbes*,[1] fifty miles distant from the island. He landed there, but the natives having heard how ill the Spaniards had behaved at *Punà*, retired into a fort at a little distance from the shore. Pizarro sent to ask the governor of the province to come and see him, as he very much desired his friendship; but he not only refused to do so, but, with all his might, did him the utmost harm he possibly could. Notwithstanding this, Pizarro one night crossed the river, with a considerable portion of his people and some good guides; walking among thorns they fell upon the enemy, who were confidently sleeping, and made a great slaughter of them. He then returned to *Tumbes*, captured the whole of it, and spoiled and sacked the temple of the Sun entirely.

At this time, Atabaliba, king of Peru, was at *Cassiamalca*, and hearing that a nation with beards and possessing terrible animals had entered his country, pillaging and murdering everywhere, he sent an ambassador to Francisco Pizarro, threatening that he would make him repent if he did not leave his vassals unmolested and return to his own country. Pizarro gave for answer, that he was not wilfully inclined to offend any one, but had come to do them a service, and to benefit everybody that was inclined to accept of his friendship; which had been commanded him by his lord the emperor: nor could he return to Spain without great blame if he did not first see his royal person, and inform him of useful things for the happiness both of the soul and body. Thus Pizarro marched towards *Cassiamalca*, and entered the province of *Chira*, the chiefs of that district entreating his friendship; they being bitter enemies of Atabaliba,

[1] Tumbez, which figured with its temples and palaces in those days, was reduced to a hamlet of huts and wigwams when we arrived off its Salto, or cove so named; even the very stones are gone, so that it is *periere ruinæ* with a vengeance. Still there is a little commerce in cocoa, carubba, fruits, and other products; among which we were surprised to find golden-pippin apples. (*Trans.*)

whom they accused of having usurped their country from them.

There being a navigable river here, he founded a city, called it *St. Michael,*[1] and shared out all the booty (*tutto quello c' haveva pigliato*); so that each man should take care of his own property. Atabaliba hearing what the Christians were doing; that they were few, fatigued, and could not walk, but rode on great *pachi,* the name they give to horses, laughed at the bearded men, and sent back his ambassadors to say, they had better not advance any farther if they held their lives precious. Pizarro replied that he was in duty bound to see his greatness with due honour; he therefore urged his troops on, and reaching *Cassiamalca,* he sent the captain of his cavalry to see the king, who had retreated two miles from the town on account of the Spaniards arriving. And they, on coming in sight of the king's suite, began to show off their horses, making them curvet and gallop. Hereat the natives were greatly alarmed at these new monsters; but the king showed no change at all, only he complained of the disrespectful conduct of the bearded men. With the aid of the interpreter, Fernando Pizarro notified to his majesty that he was brother of the captain who came from Castile, commissioned by the pope and the emperor, desirous of being friends with him, and requesting him to return to the town to hear the messages they had to deliver to him; after which they would retire to their own country. Atabaliba answered that he would do everything, provided they quitted his country; with these conditions Fernando returned, and related the wonderful riches and great display of the king, as also his royal will, that he would not suffer any bearded

[1] The word *città* is often indefinitely used by the Italians. It is probable that the San Miguel of 1530, being intended for securing reinforcements or retreat, stood at the mouth of the river: the present substantial town is thirty miles inland, in a well-cultivated plain, and near a volcano of the same name. (*Trans.*)

men in his kingdom. In the night, the Spanish officers prepared everything for battle, encouraging their men, and holding out to them that the natives were *beasts*, wretchedly frightened at the horses. Stationing his soldiers, and placing his guns around the palace, so as to command the gates, he ordered that no man should move until a given signal. In the course of the day the king came, attended by above twenty-five thousand men, carried in triumph, adorned with a number of golden wreaths and beautiful feathers of various colours, drest in a shirt without sleeves, only a decent band of cotton round his middle; a tassel of very fine red wool on the left side of his head shaded his brows, and his shoes were almost apostolical. He thus entered triumphantly into the city and palace, feeling quite safe, to hear the messages of the bearded men. Brother Vincente de Valverde, of the order of St. Dominic, with his cross and breviary in his hand, advanced to the presence of his majesty, as if to make that monarch believe that he had some great theologian before him. By means of the interpreter, he gave him to understand that he came to his excellency commissioned by his sacred majesty the emperor, with the authority of the Roman pontiff, celestial vicar of our Saviour, who had given him the unknown countries, so that he might send there worthy persons to preach and to publish his most holy name, doing away with their false and diabolical errors: thus saying, he shewed him the law of God, who created all out of nothing. He related the beginning of Adam and of Eve, and how Jesus Christ descended from heaven, and was incarnate in the virgin's womb, how he then died on the cross, and rose again to redeem mankind; having then reascended to heaven he confirmed the resurrection of the dead, and the life of Peter his first vicar; he shewed the authority of the pontiffs his successors; and finally, the authority of the emperor and king of Spain, monarch of the world. He concluded with shewing the king that it was his duty to become

a friend and tributary, submitting to the divine law and Christian religion, abandoning the false gods,—" and if you do not accede to this, war will compel you to it."[1]

When the king had heard all this, he said that he would live in friendship with the monarch of the world; but it did not seem, to him, incumbent on a free king to pay tribute to a person whom he had never seen: and that the pontiff must be a great fool, giving away so liberally the property of others. As to the religion, he would on no account abandon his own; for if they believed in Christ who died on the cross, he believed in the sun, who never died. Then he asked the Dominican how he knew that the God of the Christians had made the world from nothing, and that he died on a cross? The monk answered that that book said so, handing it to Atabaliba, who took it, and after looking at it laughed and said:—" This says nothing to me," so threw it on the ground; whence the monk took it back again, and immediately called out with a loud voice,—" Vengeance, vengeance, Christians, for the gospels are despised and thrown on the ground! Kill these *dogs*, who despise the law of God." Francisco Pizarro having unfurled his flags, gave the order for battle. Thus the first guns were fired; and immediately on this alarm the horses followed, with bells round their necks and on their legs, making a great noise, added to the crashing of the trumpets and drums. Laying hands on their arms they attacked the Indians, who, stupified by so much novelty, by such ferocious animals, and by the sharpness of the swords, began to clear away and fly in utter disorder. Owing to their very great multitude they trod each other down, and were suffocated on the ground; so that the lances and the swords made the most horrid havoc of them in their attempt to escape: happy he who could get away

[1] "*Se non lo farete, la guerra vi sforzerà à questo.*" In other words, the ranting Dominican said to the unoffending sovereign of another people—" Do as you like; but if you don't, we'll make you!" (*Trans.*)

to save his life. Pizarro, with his foot-soldiers, went towards Atabaliba, who was surrounded by a number of Indians; and since none of them defended themselves, by their death he cut himself a way; and reaching his highness, he wounded those who supported him; and every man, by killing the natives, hoped to be the first to take the king prisoner. He was already falling from his high seat, when Francis Pizarro seized him by the shirt, and he fell on the ground without being able to defend himself at all; so he surrendered, and in this manner was Atabaliba taken and imprisoned, without the Spaniards suffering either a death or a wound, except Pizarro, who, when seizing the king, received a hurt in his hand from a soldier, which was aimed at an Indian. Fernando Pizarro scoured the country all that day with the cavalry, killing the natives in all directions, not pardoning one. Meanwhile the monk was going about urging on the soldiers to kill by thrusts, lest by using the sharp edge of their swords they might break them. After this sanguinary and terrible victory over that miserable and unhappy nation, they passed the night in dancing and luxurious feasting.[1]

Pizarro went the next day to visit Atabaliba, and soothed him; but bade him not to fear dying. The king complained of being hurt by his chains; and perceiving what the Spaniards sought for, told Pizarro that if he would liberate him he would give him gold and silver vases enough to fill that hall up as high as they could reach with their hands; and with the condition, besides, that the chains should not be broken until he had paid this sum. Pizarro being content with such an arrangement, and Atabaliba, desirous of his liberty, trusting

[1] In this sad warfare, according to one Spanish writer, two thousand Peruvians were slain, while another author swells the number to six or seven thousand, and a third says five thousand. All the authorities, however, agree with Benzoni, that—*most unhappily*—the only Spaniard hurt was Pizarro. (*Trans.*)

to the invader's promise, immediately sent some of his captains to all those provinces, and especially to *Cusco*, six hundred miles distant from *Cassiamalca*, with express orders that as soon as they possibly could they should provide means for his ransom. Thus, in a short time, there began to come from many places a number of Indians loaded with gold and silver. But above a month having elapsed without much more than the half having arrived, the sum being great, the Spaniards began to murmur, saying that Atabaliba, under colour of sending to collect the ransom, was levying a large army to destroy them all. They therefore urged Pizarro to murder him; and without doubt he would have done it, if he had not been deterred by certain gentlemen of the force.

Atabaliba hearing this report, complained very much of Pizarro, saying that he had not the least reason to be angry with him, that men were being collected in his kingdom only to carry the ransom, and it having to come from a distant country it could not arrive very soon; but that if he did not believe his words, he might send some of his own people to *Cusco*, whence the greater part of the treasure had to come. He therefore sent Captain Sotto there, with two other Spaniards, and they found it all true; for on the way they met a great number of Indians loaded with vases of gold and silver. But anxious to see the riches of Cusco, they would not turn back. Fernando Pizarro, commissioned by his brother, went with some cavalry scouring through several districts, and similarly found many laden Indians going to *Cassiamalca*, and, proceeding onwards, he went to the country of *Pacama*, whence he brought away a good quantity of gold and silver.

When the ransom was at last completed, and added to the booty, it exceeded two millions of gold.[1] A fifth was put

[1] The surprising advantages in riches and territory which rewarded the daring effrontery of these marauders, show how accidentally the fate of nations may be decided. When Pizarro landed, a civil war was raging

aside for the king of Spain, and the remainder was shared out according to the several merits and rights, so that every man should take care of his own property. At this time, Diego d'Almagro arrived, and to prevent his making a tumult, he and his soldiers were allowed their share; to some five hundred, and to some a thousand ducats. The conqueror then sent Fernando Pizarro to Spain with the king's fifth, and informed his majesty of everything. Several of the Spaniards went away in his company, with their riches to the value of full thirty or forty thousand ducats. Having arranged all this business, Francis Pizarro and Diego d'Almagro, with several other captains, then consulted among themselves, what was to be done with Atabaliba; some saying that he should be killed, others that he should be released, and there were some who thought he should be sent to Spain to the emperor. Finally, after each had given his opinion, it was decided by the greater part that he should die. Some say that an Indian named Filippello was the cause of his death, by having revealed to Francis Pizarro, that Atabaliba was in secret collecting men to fall on the Spaniards, and that therefore they executed him. I have heard, however, that from the time of his taking him prisoner, Pizarro always intended to make away with him, the better to subjugate and govern the country; concluding that when the head was dead, the limbs would fall into perpetual servitude. If this had not been true and he had not consented to his death, he could have honourably sent him to Spain to the emperor, as Atabaliba often entreated him to do; and God, in fact, permitted that all those who consented to his death, should come to a bad end. When Atabaliba heard the tidings that he was to die, grievously sighing, he began to shed tears, greatly complaining of the perfidy of those

between Atabaliba—or Atahualpa—and his brother Huascar; a fortunate coincidence of which the Spanish leader never could have dreamt. Hence his unmolested march into the heart of a great empire. (*Trans.*)

wretched, bad, and wicked hairy men. And when Pizarro announced the sentence to him, humbly praying to him as they do to the sun, which is their principal deity, he said these words to him:—

"I have been much surprised at thee, oh captain, that having given me thy word, that I having delivered to thee the promised ransom, thou wouldst not only free me from chains, but restore me to liberty, and go away from my country, but now thou hast sentenced me to death; and if Filippello has told thee that I am contriving how to kill all you bearded men, he has not told truth, for I never imagined such a thing, so that I pray thee to be content and grant me my life; as I have never thought or committed any harm towards thee deserving of death. And if thou wilt not believe me, send me to Spain to the emperor, and I will present a quantity of gold and silver to him: but if thou killest me, I warn thee that my vassals will create another king, and will kill the whole of you bearded men; whereas if you let me live, I will keep the country quiet, and no one will dare to move." When Atabaliba had finished his discourse with many tears, Pizarro answered that the sentence could not be annulled; and thus with a rope round his neck, wound round a piece of wood, called by the Spaniards *garotta*,[1] he sent him to be strangled by some Moors,—and this was the end of king Atabaliba. He was of moderate stature, wise, energetic, and desirous of empire. When Pizarro entered the country he was at war with Guascar, his elder brother, successor to the paternal kingdom, and then he had him put to death. He had a great many wives, and the legitimate one was his sister, named Pagha; he left some children. Of all the things that the Spaniards shewed him, none pleased him

[1] This is a very early mention of the now too well known garotte, a peculiar mode of strangling. In 1810 we witnessed an execution of this sort at Cadiz, on a Spaniard who had been detected in firing rockets from the roof of his house as signals to Marmont's besieging camp. (*Trans.*)

more than glass; and he said to Pizarro that he was very much surprised that having so beautiful a thing in Castile, he went to foreign countries seeking so rough a metal as gold or silver. His father was named Guainacava (*Huana Capac*), and was so esteemed and honoured by his vassals, that they still weep for him, and hold it for certain that he will soon come to life again, to govern the country afresh. He lies buried on the borders of *Chito* (Quito), where all his ancestors also lie; with a very great quantity of gold and silver, fashioned into the form of men and women, and even into the shape of various sorts of animals and fishes. And although several Spaniards have applied torture to a great many Indians to make them confess where he is buried, there has been no way of getting them to do it; nor would they reveal it, even though they were all put to death.

After the murder of the king, Francis Pizarro quitted *Cassiamalca* and went in the direction of *Cusco*, the capital of the kingdom of Perù: there he met Quisquiz, the captain-general of Atabaliba, who, collecting a great many men, had entered on the campaign, with a confident high-minded determination to kill all the bearded men and avenge the death of his king. But after some skirmishing, and finally with great loss on the part of the Indians, Pizarro routed them, left Almagro to pursue them with a few soldiers, and losing only five Spaniards, passed on. Arriving in sight of *Cusco*, and seeing several fires, he thought that the inhabitants had flown and had set fire to the town; to assure himself of this, he sent some of his cavalry on to reconnoitre. They found that these were signal-fires, to make known that the governor of the bearded men had arrived. The headstrong Spaniards had got close up to the town, when they were quickly repelled with stones; at this moment Pizarro overtook the party, and seeing them on the retreat he rallied them, and then forming them into one body, he spurred all the horse on furiously together. Wounding and killing, he routed

the enemy; so that affrighted by the horses and by the edge of the sword, they even threw down their arms to run the faster. But night closing in, Pizarro feared some ambuscade, and therefore rested there, which gave the Indians time to reach the hills, together with their sheep, their shirts,[1] and their salt.

The following day Pizarro marched into the town, slew the garrison, made some prisoners, sacked the houses, and pillaged the very rich Temple of the Sun. Wherefore *Cusco* afforded greater booty than did Atabaliba at *Cassimalca*. Still, not yet satisfied, but mad with gluttonous avarice, and all insatiable for gold, under every sort of torment, full of cruelty, they tortured their prisoners to reveal their buried treasures; so that we might exclaim—"Oh how many Neros, how many Domitians, how many Commodi, how many Bassiani, how many hateful Dionysii crossed over into that country! There have been Spaniards, who, for amusement, used to kill Indians, and gave them to be eaten by their dogs. Having sacked *Cusco*, and shared the country among them, the marquis returned to the sea-coast, where meeting Diego d'Almagro, he sent him to be governor of that province; and he founded the *City of the Kings* on the banks of the river *Lima*.

After this, Pizarro passed over to *Trigilio*, to divide the Indians among the conquerors. At the same epoch Diego d'Almagro received a letter from the emperor constituting him mareschal of Perù, and governor of three hundred miles of country beyond Pizarro's jurisdiction. With this good news, and seeing that *Cusco* was not within Pizarro's domain, he began to share out the Indians in his own way. But Pizarro hearing of it, immediately sent his brother John, with some other Spaniards, ordering them to oppose Almagro's making any alteration whatever in the country without his permis-

[1] From this it would appear that they held their *camicie* or sleeveless shirts in great estimation. (*Trans.*)

sion; and as they returned without coming to any conclusion, Pizarro went there himself, post haste. He entered Cusco and found Almagro; they argued together, but the latter—on the strength of the imperial letter—would not obey the marquis; yet feeling that he was inferior in strength, he pretended at last to be quite reconciled to his will. The Indians meanwhile, seeing that their country was going to destruction and ruin, and that fresh Spanish succours arrived daily, were desirous before they increased too much, to recover their liberty. To divide the Christian forces, they spread a report that the country of *Chili*, a thousand miles distant from *Cusco*, towards the Strait of Magalianes,[1] abounded in gold and silver, and in everything else requisite to sustain life. Pizarro seeing that this was a good opportunity of getting Almagro out of *Cusco*, urged him on, until he persuaded him to depart.

They agreed that if he found the country good, the government of it should be procured from the emperor for him; and if not, that he should return and they would share the country they had already discovered and conquered, according to the covenant they came to in *Panamà*. Then they again took many oaths that they would always remain friends; and with this resolution, Almagro put himself into marching order, preparing arms and horses, and everything else that was necessary for the enterprize; then with five hundred men and a great many Indian servants, he took his departure. He underwent on the march great and heavy hardships, traversing mountains that are constantly capped with snow, whereby a considerable number of the Indians died from cold, as well as some Spaniards and horses, until he at last reached the country of *Chili*. Not long after his departure

[1] This is only a variation in the same name (p. 41) of the Strait of Magellan: those, therefore, who cite him as an authority for assigning the name of the navigator, Martin Behaim, to that important passage, are entirely wrong. (*Trans.*)

from *Cusco*, Fernando Pizarro arrived at *Lima* with the imperial orders; one conferred on his brother the title of marquis, the other was addressed to Diego d'Almagro, conformable to the letters that the emperor had written him, as before related, which gave rise to most cruel wars between them; ending at last in the one adventurer being strangled in prison, and the other murdered in his own house. This you will read when I come to treat of the civil wars; nor of these men shall I relate more than is manifest to everybody; for having often heard them the subject of conversation, I have found that in many particulars, the one relation did not agree with the other, because each individual favoured his own leader: and I must say, moreover, that truth did not abound in that country.

In this interim, Mango Inga, brother of Atabaliba, on whose head Francis Pizarro had put the crown, shewing himself a tumultuous man, Ferdinand put him in prison with irons on his feet, in the fortress of *Cusco*. But shortly after, by giving his brother John a good quantity of gold, and promising to be faithful to him, he obtained his liberty. Mango finding himself thus free, and seeing that the Spaniards were divided into various bands, who went about robbing, burning, ruining, and conquering all the country,—invited many chiefs and organized a rebellion; and when he had prepared everything requisite for war, he began to scour through several districts, and killed many Spaniards in the mines, who were with the Indians working out gold.[1] He sent one of his chiefs with a considerable body of men to *Cusco*, and having entered the town, he immediately took the fortress, and slew John Pizarro with a number of his

[1] Benzoni's—"*ammazzò molti Spagnuoli che stavano nelle miniere, con gl' istessi Indiani che cavavano l'oro*"—would lead to an inference that in 1535 the two people were labouring together: but Zarate expressly says, that the Spaniards were then *superintending* the working of the mines. (*Trans.*)

companions. In a short time the Spaniards regained that post; just after which, Mango Inga suddenly arriving with upwards of a hundred thousand men, retook and burnt it, killing the greater part of the Spaniards.

The marquis hearing of Mango's rebellion, and not being aware of the great body of men that he had in the field, sent Diego Pizarro with seventy-five Spaniards, who were all killed; as well as Captain Morgovio, with many other Spaniards, who started from *Guamango* to go to rescue *Cusco*. Again the marquis sent eighty horsemen, under Gonzalo de Tapia, who, with the greater part of his men, were similarly massacred near *Guamango;* and then he despatched fifty Spaniards under Captain Gaete. At last, after the lapse of many days, the marquis getting no news, either from his brothers or his captains, began to fear some evil; he therefore despatched Francisco Godoi, with forty horsemen, to bring him information of all: but being assailed in a narrow pass by the Indians, Godoi saw his men so imperilled that, caring more for his life than for his honour, and knowing that he had a good horse under him, he turned his back; and on his way heard from some Spaniards all that had happened. Returning to *Lima*, he informed the marquis of deaths, ruin, sieges, and destruction; and, moreover, that a large army was coming in the direction of *Lima*. Pietro di Lerma was consequently despatched with fifty horsemen, accompanied by a number of friendly Indians; on the following day he himself started, and meeting the enemy they fought valorously on both sides; though the Indians, not being able to resist the impetus of the Christians, finally turned their shoulders, and retired to a strong hill not very far from *Lima*. A great many Indians died in this assault, though only two Spaniards, but a good many were wounded; and Pietro dall' Erma (*di Lerma*) had his teeth knocked in by a stone. The marquis was afflicted with much grief in this unfortunate conjuncture; being left with only four hundred

men and two hundred horses, receiving no news of his brothers, and supposing Diego d'Almagro to have died in Chili. Thus straitened by his enemies, and poorly provided with men, he beseeched Alfonzo d'Alvarado, who was conquering Chiachiapoi, to come with his people to his assistance, and he begged aid of Fernando Cortez: he sent to *Trugilio* for all the Spaniards, to *Panamà*, to *Nicaragua*, to *New Spain*, and other places; whereby he obtained succour from everywhere. The first captain who reached *Lima* was Alfonzo d'Alvarado, who was appointed captain-general, and with three hundred Spaniards, chiefly mounted, was sent off directly, not to rest till he had destroyed all the Indians and raised the siege of Cusco. He went, and chased the natives from the hills around *Lima*, and then, near *Pacama*, he met Tizoia, Mango Inga's captain-general, who was in the field with upwards of fifty thousand men; but, meeting in battle, they were defeated and had to retreat. Alvarado went to *Sausa*[1] for the recovery of his wounded men, and there he found Gomez di Tordoia, with two hundred Spaniards, sent to his assistance by the marquis. Proceeding in his march he again met Tizoio, who had increased his army, determined to be sure of killing the bearded men, and they fought together desperately; still in the end the Indians took to flight.

Whilst these occurrences were taking place, Diego d'Almagro had quitted *Chili*, because he found it a poor country in every way; and he had nearly reached *Cusco*, when Mango Inga, hearing of his approach, was afraid of being caught between him and the marquis; wherefore he lost all hope of regaining his kingdom. With twenty thousand men

[1] *Sausa*, or Jauja, is about one hundred and twenty miles to the east of Lima, near some productive silver mines. It now has a population of about fifteen thousand, who carry on a considerable trade in woollens, cattle, and agricultural produce. Moreover, its air is so good, that a fine cavalry barrack is established there; thus justifying Alvarado's choice. (*Trans.*)

he abandoned *Cusco*, and intended to retreat to some mountains above *Guamanga;* but the district being sterile, he could not feed so many people; and they gradually abandoned him. Thus Mango, unwilling on any terms to accept of the friendship of the Spaniards, remained among those mountains with three or four thousand men. When the president, Della Gasca, entered this kingdom, after cutting off Gonzalo Pizarro's head, as will be related in the sequel, he sent some Indians to invite Mango to agree upon terms without fear of any kind; for he was come to punish the wicked, to reward the good, to restore peace to the country, and give every man liberty. On the arrival of these messengers, Mango said to his followers:—"Now what do you think this Apo (the name they give to princes) will do to me when I am in his power?" The Indians answered:—"They will do to thee what Francisco Pizarro did to thy brother; he will demand of thee a house full of gold and silver, and then he will send thee to be strangled:"—with this answer the messengers returned.

When Mango Inga retreated to the mountains as we have said, Diego d'Almagro shortly after arrived at *Cusco;* and desiring to enter the town as governor, Ferdinand Pizarro resisted him, saying, that without the permission of his brother the marquis, as it was in his name that he governed the province, he could not allow it; but if he would enter as a private man, he should be welcome, and be lodged together with all his soldiers, until they could learn the will of his brother. Almagro said that it was unnecessary to ask any body's permission to enter his own house; yet a deal of contention ensued to no purpose. Therefore one night, seeing that Pizarro would not on any account admit him into the town, he went[1] in by the assistance of some friends, and

[1] This *vi entrò* of Benzoni's is a very general term for an act which, according to Zarate, was accomplished with all the violence of a night attack. (*Trans.*)

seizing both Ferdinand and Gonzalo Pizarro, he imprisoned them, the one separate from the other; he would have even executed Ferdinand as the cause of all the evil, had he not had very good interceders. The following morning, with the consent of all the citizens, Almagro was proclaimed governor, according to the royal decree; then having again heard that Alfonso Alvarado was in *Abancaia* with a great many Spaniards, and fearing he would oppose him, he sent several of his countrymen to desire him to come to *Cusco*, and join his army, or otherwise to leave his jurisdiction. But not seeing his messengers return, and concluding that Alvarado had detained them, he prepared for battle: and with a good detachment of soldiers, though leaving some faithful friends to guard the town as well as the prisoners, he started from *Cusco*. Reaching the river *Abancai* one night, and hearing that the bridge was strongly guarded, he went to the ford, there crossed over unheard to the quarters of Alvarado, and succeeded in seizing him and several other Spaniards without any bloodshed.

Proud of his victory, Almagro returned to Cusco, boasting he would not rest till he had expelled all the Pizarrists out of Perù. Imprisoning Alvarado, however, together with Gonzolo Pizarro, they availed themselves of this, and suborning the guards one night by making them very large promises, they both escaped and went to the *City of the Kings*. When they informed the marquis of all this, he collected five hundred soldiers together, with the resolution of going against Diego d'Almagro. But Giovanni de Gusman, the king's treasurer, and Diego de Mercato his factor, with some brothers of the order of the Madonna, seeing the preparations that the marquis had made, and considering that some great evil must inevitably ensue, endeavoured to make peace between them. The case being referred to these mediators, they decided that both parties should lay down their arms, that Almagro should liberate Ferdinand Pizarro from prison,

and that they should write to the emperor in Spain, so that he might specify anew what was to be done about the government,—that the two chiefs should repair to *Mala*, each accompanied by ten horsemen, in order to be reconciled. These terms being agreed to, the marquis left *Lima* to go to *Mala*, commissioning his brother Gonzalo to follow in his rear with the camp, and to place some arquebuseers in ambush along the route that Almagro had to follow, so as to kill him; it is even said that the monks were aware of this treachery. But it did not succeed, for as soon as Almagro had reached *Mala*, and was going to enter into conversation with Pizarro, a soldier whispered in his ear, that if he valued his life he had better go off instantly. He therefore mounted his horse and started, together with his companions; but seeing[1] the ambuscade of arquebuseers, he took another route and fled to *Cusco*. This led to much lamentation on the part of the Pizarrists; and the monks said that ever since the time of Pilate, there never had been such an unjust suspicion.

The marquis, finding that Almagro had discovered his plan and fled, feared he would molest his brother; he therefore sent Diego d'Alvarado to Cusco to pacify him, and to try all possible means of concluding peace between them, by swearing to him that he—the marquis—was innocent of what his brother had done, and that he was sorry and deeply regretted what had happened. Alvarado, trusting to such words, went to visit Diego d'Almagro, and delivering his embassy, begged that for love of him he would consent to be pacified and be friends with all, for the marquis was not aware of what had been planned against him; and finally, he asserted that the marquis had given his faith that he would

[1] The scene of this atrocious and prepense treachery was about 48 miles to the southward of Lima, in a valley of the same name, Mala. It is now a decayed village; but a spot is pointed out as the site where Pizarro and Almagro met to settle their differences. The cause of the rupture was a subject of indignant complaint with the Almagrosti. (*Trans.*)

do nothing more until a new commission arrived from the emperor. Although Almagro had been warned by some of his friends not to believe in the promises of the marquis, still he was persuaded by the entreaties of Alvarado to accept of the treaty; and having again become friends, he released Ferdinand Pizarro. As soon as the marquis saw his brother liberated, he forgot his promises and oaths several times repeated, and, instigated by his brother, shortly after cautiously sent Achincha to notify to Diego d'Almagro that a new commission had come out from the emperor, ordering him immediately to quit the country that he (Pizarro) had discovered and conquered. Almagro answered, "That as soon as he had seen the commission he should be ready to obey it; but that he would not move till then." On this the marquis replied, "That if he did not immediately evacuate Cusco he would expel him by force, according to the new commission; and therefore this would not be breaking their compact." Almagro, being firm and constant to his purpose, asserted that when he saw the imperial commission referred to, he would depart from the country. On receiving this answer the marquis prepared for a march, with a good number of Spaniards and a great many Indians. He left *Lima*, saying that he was going to expel his enemies from *Chincha*, the site of his government. Almagro, hearing of his approach and knowing that his forces were inferior, retired to *Guitara*, a high rocky mountain; but being pursued by his enemies he fled to *Cusco*, and collected all his men together. He made the Indians construct a number of helmets and other arms, both of gold and of silver, imprisoned all the Spaniards of the opposite party, and sent several of their ringleaders to be strangled.

The marquis, being sorely worn, named his brother Ferdinand judge-in-chief,[1] and Gonzalo captain-general; then

[1] Here Benzoni is obscure. Zarate, Garcilasso, and others, represent Ferdinand as being made a lieutenant-general under the marquis, and

sent them, with all the camp, to *Cusco* against Diego d'Almagro, himself returning to the *City of the Kings*. When Almagro heard that the enemy was coming, he sallied out of the town, formed his camp two miles away from it in a strong position, and divided his men as he best could. He sent forward Captain Hordoniez (*Orgognez*) with the infantry, accompanied by some friendly Indians, to place himself on the royal road between the mountain and the town, on the edge of a small lake. He appointed Francisco de Chlaves and Giovan Tello captains of cavalry; and sent Alfonzo Perez, with other Spaniards and a great many Indians, to another pass towards the mountain, so that they might assail the enemy's flank if occasion required. Ferdinand Pizarro descended into the plain, and seeing the enemy quiet, sent Captain Mercadilio, with the greater part of the cavalry and a good number of Indians, to discover whether there were any ambuscades. On finding Alfonzo Perez, he commanded his friends to attack the other Indians; and the battle having begun, Pizarro sent the archibuseers to assail the enemy's cavalry, and killed many of them; wherefore Francisco de Chiaves (Chlaves?), seeing his loss, fired several pieces of artillery and slew some of the opposite party, upon which, being alarmed, they immediately turned their backs; but Fernando Pizarro and his brother arriving, they gathered courage and returned to the field, both sides fighting valiantly, until Pizarro finally gained the victory; and he availed himself of it most cruelly.

Almagro, being somewhat indisposed, did not participate in the battle, but remained on a hillock, from whence, seeing his party defeated, he sought to escape; pursued, however, by Fernando Pizarro, he was taken and put into prison. He was then tried and sentenced to death—being accused

Gonzalo a major-general; appointments which suit well with the narrative. "*Giustitiero maggiore*" might be rendered chief executioner by a satirist. (*Trans.*)

on his return from Chili of having entered Cusco by force; and of having imprisoned him and his brother without any reason: also of having shared out the land in his own way without an authority from the emperor; of having been the cause of the death of many Spaniards; of having broken the league and his oath; and of having fought against the king's laws. The sentence being communicated to Almagro, he was extremely cast down at it, and wished to appeal to the emperor. Then, Pizarro refusing him this favour, he begged of him, for the love of the mercy of God, to consent to repeal the sentence, as the prisoner was already old, weak, and gouty; and if he would not release him from prison, he might keep him confined during the short remainder of his days, to do penance for his sins; entreating Fernando especially to consider, that his very dear brother the marquis was in great measure indebted to him for having risen to such great honour and riches; that even he (Fernando) had been his prisoner, and he might have killed him with a safe hand, yet he refrained from doing it. Pizarro was also entreated by several gentlemen, especially by Diego d'Alvarado, who, when he made up their previous quarrel, staked his life for whichever of them failed in his word, and all with abundance of tears, and with such words as would have softened the head of the most ferocious lion, and mollified a heart harder than a diamond; but from this man it was never possible to extract a symptom of pity, as is acknowledged and attested. Ferdinand Pizarro sent orders to the prison that he should be strangled; and that his head should then be publicly cut off in the market-place. This was the end of Diego d'Almagro.[1] Such cruelty displeased many, but

[1] Thus perished the valiant and open-hearted Almagro, A.D. 1538, in his seventy-fifth year; and his body was treated with all the ignominy of a common felon. It is remarkable how few of the eminent men among those discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace: and it is also a singular trait in their characters that, during their desolating career, they were equally reckless of life and fearful of a future state of

irritated Diego d'Alvarado more than any one else; so much so, that he went over to Spain in order to complain at the court of the marquis and his brothers; but soon after reaching Valladolid he died, and it is reported that he was poisoned for having such an intention.

Almagro rose from a very low condition, nor could it ever be ascertained who was his father. He did not know his letters at all; but was diligent and eager for honour; and when he gave any reward, he wished everybody to know why. He was very cruel towards the Indians. He left a son, also named Don Diego after himself, whom he had by an Indian woman in *Panamà*.

When Pizarro had executed Almagro, he shared the booty among his soldiers; and after he had arranged the public affairs of *Cusco*, he went to visit his brother the marquis. Then they prepared for discovering and conquering new countries. Thus they sent off Pietro de Valdivia, with two hundred soldiers, to *Chili*; while Gonzalo Pizarro went to *Coliao*, a province very rich in gold, and when he had conquered it, he proceeded to the *Canella*; whence he finally returned worn out and wretched. He despatched Pietro de Vergara to *Bracamori*; but he found the natives poor and warlike, wherefore it has never been conquered. He also ordered captains to *Trugilio*, *Chiachiapoi*, and other places. In this manner, shedding a great deal of blood, and committing very great cruelties, the Spaniards destroyed the

being. In confirmation of their untoward ends it may be stated, that Columbus died broken-hearted—Roldan and Bobadilla were drowned—Ovando was harshly superseded—Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl—Ojeda died in extreme poverty—Enciso was deposed by his own men—Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party—Vasco Nuñez was disgracefully beheaded—Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterwards died of hardship—Cortez was dishonoured—Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush—Almagro was garotted—Pizarro was murdered—and his four brothers cut off: and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs, among the energetic and enduring adventurers. (*Trans.*)

greater portion of that country. After having sent his captains to conquer the above mentioned provinces, the marquis determined to send his brother Ferdinand to Spain, with the trial of Almagro and the king's fifth, (the royal share of the booty) although he had been warned not to go, since he could in no way excuse himself to the emperor for Almagro's death. The more so because Alvarado had gone to the court, with bitter complaints against him and his brothers. Still Ferdinand, confident in himself, persisted in going; boasting that he deserved great rewards for the benefits that he had done his majesty, by pacifying the country, and punishing the seditious by law. Thus he went to Spain, and, with a good quantity of gold, presented himself at court; not long after his arrival, however, on account of the execution of Almagro, he was, by royal commission, put into the castle of Medina del Campo, called la Motta, and the result was never known.

When Ferdinand Pizarro had left *Lima* for Spain, there were many friends of Don Diego's, both of the father and the son, in the *City of the Kings*, and dispersed in other places; they were poor and desperate, from having been despoiled of all their property by the Pizarrists. Giovan de Rada, therefore, one of the principal leaders, consulted with Don Diego how to avenge his father's death: accordingly they arranged a plot, and began secretly to collect arms, inviting all their friends and confederates to repair to *Lima* as quickly as possible. The marquis was warned that the Almagristi intended to put him to death; but he slighted the threat; and thinking that the intimation was prompted by some internal quarrel among themselves, desired that they should be left in peace, saying, that they had undergone sufficient misfortune without being farther persecuted. But being afterwards again warned to be on his guard, for undoubtedly there was an intention to make away with him, although somewhat perturbed, he said that he did not believe it. Notwithstanding

this, he sent for Giovan Velasquez his lieutenant; and he not being able to go to him, on account of indisposition, sent Dr. Picada his brother-officer and judge in ordinary, who by the Spaniards are called alcaldes. When the marquis asked him whether he had heard anything of Don Diego's weaving a plot to kill him, he answered that he knew nothing of it, and that the marquis need not fear whilst he held the rod of justice uprightly; which somewhat composed him. Affairs were in this state when it was hinted to the conspirators, that if they did not hasten they would be discovered; therefore Giovan de Rada accompanied by eleven well-armed friends, crossed the square of the town exclaiming—"Long live the king! death to the tyrant!" He entered the house of the marquis, who, suspecting the meaning of the noise and of the cries, ordered the hall to be shut, and went to arm himself. Francisco de Chiaves opened it, thinking that his authority would suffice to arrest their progress; but the Almagristi rushed in, and with a knife-wound on his head killed him. The doctor let himself down by the garden window, with his tail in his mouth.[1] But Martino de Alcantara, elder (*half*) brother of the marquis, with other followers, defended the door of the room, thinking they were quite equal to the assailants, till the Marquis came in, when he found only his brother remaining alive. Still he exclaimed, "Let us hold fast against these traitors, for I swear to God we two are enough to slay them all." And although his brother was immediately killed, he defended himself valiantly, till the enemy falling upon him, one man gave him a wound in the throat, by which he instantly fell dead to the ground: and thus ended the life of Francis Pizarro.

[1] This momentary escape did not save the poor doctor, who appears to have been secretary to Pizarro, and is called *adelantado* by other writers; for when Don Diego had made himself master of Lima, Velasquez and Picado were immediately taken into custody and executed, after being barbarously tortured. (*Trans.*)

He was born at *Trugilio*, was of a robust form, strong and courageous; but treacherous, cruel, and negligent. It was reported that he could not read, that he was son of Gonzalo Pizarro, who was a captain of Navarre; some say that he was a legitimate son, others deny it, and assert that being left at the door of a church, it was difficult to find any one to nurse him. He was said to have been afterwards acknowledged by his father, who employed him to tend swine; and having one day lost some of them, he dared not return home. He ran away to Seville, and afterwards crossed over to India, to the province of Uravà, with Alfonzo d'Hoieda.

As soon as the marquis was dead, the Almagristi began to cry out "Long live the king and Diego d'Almagro!" At the sound of these words, many friends of the marquis collected, and several people lost their lives in the struggle; but the Almagristi being the most numerous, made the others retire. They pillaged the house of the marquis, and those of several other rich men who were attached to him. They seized some of his followers; others fled from fear of their enemies. Don Diego caused himself to be sworn governor until the emperor's pleasure should be known; and it was thus that he gave the rod of justice to his most intimate friends. He collected about three hundred soldiers, seized the arms and horses of all those on whom he could not depend, and appointed Giovan de Rada (*Juan de Herrada*) his captain-general. This done, he went to Cusco, and was deceitfully received by some of the citizens, who were attached to the opposite party; whereby Grazia d'Alvarado having some words with Christopher Sotello, Alvarado, with one stab, killed him; and then he took measures to murder Don Diego, but the treaty being thus broken, *scopto il trattato*, Don Diego killed him.[1]

[1] Our author is rather entangled here. According to Zarate, an unfortunate quarrel occurred between the Almagrian captains, Garcias d'Alvarado and Christoval de Sotolo, in which they drew their swords

Other affrays occurred; so that at last the emperor, hearing of their discords, as well as of the death of Diego d'Almagro and of the marquis Francisco Pizarro and other Spaniards, sent the Licentiate Vaca de Castro to gather correct information as to who was guilty; and, as much as possible to restore peace to the country. With this commission Castro left Spain; and on arriving at *Panamà*, he embarked for *Perù*. Owing to contrary winds he only reached *Buena Ventura*, and landing there, he with great labour traversed the governorship of Venalcacere (*Benalcazar*) and arrived at *Chilo;* here he heard of the conduct of Don Diego, that he would not obey Gomez de Tordoia, who had orders to take possession of Cusco in Castro's name. He then went to *Trugilio*, leaving Diego de Mora as his lieutenant in that town, and with two hundred soldiers collected from several places, he proceeded to *Lima*, where, shewing his royal commission, he was accepted by all the citizens as governor of *Perù*.

Castro borrowed ten thousand ducats to pay the soldiers, he collected more men, bought more arms and horses, and with five hundred Spaniards he went to *Guamanga*, whence he wrote to Don Diego (who had already evacuated *Cusco* with his forces) to lay down his arms, to submit himself obediently, and then he should receive a free pardon; and, moreover, that he would grant him the means of living most honourably in the country, in a manner suitable to his station. Don Diego answered,—"That if he gave him his father's government and an imperial letter of pardon he would be quite content: but that he would not otherwise depend on his word, because, even whilst they were negociating, he (Castro) had been secretly endeavouring to induce his followers to revolt." Vaca de Castro, on receiving this reply,

and the latter was slain. As Don Diego took this much to heart, a sense of personal danger led Alvarado to compass the death of his leader: but he appears to have been caught in his own trap. They were a sanguinary and inhuman set! (*Trans.*)

quitted *Guamanca*, on account of its being a sterile place; and advancing, placed his camp on an elevation—called *Chiuppa* by the natives—in sight of the enemy. But if Don Diego had been made aware of it in time, while Vaca de Castro was ascending, his men fatigued and in confusion, he could easily have defeated him.[1] The next day, however, both commanders prepared for battle, each encouraging his men, promising them the reward of victory; and to the conquered, loss of life, of honour, riches, and command. Don Diego, the better to assail the enemy, placed his artillery, commanded by Pietro di Candia, on a flat spot; but Francisco Carvaile, an alfiere of Vaca de Castro, perceiving this, led the army to another place in the vicinity, where it could not be attacked. Don Diego therefore stationed his cavalry on each flank of the artillery, and the infantry in the centre. He himself went to the right wing, accompanied by many Indians armed with lances, stones and arrows. Vaca de Castro, having placed himself in his vanguard of thirty horses, his own people made him retire to the rear. With the cavalry divided into two squadrons, Alfonzo de Alvarado was on their right, Peralveres Olguin on their left, with the royal standard, and the infantry in the centre. Don Diego's Indians were the first to push forward and begin the battle,—they being repulsed by the enemy, he advanced valiantly and the engagement became general. After fighting for some time, Castro's infantry gained the enemy's artillery; and Don Diego's people had done great execution, and taken two ensigns. The struggle was universal, accompanied by cries and lamentations; already night was at hand, yet the victory was dubious, each side hoped to conquer; all dealt deadly blows. Still in the end Vaca de Castro was the victor. On the imperial side three hundred Spaniards perished, and

[1] We learn from Zarate that it was then in the middle of winter; and that during the three days when Vaca de Castro occupied the *Chupaz* position it never ceased raining. (*Trans.*)

the greater part of the officers. Of the opposite party a hundred and fifty were killed, some ran away to *Guamanga*, others elsewhere; but being captured, were delivered up to the Licentiate della Gama, who ordered some of the leaders to be quartered and others to be hung; while some of the soldiers were sent into exile.

Don Diego fled to Cusco with four soldiers, hoping to save his life; but his lieutenant, Roderigo de Salazar, on whom he had bestowed many gifts, having heard of the defeat and joined by several citizens, laid hands on him, and presenting him to Vaca de Castro he was condemned to be beheaded.[1]

After the death of Don Diego the country remained in peace. Vaca de Castro shared numerous Indies among his faithful soldiers, and sent the rest to conquer new countries. Meanwhile, the Indians were compelled to work as much as possible at the gold mines and at other sorts of labour, enduring the greatest miseries. Whilst these events were occurring in Peru, the Council of the Indies, by command of the emperor, issued orders for liberating the natives; and a viceroy for Peru was appointed by imperial commission. This was Vasco Nuñez Vela, a haughty man. He left Spain with four auditors, that is to say, the Licentiate Diego de Cepeda, Ortiz, Giovan Alvares, and Doctor Lisondi. At the end of January 1544 they arrived at *Nombre de Dios*; and meeting there some Spaniards, who had come from Peru with a great quantity of gold and silver for the purpose of going over to Spain, they inquired by what means they had acquired it. And on hearing that they had sold their In-

[1] The youthful Don Diego was a true son of Almagro, and, as Garcilasso says, the bravest son of an Indian woman that ever the New World produced. His untimely end was deeply regretted by Manca Capac, the fugitive Inca, who, in remembrance of the friendship which had existed between him and the elder Almagro, provided Diego with a large quantity of armour and arms, sufficient to equip two hundred men, which he had taken from the Spaniards whom he had defeated and slain. (*Trans.*)

dians, which was contrary to the laws newly established, the viceroy ordered the king's officers to confiscate the gold till they could ascertain the truth. Many of the citizens were irritated at this, the more so because that city was beyond his domain; and if it had not been for the auditors and influential men of that country, who interfered and begged that he would restore the property, without doubt he would have confiscated everything. However unwillingly, he allowed the whole to be restored; and then he shortly after departed from *Nombre de Dios*, going by land to *Panamà*, very angry with the auditors on account of certain differences that had occurred among them, often saying that the emperor had given him as auditors a youth, a madman, a fool, and an ignoramus. Cepeda was young, Giovanni Alvares was mad, Pietro Ortis was ignorant because he did not know Latin, and the other a fool: and in this mood he embarked on board a ship.

Thirteen days after leaving *Panamà* he reached *Tumbes*, the shortest passage that ever any ship had made.[1] There he began to restore liberty to the Indians, and commanded that they should not supply any article of food without being paid for it; and that the Spaniards should not load them against their will. For before that period the governors of the kingdom had proclaimed that, any Spaniards going on foot from one village to another, should be provided by the caciques with three Indians to carry their luggage; and those who rode on horseback, to be furnished with five. Morever, that every man should be supplied with a fowl, a rabbit, and a jug of the wine of the country, called by them

[1] It is curious that in the Cornwallis frigate, in 1807, we also made this passage in exactly thirteen days; for we left the anchorage before Tumbez on Saturday the 15th of August, and anchored off Pacheca, in the Bay of Panamà, on the 28th of the same month. We, however, were not thinking it a nautical feat to clear fifty or sixty miles a day; we were cruising, and catching all that we could along shore. (*Trans.*)

azua, without any payment. All these things the viceroy prohibited; and meeting, in *Tumbes*, a priest and a servant who had been in the battle against Diego d'Almagro, he ordered them both to be hanged. Also, at St. Michael's, he deprived Diego Palomino of his vassals because he treated them very badly. He threatened that he would punish severely anybody who acted against his authority. In this way he entered *Trugilio* (Truxillo) and published the laws; the citizens wanted to appeal, but he would not consent, saying that he had an express commission from the emperor to execute them, without listening to or accepting any appeal. So that people, seeing the harshness and obstinacy of the viceroy, cursed him and the laws, and whoever had occasioned them to be made. Those who had slaves marked with the king's brand complained, saying that they had no other property with which to maintain their families. The *conquerors*, moreover, represented that they had devoted their lives and their property to the emperor's service, by subduing and maintaining so rich a kingdom, and were now so ill rewarded. Brother Peter also, of the order of the Madonna, used to say, what a wretched return his majesty made to those who had served him so well and so faithfully; and that those laws savoured more of rapine than of holiness and justice, as every command that was now promulgated was intended for nothing but to increase the royal revenue. For this the viceroy sent one night and had him strangled!

Already everywhere the arrogance of the viceroy and the rigour of the enactments that he established were complained of. Then the Spaniards began to be tumultuous, saying that they would rather die than obey such laws; so that when the viceroy sent one of his lieutenants to *Cusco* to Vaca de Castro, in consequence of a requisition from the citizens, he would not receive the officer. Shortly after, he started with a great many Spaniards towards the *City of Kings*, to see how affairs were going on there. But when

the inhabitants heard of his coming, and of the people that he was bringing with him, he was warned not to advance or some evil might happen to him, because he had not admitted the lieutenant; that he would raise suspicions by bringing so many men; and that he had better return to *Cusco*, and hold the town in the name of the king. But Vaca de Castro thinking that it was not suitable to his station to turn back, left the greater part of his suite, to avoid giving umbrage, and proceeded immediately to *Lima*, where he found everything in confusion. Another party had advised the viceroy as soon as possible to quit *Trugilio*, and come to *Lima* before Vaca de Castro entered the town. He thereupon hurried himself greatly; and on his way, at a place called *la Fossa*, he found a document, saying—"Whoever shall come to snatch away my house and property, let him reflect well on his conduct, or he will pay for it with his life." He was told, moreover, that the citizens of *Lima* were determined to turn him out of Peru, unless he suspended the laws, until the emperor provided others. The viceroy, very much enraged at this, left *la Fossa*, and when near *Lima* he was met by Guilelmo Suares,[1] the king's factor, who, in the name of the senate, made him swear that he would respect their privileges, immunities, and benefices received from the emperor; granting also appeals from the new laws. The viceroy solemnly engaged to do whatever was for the service and honour of his majesty. He thus entered the town to the annoyance of the greater portion of the inhabitants. He immediately published a proclamation; and being entreated by some of his followers not to do so, for the Spaniards would rise against him, he arrogantly answered that at all events he would do as he pleased, and as the emperor authorized.

The viceroy then imprisoned Vaca de Castro on pretence

[1] This alcalde, who appears to have wished to make the best of a bad bargain, is named Yllan Suarez by Zarate. On the whole, it seems, the viceroy was received with much apparent respect and pomp. (*Trans.*)

that he had not accepted his laws at *Cusco*, accused him of having shared out the Indians, as a governor, and of having fought against Don Diego without permission from the king; wherefore he sent him to Spain as a prisoner. The citizens, seeing this conduct of the viceroy's and the imprisonment of Vaca de Castro, who had been more than ever inclined to help and favour them, they became so excited against him, that the greater part of them wrote to Gonzalo Pizarro, who was at the *Chiarche* (las Charcas) working his mines without thinking of these affairs, entreating him to repair to *Cusco* as soon as possible about some important affairs: and thus when Pizarro arrived at *Cusco*, the rigour of the laws that the viceroy had promulgated was represented to him, and that on no account would he allow of appeal. They therefore begged of him to consent to display the banner of captain and procurator, to defend their lives and their property, each man promising faithfully to be loyal, to serve, and to obey him. Pizarro answered, desiring them not to ask such things of him—"Why act contrary to the laws? It was the same as contravening the emperor himself, who most positively commanded that they should be executed." Yet the *conquerors* so far persuaded him with their various arguments and justifications, that he accepted of the charge.

Pizarro having thus become governor and procurator-general of Peru, displayed his flag, and soon collected upwards of four hundred soldiers. When the viceroy was informed that Gonzalo Pizarro had been constituted governor of *Cusco*, he sent Geronimo de Loaza, bishop of Lima, to *Cusco*, to beg of him to abandon the enterprise that he had undertaken against his king, and that he would come to *Lima* to be reconciled; assuring him that he had no unfavourable intentions: on the contrary, that he was about to shew him some signal favours. But the bishop had to return without coming to any conclusion; for Pizarro would not listen to him. The viceroy now seeing Pizarro's intentions and incli-

nations, and fearing that he would march down upon *Lima* with his army, apprehended what might happen, from not having people to defend him. He therefore collected fifty arquebuseers as a body guard, and raised as many men as he could, sending to several places for fresh succours. He then seized the king's fifth,[1] which Vaca de Castro had laid aside purposely to send over to Spain; and he also borrowed some money to pay the soldiers. Then there came in a short time Pietro de Puelis from Guaneco, and Gonzalo Dias from Piura, with many Spaniards from *Chito;* but finally, not long after their arrival at Lima, they, together with all the men and the other officers, ran off to Gonzalo Pizarro. And in a short time even some gentlemen, who lodged in the factor's house with two of his nephews, followed. Also Alfonzo de Monte Mayor, being sent by the viceroy with fifty horsemen to seize the deserters, found the fugitives; but through the perverseness of his party, Monte Mayor was taken, and all his men went over to Gonzalo Pizarro.

The viceroy seeing himself thus abandoned by his own partizans, and persecuted by strangers, was very irate with the factor (poor Yllan Suarez), and thinking from the hate he bore him, that he was to blame for all the mischief, sent for him, and when he had entered his house said angrily, "What treachery is all this, Señor Factor? you are come in an evil hour, unfortunate that I am, to have been ruined through you." The factor answered, "I am as good a servant to the king as your lordship." The viceroy exclaimed, "Thou liest in thy throat," and so saying, gave him two stabs with a dagger; and when the murder was completed by his own order, he made his servants throw the body out

[1] This was a sum of more than one hundred thousand crowns, which Vaca de Castro had drawn from Cusco to transmit to his sovereign. The present occurrences took place in the year 1544. Some of the remonstrants were disposed to reason, but the inflexible viceroy would not listen to their supplications. (*Trans.*)

of the window. Then some of his slaves below dragged him to a distance by the feet, for it being night there was no one to prevent them; but when day came he was honourably buried. On the Licentiate Carvaial hearing that the viceroy had killed his brother, he swore never to rest till he had revenged his death. A number of the citizens also were alarmed at the death of the factor, each fearing that he might do the same to himself, and therefore they wished that Gonzalo Pizarro would come to free them from so much dread. The viceroy, feeling the hatred that every one bore him, and having lost all hope of conquering his enemy, now saw his errors, and determined to retire to *Trugilio* with the royal auditors; thinking he might there regain strength. Although they did not approve of it, he had two ships fitted out, and asked Alfonzo Richelme the king's treasurer, and Alfonzo Contatore, with other gentlemen, to be in readiness to depart the next day, because he intended to go to *Trugilio;* sending his brother Vela Nunez by land with the soldiers, whilst the wives and property of the army, as well as of the auditors should go by sea. None had the courage to disobey him in his presence, but they informed the auditors of all that had occurred, and combining together they determined not to quit *Lima:* and they expressly commanded the inhabitants, on no account to allow their wives to be embarked, or anything else. Moreover, they protested against the viceroy's going away, warning him that his retreating would give heart to the enemy; whereas by remaining he would keep him in check: besides which, they were ordered by the emperor to reside in that city and nowhere else.

The viceroy, however, not caring for these protests, nor for any arguments, determined to have his own way; whence there arose a very great tumult in the town, so much so that they had recourse to arms. Vela Nunez being in the Piazza with other officers, abandoned by the soldiers, sought shelter in the monastery of San Domingo; while the rest ran to the

house of the viceroy and closed the door. The citizens battered the house for a quarter of an hour, the viceroy's soldiers defending the place more by cries than by arms; for they fought with their pikes turned the wrong way, and fired their arquebusses without ball. So much so, that Antonio de Robles scaled the wall and entered the apartment. He made them open the door, upon which some Dominican friars went to the viceroy and entreated him to surrender. This he consented to do to Lorenzo dal Danna and some other officers, desiring to be taken to the Licentiate Cepeda; when he arrived there, much alarmed, as there had not been wanting some one to fire an archibuss at him on the way, he said: "Signor Cepeda, do you take care of me, and see that nobody kills me."[1] Cepeda told him to entertain no sort of fear, and so led him into his house. The auditors endeavoured to console him, declaring that they deeply regretted his troubles, that they had not been to seize him, nor had they ordered it; but since they now had him in their power, for his own good they would send him to Spain to the emperor.

Whilst affairs were in this state, again the city rose in arms. Some held that the viceroy ought to be liberated; others insisted that he should be executed; or at least expelled from the town. Finally, after many agreements, arguments, and contests, it was decided to send him to Spain to the emperor (as we said above); thinking that, as soon as he was gone, Gonzalo Pizarro would lay down his arms, that all the country would be restored to peace, and that the emperor would be satisfied. They consequently drew up a formal statement that the viceroy had been the cause of all the mischief, and forced him into a ship, together with his

[1] The story of this curious night agrees substantially with the description of it by Zarate, though there is a slight circumstantial difference. The oydors, or auditors, appear to have acted with a most guarded moderation, but were firm and resolute in their remonstrances. (*Trans.*)

brother. What with presents and his salary, and the amount for which his property was sold, he had upwards of two hundred thousand ducats in gold; all of which was confided to the Licentiate Alvarez, who was to conduct him to Spain. They started; but on arriving at *Tumbes*, Alvarez released him from custody. This afterwards was the cause of his death.

About this time, Gonzalo Pizarro marched from Cusco, having first executed Filippo Gottierez and some other gentlemen, because they had sent evil reports of him to the king. On reaching *Lima*, he planted his camp within two miles of the town; and learning that the viceroy had been released at *Tumbes* and was raising men, he desired to ascertain the intentions of the auditors and of the citizens towards him, before he would enter. For he had heard that there were some who seemed still to be very much attached to the viceroy; therefore, in the name of all the *conquerors*, he demanded of the senate the command of the city, as beneficial to the king's service and the general interests of the country. The more numerous party were of opinion that his terms should be accepted, since he would otherwise enter by force and pillage the place. Others, especially Cepeda, who had collected a good many soldiers, would not consent, and wished at any risk to resist him; but hearing that the greater part of the garrison had gone over to Pizarro's camp, and, moreover, he being reproached with wishing to come to open hostilities, which was not for the good of his majesty's service, since the result must be very injurious to both parties, they laid down their arms. Indeed, all these threats were mere feints, acted only to seem to do their duty by the king; and thus Gonzalo Pizarro entered *Lima*[1] with the consent of

[1] Pizarro made his public entry with effective pomp, having all his troops in martial order; Bachicao — the cruel brute who figures in the next paragraph as Captain Machicao—marching at the head of the vanguard with artillery, consisting of twenty field-pieces, the equipments and ammunition of which were borne on the shoulders of six thousand Indians! (*Trans.*)

everyone, and was elected governor, with the proviso that if the emperor ordered otherwise, he would resign the charge; but that in the meantime he would ministrate like a good and faithful Christian, in the service of God and the king.

Then the governor put everything in the town in order, he dissolved the auditorship, fearing some deceit, and he took forty thousand ducats as a loan from the royal chest to pay his soldiers; he then sent Captain Machicao to *Panamà*, and Dr. Teiada to Spain, to inform the emperor how matters had gone on under the new laws. From the want of ships, Machicao left with two brigantines and fifty arquebuzeers. Coasting along, he took two ships at *Trugilio* and another at *Tumbes*. He alarmed the viceroy, chased Giovan Dillianes, and impressed some soldiers at *Porto Vecchio* (Puerto Viejo). Near *Taboga* he took a ship; and because the captain did not lower his sails immediately, he ordered him to be hanged. Thus he reached *Panamà*, where Juan Gusman did not wish to let him enter, because he was raising men for the viceroy; but the governor of the province, hearing that Machicao was come only for the purpose of accompanying Dr. Teiada, who was going to Spain to the emperor as the procurator-general of Peru, he opposed Gusman, saying "That it was not right to obstruct ambassadors, and so occasion, perhaps, the death of many men without reason." Accordingly he allowed him to enter; and immediately, on leaping on shore with the greater part of his men, Machicao made himself master of two ships that were in the port. He collected all the soldiers who deserted from Giovan de Gusman, with many vagabonds who came over from *Nombre de Dios*. He slew Bartolomew Perez and his ensign, and would have killed many more had they not made their escape; for they had conspired to murder him, and give the army up to the viceroy. He carried away the artillery from the town; and took a good deal of property from the merchants to clothe the soldiers; promising that he would pay them at a future

time. Thus, with these and other shameless exactions which he committed, having his eight ships and upwards of four hundred soldiers, he left *Panamà* to return to Peru.

Meanwhile Governor Pizarro, fearing that the viceroy would provide himself with men from *Panamà*, that place being handy for the vessels coming from Spain to Nombre de Dios, he determined to make himself master of its port. But having learned that the citizens and merchants of *Panamà* complained much of Machicao, on account of the harsh extortions and ribald conduct that he had practised among them, Pizarro deprived him of that appointment, and named Pietro de Noiosa in his stead, notwithstanding some altercation; for a party wished that Machicao should be continued in the command. Thus Noiosa, with the rank of captain-general, left *Callao de Lima*, and coasting along he captured Vela Nunez at *Buena Ventura*, with twenty thousand ducats; for he was fitting out two brigantines there to proceed to *Panamà*, where he was to raise men for his brother the viceroy. But Noiosa sent him to Lima to the governor; where, being afterwards accused as a seditious man who wished to raise himself on the domains of the king, he was sent forth and beheaded. Noiosa[1] at the same time recovered a son of Gonzalo Pizarro's, whom Vela Nunez had detained with him. With this booty he sailed from *Buena Ventura*, accompanied by eight ships and three brigantines, to *Panamà*. At this time Giovan de Lianes (*Yllanez*) was there raising men for the viceroy, and as soon as he saw the ships, he beat to arms, went to the piazza with his soldiers, and cried out with a loud voice to the citizens,—"Come out of your houses, you traitors, come and defend the king's domains from these tyrants?" At these words many of them were highly incensed against him.

[1] This Noiosa, or Inoisa, is the *Hinojosa* of Zarate. The illegitimate son of Pizarro had been captured at Quito, and the royalists hoped to secure both ransom and terms from having him in their power. (*Trans.*)

The next day Pietro de Cassaja, chief justice of that province, by desire of Giovan Dillianes, sent to *Nombre de Dios* to raise men; he also sent to Noiosa to inquire the cause of his coming, and was answered that he came to pay the debts of Machicao, after which he wished to return to *Peru*. Noiosa, however, having heard, on the other hand, that arms had been taken up against him in *Panamà*, and that Giovan Dillianes would on no account consent to his entering the town, he landed his soldiers and placed them among the rocks on the sea-shore. He then sent his brigantines along the beach, with some pieces of artillery. Whereupon Giovan Dillianes coming out of *Panamà*, faced him with three hundred Spaniards, and encamped close to the enemy. When a gunner by order was about to fire a cannon, a monk of the order of the Madonna, riding on a mule, with the crucifix in his hand, in company with Don Pietro de Cabrera, shouted "Peace, peace!" The two sides thereupon consenting to negotiate, it was agreed that Noiosa should be free to enter the town accompanied by twenty-five soldiers, if he sent his ships away to *Taboga* with all the rest of his men, until he had paid the debts of Machicao; and for surety should give as hostages any two gentlemen that Giovan Dillianes should ask for. One was Don Baltasaro, son of the Count della Gomera; and the other was Captain Paulo de Menese. Thus, with these tricks and dissimulations, peace was concluded. Yet shortly after, because Giovan Dillianes had not money to pay his soldiers, they gradually went over to the Pizarrists at *Taboga*, as the Greeks entered Troy singing by threes and by fours, whilst the truce lasted; he, left with only one page, quitted *Panamà* and went towards *Carthagena*. Noiosa now entered *Panamà* with all his army, crying out to the soldiers, "Long live the king and Gonzalo Pizarro!" He then sent Don Pietro de Cabrera and his son-in-law with two companies, to guard *Nombre de Dios*. But not long after, Melchior Verdugo having come down by the

canal of *Nicaragua* with two hundred soldiers, intending to attack Pizarro's party, landed in the night; the inhabitants hearing the noise, thought the French had come, whereupon the greater part fled to the woods, and set fire to Cabrera's house, hoping to burn him in it; but. he had already run away, as well as his son-in-law, in the direction of *Panamà*. Thus did Verdugo[1] make himself master of *Nombre de Dios;* but in consequence of the soldiers ill-treating the citizens under pretence that they favoured the tyrants, and forcing their merchandize from them with much abuse, the towns-people complained to Dr. Rivera, the governor of that province and residing at *Panamà*, of the injuries and thefts that they suffered from Verdugo. Wherefore the governor asked help from Pietro de Noiosa, and they went together to *Nombre de Dios* with a hundred and fifty arquebuzeers. Having reprimanded Verdugo, Noiosa ordered that he should first repay the citizens for all the mischief and damage he had done them, and then immediately quit the province, or he would expel him by force of arms. Verdugo replied that he (Noiosa) deserved much more, because he aided the tyrants in the king's territory. On receiving this message, Noiosa entered the town, and ordered his soldiers to attack the enemy. But Verdugo's men, seeing so many arquebuzeers coming against them, turned their backs without attempting any defence; and he himself was the first to jump into a brigantine. Only one soldier was wounded; and this was the end of Verdugo's bravados.

Whilst these events were occurring at *Panamà* and at *Nombre de Dios,* Gonzalo Pizarro sent Francisco de Caravaial (*Carvajal*), his camp master (*suo Maestro di Campo*), against Diego Centeno, who had revolted against him.

[1] This Melchior Verdugo, of Truxillo, was one of the richest men in Peru and the staunchest loyalist. Hinojosa was greatly chagrined at Verduga's capture of Nombre de Dios and the burning of Cabrera's house; an exploit which he was bent on revenging. Dr. Ribera, the governor, was but a tool in his hands. (*Trans.*)

Meeting Diego near *Potosi*, they closed and quickly routed him, taking several of his soldiers, whom he ordered to be hung. But Centeno, together with Luigi di Rivera and one of his servants, escaped to some arid mountains inhabited by Indians, not far from *Arechipa*. Proud of this victory, Caravaial went scouring the country around, and pillaged *Chiarche*; then, changing his route, he returned to *Arechipa*, and from thence proceeded to *Cusco*, robbing, hanging, and quartering, all that he met inclined to the royal party. At this very time, the viceroy was in the province of *Popaian*, in the government of Venalcazer (*Benalcazar*), having escaped (*era scampato*) from the hands of Gonzalo Pizarro, his persecutor. The viceroy being falsely informed that Pizarro had left *Quito* and returned to *Lima*, although grieving at the imprisonment[1] of his brother, yet was not without hopes of recovering his government, and revenging himself for the many insults received from the Pizarrists. With the assistance of Sebastian Venalcacere, he prepared to march with four hundred Spaniards, and departed. When he was near *Otaballo* he heard that Pizarro had not gone to *Lima*, but was coming towards him with a large force, and was not far off. The viceroy, alarmed at this unexpected circumstance, made a great many fires during the night to deceive the enemy, and two hours after dark decamped with all his men; they marched through difficult districts all that night, and the greater part of the next day, with good Indian guides. Fatigued and exhausted with thirst, they entered *Quito*, where a black woman gave him a jug of water to drink. Receiving farther information of Pizarro's host, he was somewhat alarmed; and being advised by many to surrender and

[1] This brother, who appears to have been a brave gentleman, was imprisoned in 1545; but on the death of the viceroy, he received a conditional pardon. In the following year, being drawn into a plot for the restoration of the former authority, Pizarro caused him to be brought to trial *as a traitor to the king*, and had him publicly beheaded. (*Trans.*)

be reconciled with him, he answered that he would die sooner than surrender to such a man. Then, not confiding in the inhabitants of *Quito*, he evacuated the town, and encamped on a small plain three miles outside of it. Gonzalo, who had sharp spies everywhere, heard of the viceroy's flight and countermarches, so immediately altered his course, and the following day arrived in sight of the enemy. The viceroy imprudently faced him; the battle soon began, and Pizarro's arquebuzeers in the first assault killed some of their opponents. Then the cavalry hampered the viceroy, who fought valiantly, and Captain Cepeda coming up, repulsed them. But the viceroy fell from his horse, and, in consequence of the great weight of his armour, was unable to rise again. Not being recognized, the sacrestano of *Quito* went towards him to discover who he was, and when leaning over him, the viceroy said, "Don't do me any injury, I am the viceroy." The sacrestano replied, "You are the man we seek;" and then informed the Licentiate Caravaial, who wishing for nothing so much as to revenge the death of his brother the king's factor, was about to dismount in order to despatch him, when Pietro de Puelis prevented his doing so, saying that it was not suitable to his station to commit such an act; therefore, calling one of his slaves, he ordered him to put the viceroy to death and then cut off his head. This trophy was carried to *Quito*, put in the place where malefactors' heads are exposed; and, as a still greater disgrace, there were not wanting people to pull his beard; but his body being taken to Quito, the governor ordered it to be buried the next day.

There died five Spaniards in this battle on the Pizarrist side, and on the other a few more.[1] The governor then be-

[1] This account by no means agrees with the assertions of Zarate, who states that the royalists lost about two hundred men, and the victors only seven. He also says Pizarro caused the body of the viceroy to be carried to Quito, and there interred with much pomp and solemnity. This battle was fought on the 16th January, 1546. (*Trans.*)

haved humanely towards his enemies: he made some presents to Venalcacere, although he had been opposed to him, and sent him to his government. He did the same by some of his captains; but Bonilia, the treasurer of *Quito*, with some other citizens, he sent as exiles to *Chili*, although as soon as embarked, they escaped to New Spain. He deputed Manuel de Statio as his lieutenant in *Guaiaquil*; Lopez d'Aiale in Puerto Vecchio; Alfonzo Mercadilio in *Sarsa*; and Diego de Mora in *Trugilio*. He provided in a similar way for all the other towns; and after arranging the government of *Quito*, and leaving Pietro de Puelies as his lieutenant there, he went to the *City of the Kings* to the great satisfaction of everybody.

Whilst these events were occurring in *Peru*, as above related, it was reported to the emperor that the citizens of *Lima* had seized the viceroy, and that Gonzalo Pizarro had arrogantly arisen and taken arms against him; all which greatly grieved him, and he complained severely of the auditors for having consented thereto. But being afterwards informed that the viceroy had been the principal cause of all the evils, by not consenting to appeals from the new laws, he became somewhat mitigated; and considering that lamentations were of no avail, as well as to avoid the occurrence of any still greater evil, he determined to remedy what had happened. He proposed to send a man of sedate character, and bestowed the title of president on the Licentiate Pietro della Gasca, a man, indeed, to be compared rather to the most sly fox than to a fierce lion. Armed with all the authorities and provisions that he chose to ask from the emperor, and accompanied by the Licentiates Cianca (*Ganas*) and Renteria, he started from Spain in the year 1546, and, having a fair wind, reached *Nombre de Dios* in fifty-five days. They then proceeded by land to *Panamà*; as secretly as possible they investigated the state of Pizarro's affairs; and when asked by the Pizarristi with what view he had come

from Spain, the president replied, often with his cap in his hand, that he had arrived to restore peace to *Peru*, and to revoke the orders that the viceroy brought, even to pardon all the past; and that his anxious desire was to put those provinces into a good state, so that every one might live well and peacefully. He often talked in this guise familiarly with the soldiers, telling them to be merry and good humoured, for he wished everything to go on so comfortably, that he would make them all rich: and that his intention was only to regain the territories for the emperor, to make them see their errors, and return to his obedience and service. With such words and many more, he began to tease Noiosa to give him up the army; and he wrote a letter to Gonzalo Pizarro, of which the following is the substance: that he should cede the government and lay down his arms, for he would be allowed to pardon him all that he had done, and revoke the obnoxious laws, leaving to every man his property; and, moreover, warned him not to trust in the people who had till then followed him, for, on hearing the voice of their king, they would all finally abandon him, and be the cause of his death.

Pizarro, on receiving this letter, summoned the principal men in his government, so that each might give his free opinion. They reasoned a long time on the subject; and it was finally agreed upon by every one, that on no account should Gasca be allowed to enter *Peru;* and that ambassadors should be sent to the emperor informing him of the death of the viceroy, supplicating his majesty at the same time to confirm Gonzalo in that government, and promising to send him a large sum of money, if he would consent to this arrangement. With this determination, they sent off Brother Geronimo di Loaisa[1] and Lorenzo dal Dana to go to Spain; giving them also a letter for the president della

[1] Zarate, who was then resident in a public character in Peru, mentions these deputies as consisting of Don Geronymo de Loyasa, archbishop

Gasca, subscribed by sixty-four veterans, and expressed in the following style:—

"MOST MAGNIFICENT SIGNOR.—We heard of your arrival at Panamà, and that you wish to proceed to Peru, which, if you had come before the viceroy's death, would have afforded us all great satisfaction; but so many battles having ensued, and so many Spaniards been killed, not only would your coming be unsafe, but might be the cause even of some still greater evil. It would therefore be advantageous to all if you would return to Spain with our ambassadors, who are going to inform the emperor of all that has happened, and of our resolution that his majesty may be pleased to grant us the favour of confirming Gonzalo Pizarro as our governor; he being a person more accustomed than any other, by the long experience he has had in governing and in managing the affairs of this country; for which, and for his rare virtues, he is beloved by everybody and regarded as the *pater patriæ*. He maintains peace and justice throughout the country. He preserves the royal fifths and revenues. We therefore trust that the emperor will grant us this favour, after the services we have so long rendered. And although your governors have made war against us, and have robbed us and consumed the king's revenues, it will be found that, if we took up arms against them, it was only to defend our claims conformably to the laws. None of us ask pardon, because none of us have erred. We therefore supplicate you, by the zeal and love that you bear, and have always borne, to the service of God and of the king, to return to Spain to inform his majesty of all that is requisite; and we hope that in your prudence you will do this."

They wrote also to Noiosa; and Gonzalo told Lorenzo dal Dana to give Pietro della Gasca fifty thousand ducats if he would return to Spain; and if not, to make an end of him—*overamente che lo accidesse.*

On the above letter reaching Panamà, Lorenzo dal Dana

of Lima; Lorenzo de Aldana; friar Tomas de San Martino, provincial of the Dominicans; and Gomez de Solis, major-domo to Pizarro. (*Trans.*)

notified everything to the president, and warned him to look out for his life; assuring him, on the other hand, that Pizarro would never receive a superior in Peru, although many people desired to see him (*the president*). At first Noiosa would on no account give up the army, in consequence of the promise he had made to Gonzalo; but at last, seeing the imperial orders for a general pardon, he was overpersuaded to the act. The president was extremely delighted when he had obtained the army; for, without it, he would have found it impossible ever to succeed in his enterprize. He appointed Noiosa himself to be the general, leaving all the other officers in their previous stations. He sent to Nombre de Dios for some pieces of artillery which he had brought from Spain; he wrote to Mexico, to Guattimala, to Nicaragua, and to San Domingo, to have men, arms, horses, and ammunition sent to his assistance. He borrowed a great deal of money from some merchants wherewith to pay the soldiers. He sent Lorenzo dal Dana with three ships to *Peru* to publish the orders for a general pardon, and the revocation of the new laws; who, starting from *Panamà*, stopped nowhere till he had reached the *Calliao di Lima;* thence he sent a ship to *Trugilio* and another to *Arechipa* to publish the imperial decree. As Noiosa had ceded the army to the Licentiate della Gasca, the greater part of the inhabitants rebelled against Pizarro. First Diego de Mora of Trugilio revolted; and Roderigo de Salazar in *Quito*, who murdered Pietro de Puelies in his bed by repeated stabs; and Francisco Dolmos shamefully killed Manuele de Statio in *Guaiaquil* because already the royal flag had been lowered; having first put to death three other citizens in *Punà*. While I was at this time of revolt in *Puerto Vecchio*, Diego Mendez took Allope d'Aiala, and had Captain Morales strangled. Yet all this was done more from savage revenge than from zeal for justice. Diego Centeno[1] being sent for

[1] Zarate hints that Centeno was invited to this otherwise desperate

by Diego Alvarez in *Arechipa,* issued from the mountains where he was concealed, joined him, engaged others who arrived, collected to the amount of eighty Spaniards, and went to *Cusco* in the king's name. There he heard that Antonio de Roblez was in the town with about three hundred soldiers, whom he was going to take to Gonzalo Pizarro. One night therefore he entered, caught the enemy asleep, killed some of them, wounded many others, took the captain, had his head cut off, and impressed the rest in the king's service.

Centeno becoming arrogant on the strength of this victory, quitted *Cusco* to go to *Potosi* against Alfonzo de Mendoza and Giovan de Silvera, who were there with a great many men, holding the place for Gonzalo. Hearing of Centeno's arrival, however, they joined his party. He then went to the canal of *Tiquacaca* with the intention of awaiting the president there, keeping the communication shut, so as to prevent the enemy's passing in any direction. Pizarro found himself therefore in the *City of the Kings* under these circumstances,—he saw that his friends were gradually abandoning him, especially those who had been the principal cause of his entering on the enterprize,—that Pietro de Noiosa (on whom he relied more than on any of the rest) had given up the army to della Gasca, and that all the districts had rebelled against him. Still, notwithstanding these very adverse incidents and reverses of fortune, his courage never failed. He therefore sent Giovan da Costa, with two hundred soldiers, to *Trugilio* against Diego de Mora; though finding that officer had retired to *Cassiamalca,* and that he was stronger than himself, da Costa returned to *Lima.* Pizarro again sent him off with more men, in the direction

step by some of the principal inhabitants of Cuzco: but for this it would have been inexcusable rashness in him, with so small a band of followers, to have attacked so superior a force. Zarate gives Centeno forty ill-armed men, and De Robles five hundred soldiers; but here, perhaps, Benzoni's statement is the most probable. (*Trans.*)

of *Cusco*, thinking that Centeno was there, and intending to turn him out of the town. Not long after his departure, Lorenzo dal Dana arrived in the port with four ships, which occasioned a great tumult in the Pizarrist camp, and induced Giovan de Roias and Alfonzo Maldonato with many more to make their escape. Pizarro, therefore, fearing that others would also abandon him, determined to quit *Lima* and go to *Arechipa ;* but notwithstanding this step, the Licentiate Caravaial stole away with all his relations. The flight of this man mortified the governor greatly, as he had been one of the principal officers of his army; therefore having left *Lima*, he wrote by post to Giovan da Costa, that on receipt of his letter he should immediately turn round and come to *Arechipa*. When he was near *Guamanga*, Sotto Mayor and Captain Martino Dolmos, with the greater part of his men, deserted. Meanwhile he reached *Arechipa*, and Lorenzo dal Dana entering Lima, hoisted the royal flag.[1]

After the junction of Giovan da Costa with his governor, they held a council as to what it would be best to do to save their lives, since they could not support themselves in that country, and they unanimously concluded to go in the direction of *Chili* to conquer new countries. Therefore Pizarro prepared his men, who amounted to about five hundred Spaniards and a great many Indian servants. Aware that if he took the direct route, he must encounter Centeno, who was stationed not far from a very narrow pass with twelve hundred Spaniards, he sent Francisco Spinosa with thirty horsemen by the way of the *Tiquicaca* canal, to induce the enemy to believe he was adopting that route; but he despatched Caravaial, his master of the camp, with the army, in

[1] The principal inhabitants had already declared for his majesty in their own names, and in the names of all the loyal citizens of Lima. It was on the 9th of September, 1547, that Aldana, assured that Gonzalo was eighty leagues from the spot, landed and took charge of the city. (*Trans.*)

another direction by *Uscovio*, near some very steep mountains in *Guamanga:* who detecting a priest, that was a spy for the imperialists, he had him hanged.[1]

Centeno, being informed by Captain Olea, who deserted to him, of his adversary's intention, changed his position and went to *Pucoran*. Pizarro having heard that the enemy was approaching him, and finding himself shut up in *Guarina* as well as inferior in strength, sent to Centena for permission to pass, as he intended to leave that country and go to *Chili*. Centeno replied that he would not allow him, and that he must surrender himself. Pizarro then said: "Thou art not the king that I must surrender to thee; only the other day thou wert my servant, and because I would not give thee what thou didst ask, thou hast revolted against me." On this answer Centeno passed on, and cutting the (*rope*) bridge of *Tiquicaca* arrived at *Pucoran*, fifteen miles distant from Gonzalo Pizarro. There he rested several days, thinking that the Pizarrists would be sure to desert to him. But when he found that there was no change at all, he pushed his camp on eight miles farther, and entrusting it to Alfonzo de Mendoza and Giovan de Silvera, said that he had a disease in his side, and retired to a safe place with Giovan Solano, bishop of Cusco. Immediately Alfonzo de Mendoza and his companions wished to prepare their troops for battle, but in the most disorderly order (*ordine molto disordinato*) intended to assault the enemy. They shewed off many bravados, skirmishing (*scaramuzzando*) one with the other, and saying that they would suffice even if the Pizarrists were three times as many. Caravaial, being now informed of the state and situation of Centeno's camp, said to Pizarro: "Let us go, Signor Governatore, and assault these traitors; for by the life of God we shall conquer." Accordingly, putting their

[1] To render this execution the more ignominious, the priest was hanged with his breviary and ink-horn suspended from his neck. Caravajal usually added bantering insult to his brutality. (*Trans.*)

squadrons in array, they began their march, with the greater part of their arquebuzeers in the van. When they reached the enemy's camp they gave the assault, and the musqueteers in the first effort made a great impression on them. Alfonzo de Mendoza then advancing with forty arquebuzeers, attacked Gonzalo Pizarro's squadron of horse, and had nearly routed them; when Caravaial, who was hastening about everywhere to encourage the men, seeing his governor surrounded by the enemy, exclaimed to Giovan della Torre: "Let us go and help our master, who is in great danger;" and by assisting him the battle was renewed with great vigour, every man exerting himself, till finally Centeno's men fell into confusion. Fatigued and unable to resist the fury of their enemies, they took to flight. Centeno,[1] seeing his men routed, leaped on his horse, without waiting for the bishop, and escaped.

About eighty Spaniards fell on the side of Gonzalo Pizarro; Cepeda and Giovan da Costa were wounded. And of the opposite party four hundred and fifty, including Giovan de Silvera and other captains. Pizarro sent Caravaial with thirty arquebuzeers in the direction of *Arechipa* to search for Centeno, and not finding him, he entered the town and pillaged many of the inhabitants. He also sent Captain Bobadilia, with a similar party of soldiers to the *Chiarche*, to seize all the arms and horses they could find. He ordered Machicao to be hanged, together with six other Spaniards, who in the beginning of the battle deserted to Centeno.[2] He

[1] Other accounts state, that during this battle Centino was so ill that he was carried on a litter by six Indians, almost in a state of insensibility; yet, by the care of friends, he was saved after the defeat of his army. This conflict took place near Guarina, on the 19th of October, 1547. (*Trans.*)

[2] This Machicao, otherwise the noted Bachicao, believing the royalists would be victorious, had gone over to them: but seeing it prove otherwise, imagining his defection was unobserved, returned to his post. On being dragged to execution, Caravajal bantered him with bitter jokes, calling him his most dear friend and comrade. (*Trans.*)

pardoned all the others, because they promised to go with him and serve him most faithfully. He thus quitted *Guarina*, went to *Cusco* and entered it, to the great terror and confusion of the whole population. He caused the Licentiate Martello to be strangled, as also twelve of the principal inhabitants. He had some armour made of gold and silver, and placed good guards throughout the town. Some say that Caravaial warned Gonzalo Pizarro not to put faith in the people that he had enlisted after the defeat of Centeno, nor in some others, for that at the most critical time they would betray him; and advised him to fall back upon *Chili*, burning, destroying, and ruining all the country he passed through; so that, if the enemy attempted to follow him, he should find nothing to live upon, nor even grass for his horses. To this Pizarro answered: "That he was determined to be lord of that country, or to lose his life in the attempt." Caravaial receiving this answer said: "Up then, my lord governor, let us go forward, for by the life of God I have as good a neck as you." And truly, if Gonzalo Pizarro had taken this sage advice, Pietro della Gasca might have scratched his head and worried his life out, and then returned to Spain without having done anything: but this was to be his end![1]

At this period the president, Della Gasca, started from *Panamà* with twelve vessels, including large and small, the greater part laden with merchants' goods, and amongst them he located about five hundred soldiers. He built a galeot, but without any advantage; for, on account of the currents, it worked badly; and thus with great trouble, it being in the winter, they arrived at *Manta*. Francisco Dolmos being at *Puerto Vecchio* with his company, when he heard of the

[1] These chiefs remind one of Juba and Syphax. Pizarro was under forty years of age, tall, well-proportioned, and shewy; Caravajal was said to be eighty years old, of middle stature, very stout, and high-complexioned: the one was sensual in women, the other in wine. (*Trans.*)

president's arrival, he, together with Captain Diego Mendez and some of the citizens, went to the beach to receive him, and reported the state of Pizarro's affairs, with all the populations revolted against him. The president was much rejoiced at this, but hearing of the executions of Captain Morales, of Manuel del Statio, and of other citizens, he said: "Under colour of serving the king you kill men, revenging your private injuries, whereat the king is not pleased." He then went to *Tumbes*, which place he reached in a short time. He sent to *St. Michele*, for the people that had deserted from Gonzalo Pizarro; and desired Captain Mercadiglio de Bracamori to join. Salazare came from *Chito*, and Sebastiano Venalcacere from Popaiano, with many Spaniards; and he received intelligence that Diego de Mora was in *Cassiamalca*, with a considerable number of men.

The president, seeing that from all sides men were flocking to his standard and support, sent letters to the viceroy of New Spain informing him that he need not forward him any succour, for there was no occasion. He wrote in a similar strain to *Nombre de Dios*, to *Nicaragua*, and to many other places, whence he had asked for reinforcements. Only the Licentiate Ramires came from *Guatimala*, with a fresh supply of men and ammunition. The president now sending Noiosa with the greater part of his troops over the mountains, to collect the Spaniards who were at *Sausa*, he went himself by sea to *Trugilio*. There he heard of Centeno's defeat, which grieved him so much that he was doubtful whether he ought to proceed; though his party encouraged him, advising him not to give up persevering in his enterprise; assuring him that he need not be alarmed on account of Centeno's misfortune, for he had still plenty of men to rout the enemy; that the greater part of Pizarro's camp served him only through fear, and that they would gladly desert the moment they saw the royal standard. He halted,[1]

[1] According to Zarate, this halt was in the valley of Jauja. He cor-

but sent Alfonzo d'Alvarado to Lima for the men who were with Lorenzo dal Dana. He sent many spies, both Spaniards and Indians, to learn what Pizarro was doing; and about this time the bishop of *Cusco* and Alfonzo de Mendoza arrived at *Trugilio*, together with some soldiers who had run away after Centeno's defeat. From the other side there came Diego de Mora from *Cassiamalca*, and Pietro de Noiosa, with other captains and more troops; so that the president actually assembled above fifteen hundred men. He examined the arms, put the artillery in order, had a great many balls cast, and an ample provision of pikes and lances made; and then he started with all his camp. The ammunition and baggage were carried by the Indians, who were tied together in rows so that they might not escape. Many, from the great weights assigned them, could not walk, and many, from extreme thirst, could not stand up. Some of these the Spaniards fiercely cut to pieces, others were chained by the neck, and oftentimes, to avoid the delay of extricating these men, their heads were cut off. Others were bound with ropes, some of them had their sides pierced with swords, some had their ears or noses cut off, and others had gashes cut in their arms or their legs.[1]

Finally the president reached *Sausa*, and then proceeded to *Guamanga*. Valdivia joined him on the march; he had come to his aid from *Chili*, and was appointed colonel of the infantry. Not long after they met Centeno. Marching onward they reached the country of the *Andagoliani*, where, for want of provisions (as there was only green maize to eat, either boiled or roasted, and the ground was very wet), the greater part of the army fell sick, until they had crossed the

roborates Benzoni's account of the president's exertions, but adds, moreover, that he employed all the forges and artists he could procure to fabricate new muskets. (*Trans.*)

[1] What a horrid recital! Yet some of the historians of America dub Gasca a humane man: and possibly, as then understood and among such sanguinary ruffians, he may have been. (*Trans.*)

river *Bancai*, when the natives supplied them with food; and they all refreshed themselves in the best way they could. Here the president learnt that the enemy had cut asunder all the bridges over the rivers. They were made of the branches of large willow-like trees, twisted together in the manner of cables, carried across the stream and made fast on either bank; so that foot passengers, though not horsemen, could easily cross. The president now ordered the Indians to repair these bridges, and it was wonderful how quickly they restored them. But passing through the river *Aporrima*, near *Cusco*, owing to the powerful stream of water, many of the Spaniards and their horses were drowned in fording the stream. When Noiosa and Pietro de Valdivia had passed, they took up a very strong and important position with seventy arquebuzeers on a hill, until the rest of the army had got across. They had scarcely taken possession of it when Giovan da Costa, and fifty arquebuzeers, came up with a similar intention; but seeing the enemy there already he returned to Cusco, informed the governor that the president had passed the river with nine hundred Spaniards and a great many Indians, then left Cusco and planted his standards in sight of the enemy at *Saguisaguana*.

The president, although he had crossed the river, found himself in a very bleak station, full of ice, devoid of firewood, and short of provisions: and he began to fear lest his men might desert to Pizarro, who had a superabundance of these things. He therefore determined to give battle. Consequently he employed great part of the night in examining the arms; early in the morning he made liberal proffers to his soldiers, telling them, as he had already often said before, that if they behaved valorously everything should be for them: he then unfurled his banners and marched forward towards the enemy. Pizarro ordered Cepeda to place himself in a certain pass near a hill, but he deserted over to the president; and immediately fifty musqueteers followed

him. On the rest of the soldiers seeing this, they threw down their arms: some went over to the imperial camp, some ran here and some ran there. Noiosa called out to his men to pursue the flying enemy, but they attended more to pillaging the barracks than anything else; although they found much less booty than they expected. On the imperial side one Spaniard was killed, and on the other five fell.

When Pizarro found himself abandoned by all his camp except his officers, he said to Giovan da Costa:—"What shall we do now, oh captain?" to which Costa replied:—"My lord governor, let us die nobly, like Romans!" But Pizarro exclaimed—"God forbid, that having lost my honour and my property, I should lose my soul too."[1] Then finding himself close to Villa Vicenza, he asked him who he was? He answered that he was serjeant-major of the imperial camp;—in return to which Pizarro said, "And I am the unfortunate Gonzalo Pizarro." He then led him to the president, mounted on a large and powerful horse, adorned with beautiful silver trappings. He had a light corslet, a helmet of the finest gold on his head, ornamented with a plume, and wore a medal surrounded with emeralds. The president said to him, "Señor Gonzalo Pizarro, does it appear right in you to have incited the territories of the emperor against him, and to have wasted his treasures?" Pizarro answered, "I have consumed my own riches, and not those of the emperor. And as to this country, I could possess it as governor with justice, for I and my brothers conquered it." On hearing this answer, the president ordered him to be taken away from his presence, and referred his trial to the Licentiate Cianca. The case was proceeded with accordingly, he was condemned as a traitor, and the next day he was sent to be beheaded. His body was buried at *Cusco;*

[1] In Zarate's history Gonzalo is reported to have answered: "It is better to die like Christians!" It is also stated that he was executed on the day of his trial. (*Trans.*)

but his head was carried to *Lima*, and placed in an iron cage on a stone pillar, in the market place.

Such was the end of Gonzalo Pizarro, a well-disposed man, able-bodied, courageous, rather avaricious than liberal, utterly ignorant of reading and writing, apt to believe everybody. Caravaial was dragged for half-a-quarter of an hour at the tail of a horse, he was then hung and quartered. When he was led to execution, he, with sighs, inquired for his governor, Gonzalo Pizarro. One day previous to his death, Diego Centeno went to see him and said, "Señor Master-of-the-camp, where are now your talons of war?"—to which he answered, "they captured me like a good warrior on the field, but thou didst fly from the battle like an ill-begotten whelp (*figliuolo d'una vil puttana*)." This man was as cruel as he was avaricious, and in the short period that he was master-of-the-camp of Gonzalo Pizarro, he was the cause of the death of three hundred Spaniards. When he had anybody to hang he often used to laugh and say, "I have heard that you are cavaliers, and justice requires that you should be shewn that honour which is due to your station; therefore, since there are several trees here, look to which you would like best to be attached, for the favour will be granted to you." With such insults and many others, he sent them to be hung, and for this purpose he was always accompanied by four Moors. It would be a long task to relate the low malignity that this man perpetrated wherever he went. When Caravaial was dead, Giovan da Costa and Giovan della Torre were flagellated, together with eleven other captains. A great many soldiers were flogged and sentenced to the galleys in Spain; and others were sent in exile to *Chili*, under Valdivia, governor of that province.[1]

[1] Other authors mention more capital punishments: yet Robertson says—"Gasca, happy in his bloodless victory, did not stain it with cruelty." But who can commiserate the execution of Pizarro, or the drawing and quartering of the hoary Carvajal, when they remember the

After the death of Gonzalo Pizarro, the president went to *Cuşco*, and desired all the citizens who had vassals, to go back to their houses; to some he gave presents, and to others promises; thanking them all for their good and faithful services. He sowed only the house of Pizarro, and of those who were condemned as traitors, with salt. He then quitted *Cusco*, went to *Purima* (Apurimac), and there with Geronimo Loaiza, already made Archbishop of *Lima*, and Pietro Lopez his secretary, they consulted on the division of the Indians. He gave Noiosa a revenue of a hundred thousand ducats per annum, and to Valdivia not much less; but he soon after died, suspected of having been poisoned.[1] In this way the president shared out above a million and a half of yearly revenue among several persons, and published the division; but many soldiers who had served his majesty most zealously, and were expecting the reward of their labours in great spirits, when they found that they were omitted, began to murmur and complain greatly against the president. And although they had fair words both from him and from the archbishop, who told them that at present they could not do more, and that their merits would not be forgotten in the sequel, they not only were not pacified, but shewed by various symptoms that they were greatly excited against them.

Out of many of these I will mention a few. Not long since, in the city of Cordova in Spain, there was a nun named Maddalena della Croce, who was held (not only by the vulgar, but also by the powerful grandees of Spain) to be a saint; and when the emperor wished to go on some enterprise, he always sent to the said Maddalena to recom-

hangings, garrotings, and horrible murders committed by them? This memorable meeting, for it cannot be called a battle, occurred on Monday, the 9th of April, 1548. (*Trans.*)

[1] This "*ma in brieve si mori*" is very obscure; of the three persons of the text, Gasca returned to Spain; Hinojosa was murdered at La Plata, on the 6th of March, 1553; Valdivia was defeated and slain by the Araucanians of Chili, in December 1553. (*Trans.*)

mend him to the Almighty in her prayers. But in the end the mystery was discovered, for it was found that she was a witch and had familiar intercourse with the devil. Thus a soldier told the president that he was Maddalena, and that the devil, meaning the archbishop, rode paramount over him, the president, for he did not dispose of anything without his approbation. Another man told him that the sky did not cover a more cunning fox than he was. And another in a state of desperation said, that he would go away so far as never more to hear the name of Spain: at this Della Gasca was so irritated, that if the man had not had good friends to intercede for him, the president would undoubtedly have had him hung by the neck; but having pardoned him, he sent him an exile to *Chili*. There was also another soldier who, laughingly, said to him, "Señor Presidente, do me the grace to give me the cap you wear on your head." To which the president, also laughingly, demanded, "What would you do with it?" the soldier replied—"I would burn it, and convert it into dust to do foul work with, because in that same cap you have deceived so many good men." There were still others who said to him that he arrived to forgive tyrants and to kill honest men. There were even some who told him, that if he did not give them wherewith to live upon they would help themselves.

Affairs being in such a train, there were many men who wanted to put Noiosa to death, and send the president back to Spain a prisoner; imploring the emperor to send a conscientious ruler, who would share out the country to each man according to his merit. But the plot being discovered, the leaders were seized and sent to Spain. Among them there was a Biscayan priest, who asserted that he had spent in that war forty thousand golden ducats for the emperor's service. Not long after the president's departure from *Peru* for Spain,[1] however, eight hundred Spaniards

[1] Though substantially correct in the events, Benzoni is here a little

rose, having put Francis Ernandes, a Frenchman, at their head; they killed Pietro de Noiosa and Don Baltassaro, with one of his brothers, as well as Diego Palomino, and all the other captains and persons of quality who fell into their hands; that is, all those who, after serving Gonzalo Pizarro, had deserted to the Licentiate della Gasca. But this did not last long; for one night he, and three other leaders, were cut in pieces by their own party. The president, fearing some evil might happen to him also, as well as not to be exposed to so much abuse and annoyance as was given him by the soldiery, quitted *Purima* and went to the *City of the Kings*. There he established the royal audience, and put everything in order connected with the government of the country; he commanded that there should be monks and priests assigned to every Indian population, to teach them as much as possible of the Christian faith, and cure them of their false and obstinate opinions. He ordered all such Spaniards as possessed Indian vassals to give in a correct and detailed list of them, as also of the tribute that they could pay; a mass was, moreover, to be said in each village, praying the Holy Ghost to inspire them to do it in a sacred and just feeling. But no sooner was this report sent in than the Indians appealed, saying they could not pay the exactions in consequence of the greater number of them having been killed or destroyed in the continual wars, and by the heavy labours imposed on them. He thereupon prescribed that the tribute paid by each population to their master, should consist only in articles produced by their own land; for previously the Spaniards insisted on having gold or silver, although the people had none, and tormented them till they obtained it. So that some of the natives fled to the woods when they had none, and could not tell where to find any, in consequence of

confused in his chronology. The president left Lima, or rather Callao, in December 1549, and our author soon proceeds to shew how he was occupied. (*Trans.*)

which the Spaniards hunted them with dogs, dismembering many, while others went and hanged themselves. He prohibited the Indians being loaded against their will, though in some provinces, especially in *Quito*, where there was a deficiency of beasts of burden, he consented to their being loaded. He placed all these arrangements in the hands of the archbishop and of some Dominican monks, so that being well informed both by the Spaniards and the Indians, and learning the truth, they might provide for everything.

Meanwhile, he put all his force and diligence to accumulating money for the emperor; he fixed the sums to be paid by all the Spaniards who had allotments from him; he sent the Licentiate Della Gama towards *Quito*, and Gabriel de Roias towards *Potosi*, as resident judges, accompanied by some Dominican friars, who had express orders to scour the country, whether inhabited by Spaniards or Indians, and endeavour by all the means in their power to collect money. Thus, in every place, under colour of justice, saying: Thou hast been a traitor to the king; Thou hast served Gonzalo Pizarro; or, Thou hast looked on to see who conquered, wishing that he might become lord of the country; with other similar accusations. In this way, and with similar tricks, they both accumulated a very large sum; and as Gabriel de Roias died suddenly on the journey, it was reported that he died by the will of God, that the Almighty had listened to the maledictions of so many people who had been ground down, and that he had appeared in the form of a frightful demon to the Dominican monks.

When the president had collected all the treasure he could, amounting to a million and a half in gold, he quitted *Lima*,[1] leaving the Licentiate Cianca in his stead. He em-

[1] Just before he sailed, and while on board ship, the president made a final partition of lands and Indians; but as he knew that he could not satisfy all the claimants, he gave strict injunctions that the deeds should not be opened until eight days after his departure. (*Trans.*)

barked in a galeon belonging to Giovan Gaetano, quickly reached *Panamà*, and immediately proceeded to *Nombre de Dios* with a portion of the treasure, leaving orders with the king's treasurer to send the remainder as soon as possible. Two days after his departure, in the morning about dawn, Rodrigo de Contreras suddenly entered Panamà with a young inexperienced brother of his, both sons of Contreras governor of *Nicaragua*, with a hundred and eighty men. This young man had assassinated brother Antonio de Valdivieso, bishop of that province, for having written injuriously to the emperor against his father, and which occasioned the government being taken from him. Having entered Panamà, they seized upwards of four hundred thousand ducats in gold, not caring for the silver, which was of less value and greater weight. But some soldiers whom the president had condemned to the galleys in Spain, and who had escaped in a ship to *Nicaragua*, were not content with this booty; they wished to revenge themselves by going to *Nombre de Dios*. Whereupon the men were divided into three detachments, Rodrigo marched by land with seventy-five companions towards *Nombre de Dios*, his brother, with as many more, went by way of the river *Chiagre*, and the rest remained to guard the ships and the booty that they had captured. Immediately the citizens, with a hundred and fifty slaves, took up arms and followed. They first attacked the party going by way of the *Chiagre* and easily routed them, then they turned on the other party and did the same. Rodrigo, a monk, and four other Spaniards betook themselves to the woods, and were never more heard of. The brother not being found, was diligently sought for among the dead, and the corpse of a youth being obtained it was asserted to be him; though his face being discoloured, it could not be ascertained The head, however, was cut off, and put into an iron cage in the market-place of Panamà. Thirty-three Spaniards were made prisoners; tired and

wounded they were led to prison, with their hands tied behind their backs to some pieces of wood, and there one Agozil, of his own free will, cruelly murdered them with violent stabs. Those who were in the ships, hearing of their party being routed, took to their boats to escape; but they were soon all taken, their leaders were hanged, and the rest sent to the galleys. On the president's hearing of the arrival of Contreras in Panamà, and of the robbery they had committed, he started from *Nombre de Dios* with a considerable number of men to encounter him; but learning on the march of his having been routed and the treasure recovered, he returned, and soon after sailed for Spain.[1]

Before I end the narrative of the affairs of *Peru*, and of the false estimate that those people have formed of us, I will relate how and in what manner the navigation from *Panamà* to that kingdom is effected. Ships generally leave in the month of January and up to the end of April, which last is the best of all the year, it being the summer, when the winds generally blow from the north-east and east: and those ships that sail at any other season undergo severe trials. When loaded they leave *Panamà* and go to *Taboga*, or some other island near it, to fill up their water. Those islands are called the *Pearls*, because the Spaniards have found quantities there. They then navigate to the westward a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles, adopting that route on account of the strong current constantly running to the eastward, after which they cross over to *Perù*. When I sailed from Panamà to go to that country it was the month of June, and being therefore winter the greater part of the passengers fell ill,

[1] This extraordinary episode in the history of the New World differs, in some of its details, from the relation of Agostino Zarate: according to him, one of the brothers was drowned and the other was thought to have been murdered, with all his companions, by the Indians to whom he fled. The plot was very near succeeding, by which a larger booty would have been acquired than ever fell into the hands of pirates. The fortunate president arrived safely in Spain with all his treasure. (*Trans.*)

because in the ships that ply in that sea there is no accommodation under shelter, as there is on board those that navigate in the Northern Sea; so that one is obliged to remain always exposed to the rain. In this way we reached *Gorgona*, and when the master of the vessel found himself on that island he exclaimed: "This is the devil's land;" which was because it is thought the very worst navigation that can be made in those parts to fetch that island. Some have asserted that it always rains there, but they are wrong; although it is true that during eight months out of the twelve it rains so desperately, with thunder and lightning, that it seems as if the elements were fighting against each other. When we arrived in that island the spring had begun, it being the end of May; for when the winter sets in at Panamà, summer commences in this other country.[1] Along the seashore of this part of the mainland, the inhabitants have a great deal of gold. They build their houses on the tops of trees.

Indian method of living on trees.

[1] This is a strange passage: yet Benzoni's account of running from Panamà along the coast is perfectly correct. *We* also watered at Taboga,

In consequence of the country being swampy, so that horses cannot frequent it, the Spaniards have never been able to conquer it. When Gasparo Dandagoia was in the abbey of St. Matthew with a hundred and fifty soldiers, during summer he went about scouring the country, sometimes carrying boards as a shelter; for the Indians defended themselves as much as possible by throwing stones at them and javelins, and jugs of boiling water, and many other things. The Spaniards therefore meanwhile with good hatchets used to cut the trees down, when everything tumbled with great noise and destruction to the ground. Yet many times it happened that the Indians maimed, and even killed some of the Spaniards. Still, the country being arid and unable to feed so many men, Andagoia, with a considerable quantity of gold quitted it, and no Spaniards now live there—*non vi habita più.*[1]

In consequence of the obstinate winds that blow on that coast from the west and south during the greater part of the year, and also on account of the strong currents, it is requisite to anchor every evening along that beach, and set sail in the morning with the land breeze. It sometimes happens that, instead of getting forward, ships drop backwards, and hang about a headland for fifteen or twenty days; as happened also to us. Thus while we were in sight of *Cape San Francisco*, a hundred and thirty miles from *Capo de Passao*, which cape is near the limits of *Puerto Viejo*—thinking that district was inhabited by Indians as formerly, all we passengers (being in want of provisions, for it was already three months since we quitted *Panamà*, and seeing that the

having first captured that pretty island for the purpose; and we, moreover, made prize of some pearls. Ovalle, the historian of Chili, styles Gorgona "a picture of hell." In 1807, we certainly experienced very capricious weather off there, towards the end of August. (*Trans.*)

[1] De Bry gives specimens of this tree-warfare on a larger scale than Benzoni; and the parties therein represented seem to be infuriated with fiercer passions. (*Trans.*)

merchants on board would have rather let us die with hunger than give us a bit of bread) determined to go on by land. Twenty-four of us, therefore, started at a venture, each carrying four basins of maize; and arriving at the *Quisimie* rivers, which are four, one beyond the other, with great labour and danger we crossed them by tying some trees together, which we found on their banks.

The water is salt, for the sea, from the violence with which it washes on shore, runs up all the rivers along this coast some fifteen miles inland; so that when we wanted to drink we were obliged to dig wells. On reaching *Capo de Passao* we found that the Indians had burnt the houses, and were gone up to the woods. Getting to the other side of the cape, we entered the gulf of *Caraque*, which lies under the equinoctial line; but we did not know how to proceed; not being able to cross over, and, having nothing better to eat, we fed on crabs and yellow berries, which had so little flesh on them, that we ate the kernels also, and drank the healthy water of a little lake which we found between the woods and the beach. There we stayed twenty-two days, until the ship came to port; the master concluding for certain that we had all died of hunger, or that the Indians had destroyed us. But when he saw us, he immediately sent the boat; and resting in the ship that night, I started the following morning to go to *Puerto Viejo*. This town is inhabited by Spaniards; it consists of twenty-two houses constructed with reeds and thatched with straw. The province is nearly destroyed and ruined: the natives had a great many emeralds, and keep the mines to themselves; for although the Spaniards have tormented many of them to death, they have never revealed where they are. Yet I was told by a maggiordomo of Captain Giovan Dolmos, that an Indian woman, his concubine, shewed him where one mine was situated, but he would not publish it lest the king should wrest it from him for himself.[1]

[1] The true emerald is only found in Peru, and was therefore unknown

They had also a very great number of vases of gold and silver, but the Spaniards have seized everything; wherefore they now can only give their masters what is produced in the country, and consequently few Spaniards live there.

Some people assert, that the Indians are gradually leaving off their bad habits, and the deceptions of their false religion; and that the answers of their mock deities have ceased, because they have heard from the priests and from the monks the words of the holy gospel: yet what can I answer to this, but that God would have it so? For I can safely testify, that never priest or monk went to preach among those people, or to teach them our faith; and the Indians publicly laugh at them, declaring that they will not be Christians on account of our wickedness. Moreover, although the president della Gasca commanded, as before related, that in every village there should be priests and monks to instruct the children, the Spaniards of this town, as well as of several others, appealed; observing, that a priest wanted a salary of four hundred ducats a year, and that none of the Indians paid such a sum even to their masters. But about that time I quitted *Perù*, and therefore do not know how the affair terminated.

Whilst I remained in that province, often for amusement I went amongst those native villages, both inland and along the beach; and on one occasion, entering a hamlet called *Chiaropoto*, I found the Indians making sacrifices in their temple, beating drums and singing some of their songs. Desirous of witnessing, I went into the temple; but as soon as the ministers saw me, with great anger, and almost spitting in my face, they turned me out. I perceived an idol,

to the classical ancients, unless it can be identified in the smaragdus of Pliny. La Manta, the district here trod by Benzoni, has long been esteemed as the best site of that gem; but as it occurs in veins passing through primitive rocks, it is probable that the finding of emeralds was accidental; and that the tortured natives had no mines to reveal. (*Trans.*)

however, made of clay, shaped like a tiger, also two peacocks, with other birds, which they had to sacrifice to their deities; they might also have had some lad, as usual among them, but I did not see him. Another day it happened that I went to *Picalanceme*, where I found the inhabitants drinking. Wishing to stay and see how they got drunk, four of them came up to me where I was standing, saying, in Spanish—"Oh thou villainous treacherous Christian, go away from our country." Seeing that they intended to attack me, I drew my sword, but made my escape, determined never more to go among those towns when they were celebrating a feast-day. I have been to various villages, as for instance to *Cama*, *Camuliova*, *Camuxiova*, and other places, where some of the Indians kill their children that they may not serve the Spaniards. It is asserted as a fact, that the chiefs of *Manta* possess an emerald of the size of a hen's egg, which they worship as one of their chief deities. This town is situated on the sea-shore, and used to be one of the principal towns along that coast, containing above two thousand inhabitants before the Spaniards went there, but now reduced to fifty. A similar fate has befallen all the towns in that province. One day Lopez d'Aiala asked the chief of that town whether "He would become a Christian?" The man answered he did not know, but that he (d'Aiala) might do as he liked. He therefore had him christened by the name of Don Diego; yet, for all this, I never saw him look any Spaniard in the face. His vassals are by nature ugly, dirty, unnaturally vicious, and full of every sort of malignity.[1]

Generally along this coast, the Indians living near the sea procure good water by digging large wells for the purpose;

[1] Benzoni seems to be harsh here; but however bad he may have found the mass, it seems that they had a class both industrious and ingenious. Ulloa was quite astonished at their skill in fashioning emeralds; remarking that it was quite unaccountable how so hard a stone could be worked, and delicately pierced, by a people to whom steel and iron were unknown. (*Trans.*)

and when they go from one place to another, each man carries calabashes full of water. But when the Indians of *Manta* go to *Puerto Viejo*, fearing lest they might meet some Spaniard who would drink it for them, they prefer going two miles inland, to get a stinking, black, dirty water that rises out of a rock; knowing that the Christians will not drink that water. This country is hot and damp, nor is the sky ever serene. There are a great many deer, pigs, and fowls of a Spanish breed; and here they make better maize-bread than they do in any other part of India. Although some say that it has an advantage over wheaten bread, I cannot agree to like it. A great deal of honey is produced, but acid; nor is the wax very good. There is also a sort of fruit resembling figs, called by the natives *papaie*, some large and some small, peculiar to this kingdom, for I have never seen them in any other province: the tree is tall and delicate, and the fruit is of a sweetish taste. There is also another sort of small figs, full of prickles, called *tanne;* but these are found in other districts also, as Nicaragua, Guatimala, and throughout the kingdom of New Spain.

The Indians of the province of *Puerto Viejo* are generally subject to a disease called *berugue*; it assails the face and some other parts of the body; the pustules are generally of the size of a walnut. I have had my share of them. They give no pain, but are ugly, and full of blood. There is no remedy but to let them ripen, and then cut them off delicately with a thread. These people paint their faces. They make holes in their nostrils, lips, ears, and cheeks, and then put jewels into them on feast-days. Their usual dress is a shirt without sleeves. Some go quite naked, and occasionally they dye (*tingono*) the entire body black.

All along this coast the Indians are great fishermen. The boats they use are a kind of raft,[1] both for fishing or navi-

[1] Every country seems to contrive embarcations adapted to locality. So with the rafts or *balzas* here mentioned, which are admirably con-

gating, consisting of three, five, seven, nine, or even eleven very slender timbers, forming a sort of hand (*à modo d'una*

Method of fishing and navigating in the South Sea.

mano), with the longest in the middle. They are made of various lengths, and thus they carry sails according to their size; and a proportionate number of rowers. When they are becalmed at sea, they throw bread, fruits, and other things overboard as a sacrifice, praying for a fair wind, they being too tired to row any more.

Beyond the limits of *Puerto Viejo* we enter the country of *Quancaviliqui*, an inferior province of the kingdom of *Peru*. The first village along the beach is called *Colonchi;* it is near the Point of *St. Helena*. I several times saw the

trived for their duty. We used some of them which we took in 1807, and found them made, as Benzoni states, of logs of trees lashed together —catamaran fashion—with *bejuccas*, or ropes made of ox-hide thongs. The larger balzas carry sails on masts resembling sheers; and they are steered by raising or lowering, as the occasion may require, some boards which enter vertically between the timbers at either end of this rude, but ingenious, floating vehicle. (*Trans.*)

head of that tribe; he might be about sixty years of age, and had truly the air of a chieftain. He was robust in body and very healthy. He used to be drest in a shirt without sleeves, dyed red; round his neck he wore an ornament of the purest gold, six times double, like large corals; on his hand he wore a ring, also his ears were pierced and full of jewels and gold; finally, on his left wrist he wore a certain shining stone like a mirror, said to be a preserver of the sight. At the time that the Spaniards entered that country, a chief governed this province called Baltacho, who was very much respected and had great authority over his vassals; when people went to visit him he never rose on his feet, except when he saw Colonchie. But no means were ever found to induce this latter cacique to listen to the law of God; so that one day when I heard his master say to him: "Colonchie, I insist on thy becoming a Christian," he answered that on no account would he do so, adding: "Sir, I am now too old to become a Christian: take my children, teach them whatever you please, they may serve you in your own way, but I will not abandon the law of my forefathers." These people sometimes draw five or six of their upper teeth, and when asked their reason for so doing, they answer "That it is for beauty's sake (*lo fanno per bellezza*)." They wear a small shirt without sleeves, like the natives of *Puerto Viejo*. From motives of decency they wear a cotton band round their middle, one end of which hangs down behind nearly to the ground, like a horse's tail. The women wear a cloth bound round (*un drappo groppito*) their waist, and hanging half way down their legs.

The natives of this province serve the Spaniards who inhabit the town of *Guaiaquil*, and which they had first built in a plain on the banks of the *Chiono*, forty miles from the sea-shore. But in that vicinity there are some wonderful and frightful plains, wild districts covered with water or tangled woods, infested by an incredible number of crocodiles.

Besides this, during eight months of the year musquitos swarm to such a degree, that I have been surprised how the inhabitants could bear to live among them: for when the Spaniards who resided there sought repose as evening approached, they were compelled to creep under flags. The Indians do much the same, only they lie high, on a small platform supported on four large canes, where their sleep is not so much disturbed by gnats. Therefore, in the year forty-six,[1] when the very great abundance of rain swelled the river so much as to inundate and destroy great part of the country as well as the town, the Spaniards removed twenty miles lower down towards the shore, and built on a hill near the bank of this said river, called the Pass of *Guainacava*. The origin of this name was, that Guainacava having sent one of his captains to subdue the province, this official ordered the peasants to construct a bridge of large logs of wood, in the same way that rafts are made, to pass from one bank of the river to the other. But no sooner had his people begun to cross, than the enemy broke up the bridge by cutting the ropes, so that many of them were drowned; and then falling on the rest they killed nearly all of them. When Guainacava heard of the slaughter of his people, he started from *Quito* with a large army, and descending by those mountains, he attacked the natives and made very great havoc of them. Then he wanted to make a way across this river by throwing in earth and stones, in order to pass securely from one bank to the other. Thus he began this great work; but when he had made about twenty paces of it, he found the stream so deep, wide, and powerful, that he gave up the enterprise. For this reason the Spaniards call it the Pass of Guainacava; though their town is called *San Jacobo*, and like those around, resembles that of *Puerto Viejo*. Near the mouth of this river lies the island of

[1] That is, A.D. 1546. Guayaquil retained its detestable character in 1807; nor was that of the new town much better. (*Trans.*)

Puna, which belongs to the king. Those islanders, and the inhabitants of the banks of the river, as well as the other nations, always fought against the Spaniards as long as they had the power, and have killed a great many of them: amongst others, Fra Vincenzo de Valverde, with forty-two Spaniards, endeavouring to escape from the fury of Don Diego at the time that he killed the Marquis Don Francisco Pizarro. They fled from *Lima* to this island; but the Indians one night murdered them all with clubs. This was the monk who spoke to Attabaliba at Cassiamalca, when Francisco Pizarro took him prisoner (as before related), and whom the emperor had appointed to be bishop of *Peru*.

In *Puna*,[1] and in the territories of *Guaiaquil* and *Puerto Viejo*, a certain root is found, having many branches like the oak, called *Zarzaparilla*, which cures the French disease and many others. When it is to be administered to a patient, it is well pounded between two stones to obtain the juice, which is mixed with some warm water and drained. The sick then drink very abundantly of it, and, remaining in a warm place, perspire as much as they can bear. They continue this for three or four days, some more, some less, eating only biscuit and a little roast fowl. On the other hand, some boil its twigs in water, merely for their daily beverage; but these patients continue to drink it constantly for two or three months.

In this province of *Guaiaquil*, and other districts towards the east, the winter begins in November and lasts through April; spring commences in May and ends in October. Along the southern shore, beginning at *Tumbes*, it sometimes

[1] Puna is an island of some import, as having a harbour for those vessels which are too deep to cross the bar of the Guayaquil river; and here they embark their cargoes of grain, cacao, fruits, cotton, tobacco, and timber. Off here, in 1807, the Cornwallis frigate took up an excellent anchorage in twenty-five fathoms water, and remained eight days. Though the atmosphere over the land was generally hazy, we saw the snowy peak of Chimborazo above it. (*Trans.*)

happens that scarcely any rain falls on those plains for three or four years; so that the natives have to help the heavy night-dews with irrigation in the day, to procure their harvests. Indeed, in some sandy districts it never rains at all; upon the mountains, on the contrary, it rains eight months out of the twelve; and some of them are always covered with snow and ice. During the summer, certain winds blow from the south, which distress the inhabitants very much. Going from Guaiaquil to Quito, I passed the mountain of *Chimbo*, which is upwards of forty miles high,[1] all uninhabited; and if I had not been supplied by an Indian with a little water, I should have died with thirst by the way. When I was once on the summit, I remained there some time looking at that strange and wonderful country, many things appearing dubious as in a vision.

In this great province of *Quito*, as also in many other parts of *Peru*, although several of the nations possess languages peculiar to each, yet when they were subjugated by the Ingui, it was commanded that everybody should learn the language of *Cusco*, and that fathers should teach it to their children. Hence this language is used generally all through the countries where their dominion extends.

Although these people hold communication with the devil, they reverence the sun as their principal deity. When either the chiefs or the priests wish to ask some favour of him, they go in the morning at sunrise to the top of a flight of stone steps made on purpose, holding their heads down, clapping their hands, then rubbing them, then raising them as if they wished to touch him, repeating some of their prayers and asking for what they want of him. Thus now, when the Spaniards illtreat them, they worship them as if they were the sun, and pray them to be merciful and not to harm

[1] Probably meaning that the ascent of Chimborazo occupied forty miles: and see the voyage of Cademosta (ii, 207), where the same term is used for the line of ascent. (*Trans.*)

them. The temples, especially those of the sun, were large and sumptuous, the walls being adorned within with sheets

Indians of Peru worshipping the sun.

of gold and silver. Many virgins, called Mamacone, were employed exclusively in spinning and weaving for their deities, to whom they sacrifice both men and children; although they do not eat their flesh. They also sacrifice sheep, birds, and other animals, and with the blood of the victim they anoint the face of the idol, and the door of the temple. When they wish to communicate with the devil, or sow seed, or go on some enterprise, the priests fast for several days. When some chief dies they make a grand funeral, and deposit with him a great deal of worked gold and silver, together with some of his most beautiful and beloved wives and servants; also clothes, grain, and wine, so that they might eat and drink until they reach the next world. This mode of burial is used in many parts of India. They believe in the immortality of the soul; and the Spaniards have discovered many very rich sepultures,—though very few in

proportion to those that still exist. They mourn for their dead many days.

The men wear a shirt without sleeves, made either of wool or cotton, and a cloak clustered on one shoulder. Their nobles are decorated with a fillet round the head, and a woollen tassel hanging from the left ear. They make shoes of a white herb like hemp. The women wear a long cloak which covers them from the shoulders down to the feet. They bind themselves round with a band four fingers wide, which they call *chiumbi*. On their neck they wear long needles of gold and silver called *topi*; over the other cloak they have a short one called *liquida*; their hair grows long. This is the mode of dress at *Cusco*. When they go out to walk, they rub their faces over with a certain red bitumen, on account of the wind. They hold a herb[1] in their mouths called *coca*, which must yield some nourishment, for they can walk a whole day without eating or drinking; this herb is their principal merchandize. They have also a sort of root like truffles, but possessing very little flavour. They used to have a very great number of a kind of sheep as large as asses, almost like *gambelli*; and it is said that not long ago a disease came over them like a leprosy, by which they lost a large proportion of them. But the leprosy of the Spaniards has been much worse, for they have destroyed nearly the whole of them. The flesh has a game-like flavour. The natives used to dress themselves abundantly in the wool of these animals, but now there is a great scarcity of it.

The principal delight of these people, and of those in the other provinces also, is to drink. When thoroughly drunk, each man seizes on the woman he likes best, to indulge his

[1] This term—*un' herba*—is used for a pulpy fruit, or a nut. The sheep which Benzoni speaks of is the celebrated llama, alpaca, or Peruvian camel; a hardy and abstemious beast of burthen: the wool of the alpaca is very superior in staple and pliability; and its lustrous and soft nature renders it applicable to many of the purposes for which silk is employed in textile fabrics in other countries. (*Trans.*)

passions with; scarcely respecting their mothers or their daughters. The chiefs and the nobles marry their sisters.

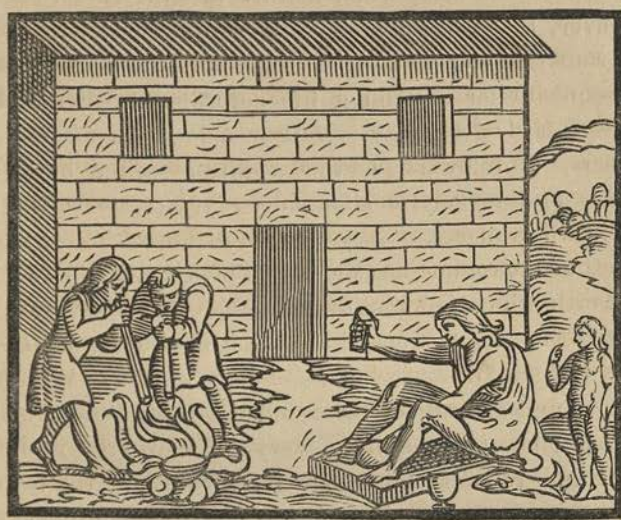
They make no bread at all, but eat the grain either boiled or roasted. This was one of the laws enjoined by Guainacava, in order that, when he wanted to go upon an enterprise, nobody should be busying himself in making bread. And thus they still adhere to this custom.

Cusco used to be the principal city of this kingdom, head of the Inguian empire, and, according to the popular legends, it was built long ago by Magocappa, first king of that line. Then their successors spread so much, that they subjugated many various people, giving them both laws and customs. In every place they built large edifices, both in honour of their deities and for the service of their kings. The walls of these edifices are constructed of an extremely light stone, in Italy called pumice. They are all thatched with straw; and I have seen some of them, especially in the province of *Quito*, in the territory of *Tunebamba*, as sumptuous as those at *Cusco*. Although the Spaniards have ruined the greater part of them, still many may be seen along those roads; and they are called *tanbi* by the natives. Thus their magnificent fabric may still be examined. Guainacava made a beautiful road there, lowering hills down to the plain. This province of *Quito* has a temperate climate, wherefore the kings of *Cusco* lived there the greater part of their time, and had goldsmiths' houses in many parts, who, though not using any tools of iron, still manufactured wonderful things. They worked in the following manner:—

In the first place, when they wish to melt the metal, they put it into either a long or round *grisolo*, made of a piece of cloth daubed over with a mixture of earth and pounded charcoal; when dry, it is put into the fire filled with metal;[1]

[1] Peter Martyr, in the fourth decade of his report to Pope Leo X, dwells on the marvellous skill of these goldsmiths, saying—"A wonder it is to see that there should be such excellent workmanship amongst

then several men, more or less, each with a reed, blow till the metal is fused. It is now taken out, and the goldsmiths



Method of working gold and silver.

seated on the ground, provided with some black stones shaped on purpose, and helping each other, make, or more correctly speaking, *used to* make during their prosperity, whatever they were commissioned to do; that is, hollow statues, vases, sheep, ornaments, and, in short, any animal they saw.

As to Spanish productions found in this kingdom in cool and temperate localities, they reap a good deal of wheat; there are also some vines, but they yield little fruit; though some look forward to making wine shortly in those countries, and that they will be able to grow the greater part of the Spanish fruits. But according to my judgment, although nobody can do away with hopes, they will never see them realized, for the air and the constellations of the seasons are

the Indians, without the use of steel and iron." *Lok's Translation*, 1612. And see the note on page 241. (*Trans.*)

entirely different from ours. Besides, since in *New Spain* and other countries more favorable than *Peru*, they have not been able to make wine, neither will they here. I say, moreover, that God in his goodness would not grant such a liquor to these brutes, giving them only those articles that are requisite for sustaining life according to their habits. The Spaniards get plenty of radishes, lettuces, melons, cucumbers, cauliflowers, and some figs. They have also oranges and lemons in abundance; yet these fruits grow only in warm places. They have but few cattle, the consequence of such numerous wars. In my time, a cow at Lima was worth a hundred gold ducats, and a sheep fifty or sixty. *Quito* is the most fertile and abundant province in all *Peru*; it yields a great deal of wheat, and feeds a very great number of pigs, and of fowls of the Spanish breed; besides which, an almost constant supply of very well-flavoured rabbits is met with. It is true that wine is very dear in the town of *Quito*; for even when it is cheap, a jar containing twelve jugs, more or less, and weighing twenty-eight ounces each, will cost fourteen or fifteen gold ducats. Yet at *Lima*, and other places on the sea-shore, it would cost only ten or twelve; but at *Potosi*, it being five hundred miles inland, the price is seventy or eighty ducats. Thus it varies in each district according to the distance it has to be carried, for the jars or bottles, as we may say, in which it is brought from Spain, are of earth, and a great many are broken in the carriage. It has sometimes happened that through a delay of the ships, there has been such a scarcity (*gran penuria*) of wine, that four or five hundred and even a thousand ducats have been paid for a jar.

Now it seems to me time to reveal the false estimate which those people have formed of us. When the Indians saw the very great cruelties which the Spaniards committed everywhere on entering *Peru*,[1] not only would they never believe

[1] On arriving in Peru, the conquestadors had urgent motives for

us to be Christians and children of God, as boasted, but not even that we were born on this earth, or generated by a man and born of a woman; so fierce an animal they concluded must be the offspring of the sea, and therefore called us *Viracocchie*, for in their language they call the sea *cocchie*, and the froth *vira*; thus they think that we are a congelation of the sea, and have been nourished by the froth; and that we are come to destroy the world, with other things in which the Omnipotence of God would not suffice to undeceive them. They say that the winds ruin houses and break down trees, and the fire burns them; but the *Viracocchie* devour everything, they consume the very earth, they force the rivers, they are never quiet, they never rest, they are always rushing about, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in the other, seeking for gold and silver; yet never contented, they game it away, they make war, they kill each other, they rob, they swear, they are renegades, they never speak the truth, and have deprived us of our support. Finally, the Indians curse the sea for having cast such very wicked and harsh beings on the land. Going about through various parts of this kingdom I often met some natives, and for the amusement of hearing what they would say, I used to ask them where such or such a *Christian* was, when not only would they refuse to answer me, but would not even look me in the face: though if I asked them where such a *Viracocchie* was, they would reply directly. When the little children can scarcely say a word, their fathers shewing one of us to them, will say: "There goes a *Viracocchie*." But as many tribes of this kingdom, being rich, have priests and monks reside among them, to teach and bring up their children—God grant they may produce some good fruit.

exterminating all those native families which had acquired authority, and for reducing the whole population to a degree of degradation; and what they began from politic motives, they finished from bigoted furor. The murders and executions in Peru, after Benzoni's departure, are sickening to read of. (*Trans.*)

Nor will I neglect to relate what I heard at *Quito* from a Flemish monk, of the order of San Francisco, named Fra Giodoc. He told me that he went to the province of *Cognari*, and there founded a monastery: he then invited all the chiefs of the surrounding tribes to come; only three attended, but he addressed a most beautiful discourse to them, for he perfectly understood the language of *Cusco*. He gave them to understand everything concerning the faith, and, on the other hand, censured their rites and diabolical ceremonies. At their request he christened them, and they returned to their respective homes; but finding that they did not come to church he went to visit them, entreating them to persevere in their good purpose. But he perceived at last that it was waste of time, that there was no chance of good results, for they laughingly told him—"That the affairs of the *Viracocchie* did not suit them, for they had other things to attend to than to go to church."[1] At the end of six months, therefore, he returned to his monastery at *Quito*. On this subject I will bring forward a practical example, instead of the numerous praises of the Spanish nation. Let us suppose that they had never yet heard of the gospel, and that some other nation had gone to Spain to preach the Christian doctrine, as they themselves went to India, and had wrested from them their property, their wives, their children, tormenting and killing them, or selling them as slaves; subjecting them to a thousand other hardships and insults.—I really think that, not only would they bear them an inextinguishable hatred, and say all the evil in the world of them, but also that, if possible, they would wreak a direful vengeance on them.

[1] It seems that succeeding Spaniards contrived means for *making* the Indians attend in church; but whether they were thereby sharpened to prayer is questionable. Ulloa, nearly two centuries after Benzoni, tells of a priest who charged an Indian with being absent from church, and "directed that he should receive some lashes, the usual punishment of such delinquents, *be their age or sex what it will!* and perhaps the best adapted for their stupidity." Christianity with a vengeance! (*Trans.*)

Then, doubtless, we can imagine that the Indians would do the same to the Spaniards if they possibly could.

I have already described the abundance of riches that the invaders found in this kingdom when they first conquered it; yet, with all this, the Indians take a great basin of maize and, drawing out one single grain, they say, "This is what the *Viracocchie* have carried off, but the rest remains in the country." That it should not fall into the hands of their enemies, they have either thrown it into the sea or buried it in the ground. Subsequently the Spaniards discovered many large and very productive mines, both of gold and silver. The richest they have traced are those of *Potosi:* and in a river near *Cusco,* called *Calvaia,* they found much very fine gold. Also in the province of *Quito* there is another very rich river, called *Santa Barbara.* They similarly found several among some mountains, and there they dig far underground, propping up the galleries with very large beams, until they have exhausted the vein of gold. But sometimes it happens that everything falls in, killing both the Spaniards and the slaves that were within. The gold obtained from those mountains, is like the finest sand, mixed with earth, and is divided by means of quicksilver. That which is gathered in the rivers consists of both large and small grains. At present the gold mines are nearly all exhausted;[1] but silver is still extracted in great quantities, thought not to the extent that it used to be; for if we always take away, and never restore, there is no mountain, ever so large, but it must come to an end at last.

The towns which the Spaniards built in the kingdom of Peru are the following:—*Lima, Arechipa, Cusco, Cittanuova, Villa d'Argento, Trugilio, Guaneco, Chiachiapoi,*

[1] Predictions of this nature are rather hazardous, and herein Benzoni was premature. The Spaniards he alludes to, as perishing in the mines, were superintendents of the wretched native labourers. The rich silver mines of Potosi were first worked by the Spaniards in 1545. (*Trans.*)

Chito, San Michele, and *Puerto Viejo.* The principal is *Lima,* which contains about four hundred and fifty hearths. Among the other towns, some contain twenty, some thirty, some forty, some fifty, some eighty houses. I conclude, in short, that if all the towns the Spaniards built, which they say amount to three hundred, were united together, that still the suburb of Porta Comasina, at Milan, would contain more inhabitants than all those put together. For that suburb, in the time of its prosperity, used to send out twelve thousand men, reserving the old people. And in these Indies, it is computed that there were not above fourteen or fifteen thousand men (*Spaniards*), including old and young.

Three years after my arrival in *Peru,* I found myself possessed of some thousands of ducats, and quite tired of remaining in those countries. Moreover the president Della Gasca had ordered all foreigners to quit the country, in consequence of its having been represented to him by some Spaniards, that the Levantines, that is, that *we* were false and cruel, and had caused the death of several of them. Therefore, when I was in *Guaiaquil,* I availed myself of a large bark that arrived there laden with merchandize from *Panamà,* to return to my own country. Accordingly, as soon as the master of it was ready, I embarked on the 8th of May, 1550. We sailed, and in the port of *Zalanga* we found the president della Gasca, who was going to Panamà to cross over to Spain. He ordered our master to sail in company with him, for otherwise he was going alone. But as the bark had to take in a cargo of maize, the master requested to be left behind on account of business. The president started, and we remained till the vessel was loaded; sailing soon after this, we fetched *Manta,* but there the bark got on a rock and sunk; all the passengers and crew, however, were saved, with the greater part of their gold and silver. This occurred through the want of experience in the pilot, for the one who had brought her from *Panamà* remained at *Guaiaquil,* in consequence of an

imperial order having come from Spain to every part of India, respecting married men. The presidents and governors were commanded either to send all married men home to Spain, or to send for the wives to join their husbands. This pilot, therefore, fearing that from *Panamà* he might be sent back to Spain, as he had no influential friends, would not return there, but remained in *Peru*.

The bark being wrecked as above described, it became necessary to wait for another passage; and at the end of fifty days, a vessel arriving from *Lima*, we started in her and soon arrived at *Panamà*. Hearing there that the president had sailed from *Nombre de Dios* for Spain, with all the ships, I went to *Nicaragua*. There I had a long and severe disease, so much so, that at the end of four years, being then in *Guattimala*, and the ships arriving from Spain, I went to *Puerto de los Caballos*, whence I sailed; but after navigating for a few days, when we were near the island of *Cuba*, there happened a very severe storm, which drove the ship on shore, and almost all the specie on board was lost; scarcely could the crew be saved. After thirty-four days of hard labour and great dangers, we entered the port of *Avana*, expecting to find the fleet there; but it had sailed eight days before for Spain, one Diego Gaitano being the captain-general of it. Midway they encountered so terrible a storm, that out of the eighteen vessels, thirteen were lost in the gulf. In one of them was Clavisso, governor of Panamà, and two auditors of the new kingdom of *Granata*, who, by orders of the king, were being taken to Spain prisoners for their injustice and robbery. Two vessels reached *San Domingo* torn to pieces; the other three ran over to Spain, of which, one went ashore on the coast of Portugal, but part of her passengers were saved, the other arrived at Cadiz; and the admiral's ship was wrecked near San Luca de Barameda,[1]

[1] These shoals of San Lucar seem, by the multitude of Spanish ships destroyed by them, to have done their part to avenge the natives of the

when about two hundred persons were drowned. The captain with some of the crew, and his concubine, saved themselves in a boat and arrived at Seville; but soon, by order of the king, he was put into prison, accused of being the cause of all the mischief, through leaving India at a season when he knew that he must reach the coast of Spain in the winter; which was so especially dangerous. He sought to exonerate himself by saying, that necessity had constrained him to leave Avana, in consequence of there not being provisions sufficient for so many people, and other reasons; so that finally he was liberated, but deprived of his office.

I remained at *Avana* very discontented on two accounts, first, from having lost part of my small property in the before-mentioned vessel, and, secondly, because we found that the fleet had sailed; but on hearing the news of the melancholy wrecks, I praised God for His divine grace that preserved me from it, and did not permit me to embark, else I should undoubtedly have been lost with the others. Ten months after this epoch, the Indian fleet arrived at *Avana*, consisting altogether of fourteen vessels, large and small. We soon sailed, with the help of Providence, and in thirty-nine days, though undergoing a frightful storm on the voyage, we reached a Portuguese island, commonly called *Madera;* and which, by the calculations of cosmographers, is upwards of four thousand miles distant from *Avana*. Half-way along the voyage-gulf (*il golfo di viaggio*) there is a small uninhabited island called by the Spaniards *Belmuda*. We, however, did not see it, and few sailors who navigate there have seen it. Having taken on board bread and wine and other provisions at Madera, we again set sail. At the end of eight days, on the 13th of

New World. Nor was it only the returning galleons that suffered; numerous cabotage vessels have been lost thereon; and after the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, a Spanish three-decker, El Rayo, with three 74-gun ships, were wrecked upon them. (*Trans.*)

September, 1556, we entered San Luca de Barameda, and thence proceeded to Seville. As soon as I was cleared, I went to Cadiz, and having embarked in an *urca*, at the end of two months I reached Genoa, where I rejoiced exceedingly, and soon afterwards arrived at Milan. Always praising the Majesty of God, His power, and that of our Saviour, for having granted me the grace to see so many strange things, and so much of the world, and so many foreign countries; and for having liberated me out of so many severe trials. When I reflect, it seems to me impossible that a human body could have undergone so much—"*che un corpo humano habbia potuto supportar tanto.*"

BRIEF DISCOURSE

ON SOME REMARKABLE THINGS

IN THE

CANARY ISLANDS.

HAVING, by the help of God, come to the end of this short history, it has appeared to me that it would be satisfactory to my readers, if I were to add to it some of the remarkable things in the Canary islands; which are seven in number, that is—Gran Canaria, Teneriffe, Palma, Gomera, Ferro, Lanzarotta, and Forteventura.[1] These are all in a row, and not far asunder from each other. They lie east and west, in twenty-seven degrees and a half, and about seventy (miles) from Africa. From Cape de Boldori in Spain, they are nine hundred and eighty miles. We read in some authors that

[1] There are also the smaller isles—Alegranza, Graciosa, Lobos, Monte Clara, and the two Roques. (*Trans.*)

they were called *Fortunate*, from abounding in everything that is requisite for human life. Though Solinus, contradicting them, greatly diminishes their goodness and fertility. The Canarians (*Guanches ?*), however, are nearly all at an end; for I only saw one of them in Palma, who may have been about eighty years old, and was allowed a pension by the Spanish government, as a descendant of some of the principal people in the island. I occasionally talked with this man to learn their mode of living and their habits, but never could find him free from the effects of wine; for after having once tasted it, all his delight was in getting intoxicated. So much so, that I can only relate the little that I saw, or that was described to me by some old Spaniards. But before I treat of this matter, I will relate what nation (according to the opinion of some authors) first acquired the aforesaid islands. We read in the history of Peter king of Aragon, the fourth of that name, that in the year 1834 a Spanish gentleman came to him, named Don Luigi dalla Corda, a man of great experience in military affairs, who, in consequence of all his enterprises succeeding, assumed the epithet of the Prince of Fortune. This man asked for help and favour to conquer the Canary isles; and being provided with money to arm two caravels, he started with these from Cadiz, and soon arrived at Gomera. Landing a hundred and twenty men there, they were attacked with such courage and ferocity by the natives, that the greater part of them were killed. Some saved themselves by swimming off to the caravels, and others reached them safely in their boats. These few, together with the captain, who had evidently lost his command over fortune—"*perduto il principato della fortuna*," melancholy and ailing, returned to Spain.[1]

[1] This Don Luis de la Cerda, surnamed the disinherited, was not the re-discoverer of these islands; the best accounts agree that the Canaries were first seen by a Spanish vessel, driven thither by stress of weather, about the year 1330. (*Trans.*)

Others say that some vessels went from Majorca to conquer these islands, and did not at all succeed. And some assert that, in 1393, the Sevilleans and Biscayans fitted several ships with horses, men, and ammunition for this enterprise; that, arriving at Lanzarotte, they landed in a good state for fighting; nor did they find the inhabitants unprepared. They fought for a long time with manly courage on both sides; the Spaniards proved the conquerors: they left some of their enemies dead and dying, made a few prisoners, and with various spoils returned to Spain. Again, others say that the first man who began the conquest of those islands was a Frenchman, named Vetancurt (*John de Betancourt*), who, selling his own castle, fitted out an armament fit for such an enterprise. On his arrival at the said islands, perhaps at the Great Canaria, its inhabitants, seeing a strange people land, immediately warned Baianor, the chief of the island. He, on hearing this alarming news, without delay collected all the men he could, and descending from the hills met the enemy, and they fought. The French at first, from the rage and ferocity of the natives, suffered severely; but pressing on with their cavalry, soon put them to flight. Baianor, seeing that he had the worst of it, now sent to the French captain to beg for peace, and obtained it with ease. Vetancurt then, with the consent of that chieftain, had a fortress built of large bricks, and left fifty soldiers to garrison it. Embarking the remainder of his men he coasted along to Palma, which island with little trouble he also subjugated; and similar success attended him at Gomera. Having subdued these three islands, he sold them for a large sum of money to the Count de Nebia, a Spaniard; who then conquered the rest. And thus it is that those islands have long been subject to the crown of Spain.

Now, as to the manner of living of those people, and of the fertility of their land, I will relate what I have seen and heard, as I before promised. In the first place, the largest

of those islands is called by the Spaniards Gran-Canaria. It is nearly round, and is a hundred and twenty or thirty miles in circumference. The town is built on a small plain to the eastward, and in my time contained about four hundred hearths. Both the temporal and spiritual governors reside there. Ships can only anchor two miles to the north of the town, near a small hill, there being no port. On this shore the Spaniards built a little tower, armed with four rusty iron guns; and I was very much surprised, seeing that the French had captured some vessels on that very beach, that there was not a suitable fortress erected for defence against the enemy.

A great quantity of sugar is made in that island, and many merchants trade there, especially Genoese. All the species of trees that have been introduced from Spain have succeeded, except the olive. Palma is abundantly productive, especially in wine; so that it supplies not only the neighbouring islands, but they also send ships laden with it to India, to Flanders, and to England. They produce abundance of cheese, sheep, and goats; and there are rabbits without number.

Teneriffe also abounds in articles of food. These are the three principal islands; the rest are small, poor, and of little importance.

It now remains to mention a tree in the island of Ferro, from whose leaves water is constantly dropping; and so abundantly, that it not only suffices for the inhabitants, but it would supply many more people. It is a tree of moderate size, the leaf of which resembles that of the walnut, only rather larger. It is surrounded by a wall like a fountain, the fluid falls within it, and is thence baled out.[1] It is truly a

[1] Since the strange story of this *Arbor Santo* must be condemned as entirely fabulous, it is surprising that it ever obtained credence with Benzoni, Peter Martyr, Pigafetta, Lewis Jackson, Hawkins, and all sorts and conditions of early voyagers: and even in our times it has been

wonderful thing, a remarkable phenomenon of nature, for in that island no water is found, except what this tree distils; it

A tree which always drops water from its leaves, on the Island of Ferro.

is constantly covered with a thick haze, though in the day time it clears off in proportion (*che si vada consumando à poco, à poco*) as the sun's heat increases. When the Spaniards first got possession of that island, they were greatly astonished not to find either water, or wells, or rivers. They asked the inhabitants how they procured that necessary, and were answered, "That they collected the rain-water in certain jars, and kept it for use;" having first hidden the tree with reeds, earth, and other things. The first islanders fancied

accredited by the noted Bory de St. Vincent. Le Maire, indeed, treated it as a fiction in 1628; but the lovers of the marvellous forthwith branded him as a philosopher in nothing but his incredulity.

This tree, if we are to believe Philopono and others, was endowed with its virtues by St. Brandon, the Scottish proto-navigator, who, it seems, touched here in his marvellous voyage in A.D. 565. The story, however, is of an earlier date, if Pliny's isle—Pluvialis or Ombrion—is to be placed at Ferro. (*Trans.*)

that, if the Spaniards could not find any water, they would quit them and their country. But this trick was of no use to them: for a Spaniard, conversing with a woman of the island, learned from her all the secret of the tree. Whereupon he revealed it to the captain, who laughed, thinking it a mere fable. Yet after seeing it and ascertaining the fact, they remained astounded at so great a miracle. Nor did the woman's sin go unpunished; for the principal people of the island, perceiving that she must have been the channel of communication relative to the tree, soon after privately occasioned her death.

These Canarians were generally idolaters. They clothed themselves with goat-skins, of which they had an abundance. Their habitations were mostly mere caves dug into the base of hills or mountains. They used to break up the ground with goats' horns, and having no other animals, they made use of goats instead of oxen to plough the land; but, indeed, those animals are much larger than our breed. Their grain was millet, which they ground between two stones and made into bread, by them called *gofio*. They obtained wine from the palm, as the Ethiopians do. Their complexion is that of the *Cingani*.[1] The climate of those islands is rather hot than cold; although in Teneriffe there is a mountain called the Pico de Teide, which is covered with snow nearly all the year: and this is the first land-mark that merchants see on going to those islands.

[1] Benzoni being a latitudinarian in orthography, probably meant *zingari*, or gipsies. (*Trans.*)

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST BOOK.

APPROXIMATE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITIONS

OF THE

VARIOUS PLACES ENUMERATED BY BENZONI.

	Latitude. ° ′	W. Long. ° ′
Abancaia, town and district	S. 13 37	72 58
Achla, or Akla, in the Gulf of Darien	N. 8 58	77 50
Almolonga del Basco, Guatemala ?	N. 14 30	90 45
Amaracapanna, now Piritu, near Cumana	N. 10 5	65 0
Andagoliani (Andaulayas ?), a district, in about	S. 14 0	73 0
Antica del Darien, in the Uraba Gulf	N. 8 30	77 5
Apurrima river, junction with the Urabamba	S. 12 12	73 30
Arequipa, city to the s.w. of Cuzco	S. 16 20	72 0
Argento, Porto dell', or La Plata, San Domingo	N. 19 45	70 50
Assuay, centre of a mountain district	S. 2 25	79 10
Avanava, Avana, or Havanna	N. 23 10	82 22
Azua, de Compostella, in San Domingo	N. 18 25	70 42
Bancai, or Abancay, right bank of the river	S. 13 40	72 56
Bogota, Santa Fé di, city of	N. 4 35	74 14
Borichiù, or San Juan de Porto Rico	N. 18 29	66 42
Buena Ventura, a port and district	N. 3 50	77 18
Cabo de Passao, or Cape Passado	S. 0 24	80 25
Cabo la Vela, Gulf of Maracaybo	N. 12 10	72 14
Cabo Vescovado, near Truxillo of Guatemala	N. 16 0	86 0
Callao, the sea-port of Lima	S. 12 4	77 14
Calvaia river, rich in gold, near Cusco, about	S. 14 0	71 0

	Latitude. ° ′	W. Long. ° ′
Cama, Camuliova, and Camuxiova, three villages	S. 1 0	80 39
Caraque Bay, on the coast of La Manta	S. 0 33	80 25
Cariaco, sea-port town of Venezuela	N. 10 30	63 40
Caribano, on the Gulf of Darien	N. 8 38	76 55
Cartagena, sea-port of New Granada	N. 10 26	75 34
Cartago Nueva, a town in Guatemala	N. 9 58	83 30
Cartago, in Popayan, on the Rio Viega	N. 4 50	75 10
Cassiamalca, or Caxamarca, in Peru	S. 7 8	78 32
Chagre, or Chiare, at mouth of the Chagres	N. 9 21	79 59
Chiachiapoi, or Chacapoyas, in Peru	S. 6 8	77 4
Chiapa, town of the province	N. 16 40	93 15
Chiarapoto, a hamlet near Guayaquil?	S. 1 48	80 10
Chiarchi, gold mines S.E. of Arequipa, about	S. 17 0	71 0
Chili, the northern limit of Hueso Parado	S. 25 22	70 40
Chinca, Pizarro's station, north of Pisco	S. 10 36	76 5
Chiono, on the river near Old Guayaquil	S. 2 10	79 40
Chiorera, a river of Cuba, west of Havanna	N. 23 10	82 15
Chira, a river and district of Piura	S. 5 0	81 0
Chito, or Quito, burial place of Guainacava	S. 0 12	78 48
Chiulutecca, or Choluteca, mines near Honduras	N. 13 52	87 10
Chiuppa, on the east shore of Costa-Rica?	N. 10 03	82 20
Chiuppa, between Guamanga and Cuzco?	S. 12 58	73 2
Citta de' Re, Lima, or City of the Kings	S. 12 3	77 6
Colonchie, province of Guayaquil	S. 1 50	80 28
Comaiagua, the central town of Honduras	N. 14 40	87 40
Comagre, station near Maracapana	N. 9 58	64 59
Costa-Rica, province of Guatemala, Cap. Cartago	N. 9 55	83 30
Cruses, Isthmus of Darien	N. 9 10	79 40
Cubagua, island in the Caribbean Sea	N. 10 44	64 15
Cumana, city of Venezuela	N. 10 27	64 12
Cusco, or Cuzco, ancient city of Peru	S. 13 31	71 20
Darien, or Gulf of Hurava, or Vrana, centre	N. 8 30	77 0
Deseada, islet east of Guadaloupe	N. 16 19	61 12
Dominica, capital of Hayti (*San Domingo*)	N. 18 28	69 50
El Nombre de Dios, Isthmus of Panamà	N. 9 36	79 30
Fiorita, or Florida, the Palme station	N. 27 10	82 40
Fondura, or Honduras, centre of district	N. 15 0	87 0

		Latitude. ° ′	W. Long. ° ′
Forte, or Fuerte islet, Gulf of Darien	N.	9 23	76 12
Frigilio, also called Trugilio, Truxillo, Perù	S.	8 9	79 4
Gallo islet, near the Patia river	N.	1 55	78 40
Germano (San), a town of Porto-Rico	N.	18 8	67 4
Gorgona island, off the coast of New Granada	N.	2 56	78 15
Gracia-Dios, a city of Honduras	N.	14 55	88 18
Granata (Granada), a town of Nicaragua	N.	11 50	85 58
Guadeloupe island, Basse-terre point	N.	15 57	61 48
Guaiaquil, a city on the Chiono	S.	2 12	79 55
Guaimacava, a pass near Guayaquil?	S.	2 15	79 50
Guaitara, near a steep rocky pass?	S.	14 55	75 30
Guamango, or Huamanga, a city in Peru	S.	12 59	74 5
Guanaxia, or Bonacca island	N.	16 28	85 55
Guan-cavilichi, village of Guayaquil?	S.	2 15	79 50
Guaneco (Huanuco), a town of Peru	S.	9 58	75 40
Guarina (Huarina), on Lake Titicaca	S.	16 48	69 30
Guattimala (Guatemala), Santiago de	N.	14 37	90 25
Haiti, or St. Domingo, its capital	N.	18 28	69 50
Havanna, on the north shore of Cuba	N.	23 10	82 22
Hurava, or Uraba, Gulf of Darien, centre	N.	8 30	77 0
Iguera, the native name of Cape Honduras	N.	16 2	86 4
Isla Spagñola, Hispaniola, or Hayti, capital	N.	18 28	69 50
Izalche, a town near a volcanic mountain	N.	13 44	89 40
Jaguana, now called Jacquemel	N.	18 13	72 33
Jalisco, Benzoni's Salisco, the capital of	N.	21 10	103 2
Jauja, Sausa, or Susa, town and station	S.	4 25	79 58
La Fossa, a pass to the north of Lima?	S.	11 0	76 58
Laiaquanna, a ruined village of Hayti?	N.	17 59	71 2
Launa, or Saona isle, S.E. coast of Hayti	N.	18 12	68 32
Leone, a town on Lake Managua	N.	12 25	86 43
LIMA, the capital of Peru	S.	12 4	77 6
Maddalena, mouth of the river Magdalena	N.	11 5	74 50
Magalianes, or Magalhaen's Strait, Cape Pillar	S.	52 43	74 42
Maquanna, a ruined town of Hayti?	N.	19 40	70 26

	Latitude. ° ′	W. Long. ° ′
Mala, the port between Cuzco and Lima	S. 12 40	76 39
Mandera, Benzoni's name for Madeira	N. 32 38	16 55
Manta, a Peruvian port and village	S. 0 59	80 40
Maracapanna, coast of Cumaná	N. 10 5	65 0
Marta (Santa), a sea-port of New Granada	N. 11 15	74 16
Margarita, island in the Caribbean Sea	N. 10 58	63 58
Merida, the capital of Yucatan	N. 20 58	89 35
Mexico, capital of the Mexican States	N. 19 26	99 10
Mona isle, between Hayti and Porto-Rico	N. 18 5	67 50
Nicaragua, town at an extensive lake	N. 11 24	85 16
Nombre de Dios, a port of New Granada	N. 9 35	79 28
Nueva Cartago, Costa-Rica	N. 9 58	83 30
Olanchio, a town of Guatemala	N. 14 50	86 25
Orinoco, mouth of the Great River	N. 8 40	60 20
Otaballo, or Otavalo, N.N.E. of Quito	N. 0 15	78 35
Pacama, Pacajes? town beyond Titicaca?	S. 18 30	69 10
Panama, capital of the Isthmus	N. 8 57	79 31
Paria, Gulf of, between Trinidad and the Main	N. 10 25	62 20
Piculanceme, a hamlet near Guayaquil?	S. 1 30	80 0
Piritu, to the west of Cumana	N. 10 5	65 10
Porto-Bello, a sea-port of New Granada	N. 9 33	79 39
Potosi, a Peruvian city	S. 19 36	65 25
Pucoran, a Peruvian station, about	S. 15 0	71 0
Puerto dell' Argento (La Plata) in Hayti	N. 19 46	70 58
Puerto d' Cavalli (Caballo) in Guatemala	N. 15 45	87 58
Puerto Cabello, a town of Venezuela	N. 10 30	68 10
Puerto Viejo, in the province of Guayaquil	S. 1 5	80 25
Puna island, Gulf of Guayaquil, capital	S. 2 48	79 57
Quaiaquil, sometimes used for Guayaquil	S. 2 12	79 55
Quancavilichi, a district of Guayaquil, about	S. 1 58	80 10
Quisinie, a station among four rivers	N. 1 30	78 56
Quito, mostly spelt Chito by Benzoni	S. 0 12	78 48
Realejo, a town and port of Nicaragua	N. 12 28	87 9
Riobamba, district of Chimborazo	S. 1 40	78 50
Rio Grande, or mouth of the Magdalena	N. 11 5	74 50

	Latitude. ° ′	W. Long. ° ′
Salamanca, now Bacalar, in Yucatan	N. 18 38	88 27
Salisco, otherwise Xalisto, or Jalisco, its capital	N. 21 10	103 2
Santa Barbara, river station near Quito	S. 0 15	78 20
San Dominica, the capital of Hayti	N. 18 28	69 50
San Francisco, near the river Suerre	N. 9 46	82 33
San Francisco Cape, near Cabo de Passao	N. 0 40	79 59
San Germano, in the island of Porto-Rico	N. 18 6	67 3
San Juan de Porto Rico, the capital	N. 18 29	66 8
San Jacopo, or Giacobo, on the Chiono river	S. 1 30	79 50
San Jacomo, on the Jagua, in Guatemala	N. 14 25	86 45
Sant' Elena, or Helena, a Peruvian cape	S. 2 11	81 2
San Miguel, on the river Sirano, Guatemala	N. 13 35	87 50
San Miguel, a port in the Gulf of San Miguel	N. 8 10	78 20
San Miguel, a town on the Piura	S. 5 10	80 45
San Pedro, town near the Vulua (Ulva)	N. 15 12	88 2
San Salvador, a city of Guatemala	N. 13 50	89 10
Saquisagana, on a river near Cuzco	S. 13 30	71 50
Sarsa, or Zarza, a town and station	S. 4 25	79 58
Sausa, or Susa (now *Jauja* or *Xauxa*)	S. 11 52	75 15
Seviglia, afterwards Waliz, or Belize	N. 17 29	88 12
Sibolla, town and district west of Mexico, about	N. 19 0	101 0
Simandoca, district station in Bogota	N. 5 25	73 45
Spañola, Hispaniola, Hayti, or San Dominica, capital	N. 18 28	69 50
Suere, river station in Costa-Rica	N. 9 58	82 20
Susa, or Xauxa, a town of Peru	S. 11 52	75 15
Taboga isle, in the bay of Panamà	N. 8 48	79 32
Ternita, or Barra di Istapa, Guatemala	N. 14 15	91 45
Tessuca, or Tausa valley	N. 4 56	74 12
Tiquicaca, or Titicaca Lake, the island	S. 16 35	70 10
Toleto, or Toledo, a hamlet near Cumana	N. 10 25	63 55
Trigillio, Trogulio, or Trugilio (*Truxillo*)	S. 8 8	79 10
Trigillio, or Trugilio, in Guatemala	N. 15 56	85 59
Tumanama, founded by Davila in 1514, about	N. 8 45	77 30
Tumbes, or Tumbezi, Pizarro's landing	S. 3 20	80 15
Tumebamba, a district of Quito, about	S. 1 30	78 14
Tunia, or Tunja, a district town of Bogota	N. 5 27	73 48
Uscovia, mountainous district in Guamanga	S. 13 0	74 0

	Latitude. ° ′	W. Long. ° ′
Urava, or Uraba, on the Darien Gulf . .	N. 8 28	76 42
Valenzuolo, now Venezuela, the Gulf island .	N. 10 58	71 45
Venalcacere, central part of the district . .	N. 1 30	77 55
Vera-Cruz, sea-port town of Mexico . . .	N. 19 12	96 9
Veragua, La Concepçion de Veragua . .	N. 8 58	81 2
Villa d'Argento, a town of Cuzco . . .	S. 15 40	71 25
Villa-Rica, Porto San Juan of New Spain .	N. 10 55	82 42
Vrana Gulf, or Darien in Ackla, centre . .	N. 8 30	77 0
Vulua, or Ulva, mouth of a river of Honduras .	N. 15 55	87 50
Xalisco, or Salisco, a town and district . .	N. 21 10	103 2
Xauxa, Benzoni's town of Sausa . . .	S. 11 52	75 15
Yaguana, now Jacquemel, in San Domingo .	N. 18 13	72 33
Yucatan, the capital of the province (Merida)	N. 20 58	89 35
Zalanga, a Peruvian sea-port	S. 1 37	80 50
Zarza, a hamlet and station in Peru? . . .	S. 4 25	79 58
Zorobaro islands, near Veragua, their centre .	N. 9 20	81 40
Zuera, the river Süere, or Suerri . . .	N. 9 58	82 20

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